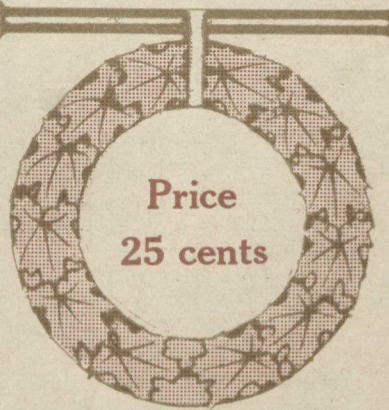


APRIL, 1911

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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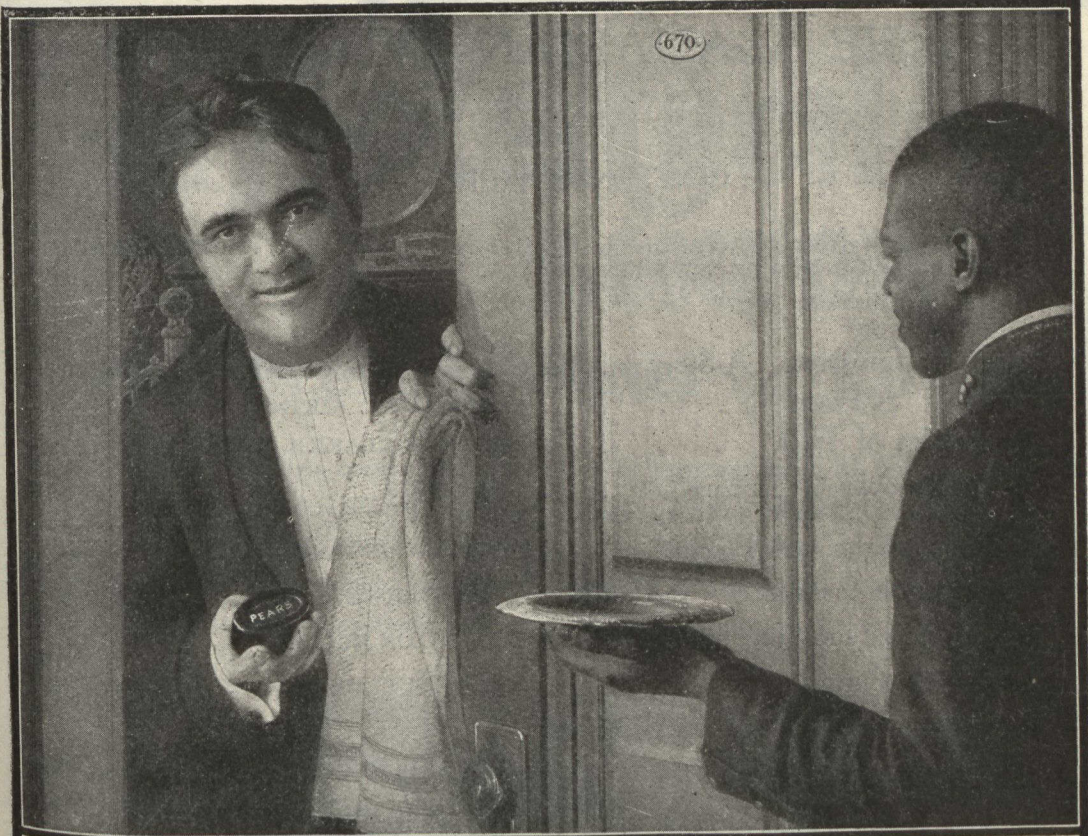
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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXVI.

No. 6

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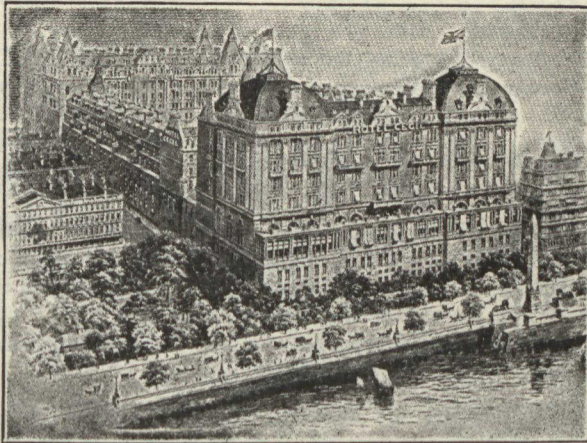
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# The Canadian Magazine for May

**Fort George: Its Awakening.** The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is opening a new and charming stretch of country in Northern British Columbia. Fort George, at the confluence of the Fraser and Nechaco Rivers, had almost a rude awakening from its long career as a small trading-post. Mr. Russell R. Walker gives a most charming account of his experiences during the first inrush of prospectors, and his own photographs illustrates the text.

**Fleets of Peace.** While the Navy is being built, Mr. C. A. Bowman does not intend to let us forget our fleets of peace on the great Lakes and Rivers. "Floating Palaces" for pleasure and recuperation are, after all, more desirable than men-o'-war. This article will be handsomely illustrated.

**September in Algonquin Park.** In this sketch Mr. J. Harry Smith gives a delightful account of a vacation spent in one of the most charming natural parks in the world. One cannot read this sketch without yearning to go there.

**Loyalist Shelburne.** Here is a most entertaining story by Daniel Owen on the growth and decay of a place that was a haven of refuge for Loyalists after the surrender of Cornwallis to Washington. It is along similar lines to the history entitled "Stormont: a Town Unbuilt," which appeared in the February Number.

**Spring in the Woods.** An alluring sketch by Miss L. M. Montgomery, author of "Anne of Green Gables." It is the first of four sketches of the seasons.

**Other Features** will be a number of forceful short stories, including "The Maharajah of Partala," by Leslie T. Peacocke, and "The Election of Corkle," by H. O. N. Belford; and articles on "Popular Maxims That Fool the People," by Dr. J. D. Logan, "The Future of the French-Canadian Race," (Translation by W. S. Wallace), "Taken Prisoner by Fenians," by David Junor, and a fine character sketch entitled "Nolan," by Britton B. Cooke.

**The Frontispiece** will be another historical picture by C. W. Jefferys reproduced in colours.

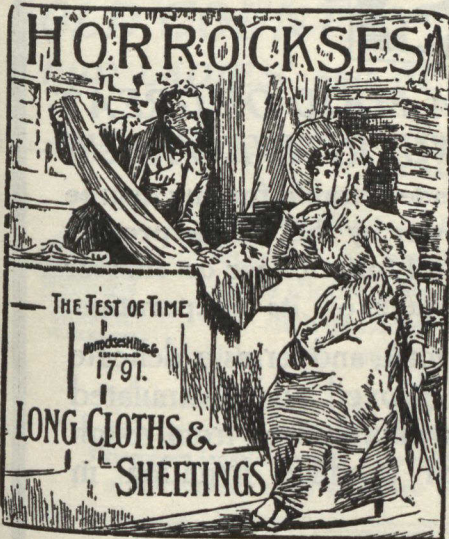
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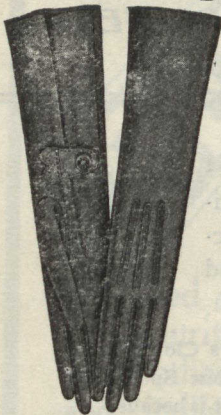


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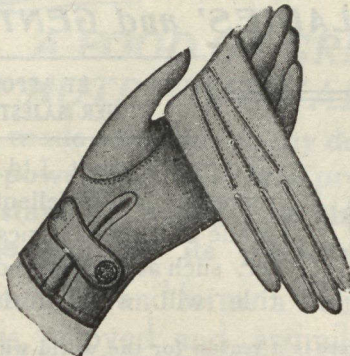
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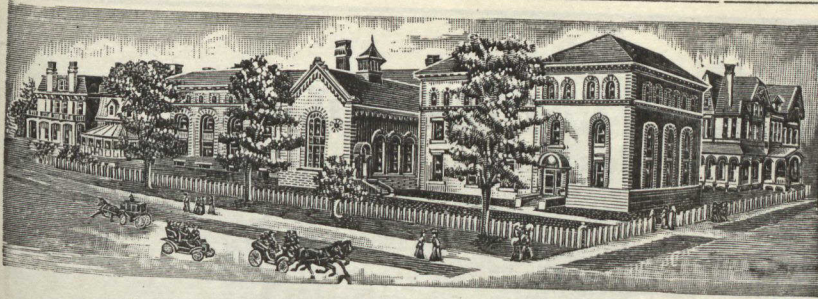
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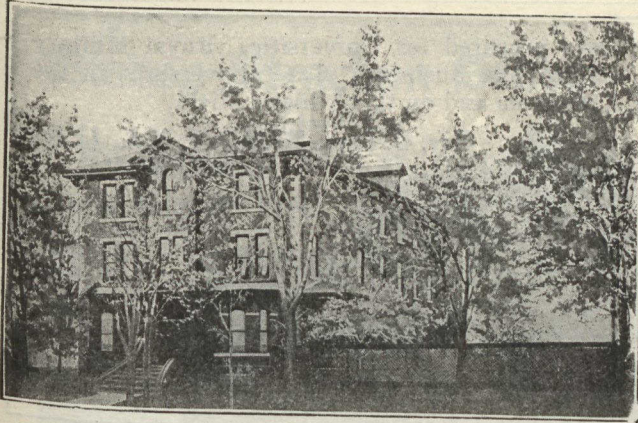


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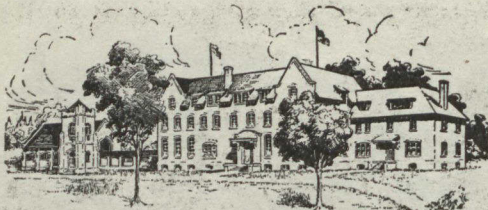
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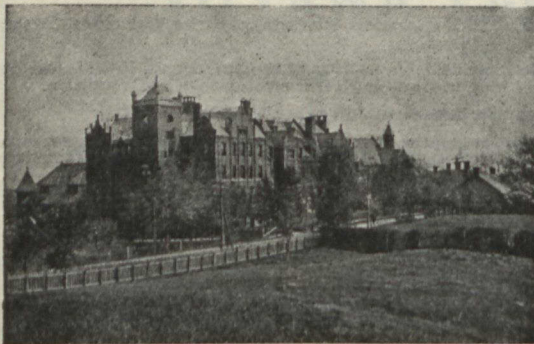
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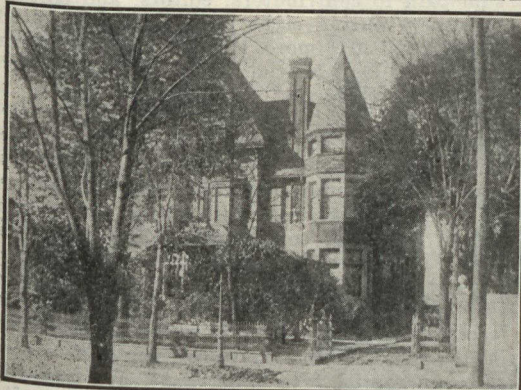
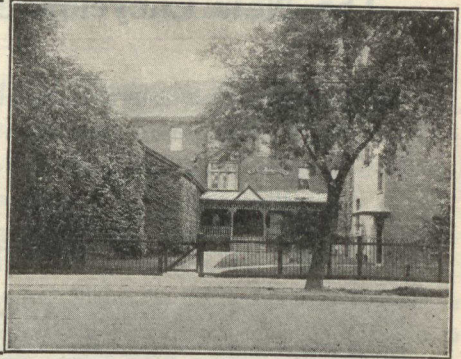
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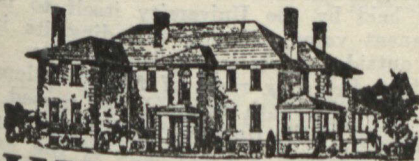
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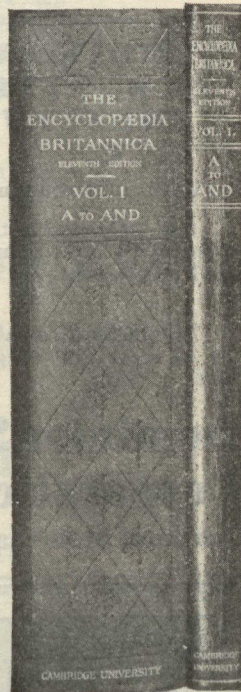
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Town of Haileybury, Ont.  
Town of Gleichen, Alta.  
Township of Louth, Ont.  
District of Penticton, B.C.

Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto  
Railway.  
Toronto and York Radial Ry.  
Mutual Steamship Co.  
Ontario Power Co.  
Steel Company of Canada.  
Dominion Steel Corporation.  
Western Canada Flour Mills Co.  
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The above bonds are issued in amounts to suit either large or small investors. Full particulars and price will be gladly sent upon request.

Ask for Circular C-4

**ÆMILIUS JARVIS & CO.**

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JARVIS BLDG. - - TORONTO



# FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE, - - WATERLOO, ONTARIO

For Year Ending December 31st, 1910.

## CASH ACCOUNT

INCOME.	DISBURSEMENTS.
Net Ledger Assets, December 31, 1909 ..... \$13,809,737.02	To Policyholders: Death claims....\$347,764.42
Premiums (net) ..... 2,245,264.25	Matured Endow- ments ..... 258,319.00
Interest ..... 775,732.14	Surrendered Poli- cies ..... 87,246.25
	Surplus ..... 101,523.60
	Annuities ..... 9,905.91
	\$ 804,759.18
	Expenses, Taxes, etc. .... 502,780.60
	Balance Net Ledger Assets, December 31st, 1910 .... 15,523,193.63
\$16,830,733.41	\$16,830,733.41

## BALANCE SHEET

ASSETS.	LIABILITIES.
Mortgages ..... \$ 8,296,184.57	Reserve, 4%, 3½% and 3% ..... \$13,307,984.13
Debentures and Bonds .... 4,994,077.00	Reserve on lapsed policies on which surrender values are claimable ..... 2,624.97
Loans on Policies ..... 2,027,133.70	Death claims unadjusted .. 38,950.00
Premium Obligations ..... 14,722.05	Present value of amounts not yet due on matured instalment policies ..... 104,424.26
Real Estate ..... 86,853.11	Matured Endowments, un- adjusted ..... 2,400.00
Cash in Banks ..... 119,186.39	Premiums paid in advance. 14,890.28
Cash at Head Office ..... 5,651.34	Due for medical fees and sundry accounts ..... 11,420.26
Due and Deferred Premiums (net) ..... 389,068.81	Credit Ledger Balances ... 20,614.53
Interest due and accrued .. 346,684.61	Surplus, December 31st, 1910, ..... 2,776,253.15
	(Surplus on Government Standard of Valuation, \$3,042,427.29) .....
\$16,279,561.58	\$16,279,561.58

Audited and found correct.

J. M. SCULLY, F.C.A., Auditor.  
Waterloo, January 24th, 1911.

GEO. WEGENAST,  
Managing Director.

New business (Canadian) written in 1910 ..... \$ 9,332,774; Increase over 1909 ..... \$1,207,196  
Assurance in force, December 31st, 1910 ..... 64,855,279; Increase over 1909 ..... 5,593,320  
Assets, all solid, December 31st, 1910 ..... 16,279,562; Increase over 1909 ..... 1,761,120  
Surplus, December 31st, 1910 ..... 2,776,253; Surplus earned in 1910 ..... 615,083

The general results for the year have been most gratifying, showing:—(a) Decrease in Death Losses;  
(b) Increase in rate of Interest earned on investments; (c) A Low Expense Rate.  
The Interest Income for 1910 exceeded the Death Losses by \$427,967.72, a sum almost sufficient to  
pay all the expenses of the Company for the year.



# Bank of Toronto

Capital	- -	\$4,000,000
Reserved Funds		\$4,944,777
Assets	- -	\$50,000,000

INCORPORATED 1855

## Your Money is too Valuable

To leave in the house, where burglars, thieves or fire may take it from you, or to invest with doubtful institutions or in risky speculations that so often in the past have robbed men of their hardly earned wealth.

## This Bank is Safe

Because it is governed on safe and wise principles. It is strong with the experience of over 55 years of active business in Canada. During these years of steady growth Reserved Funds of \$4,944,777, being \$944,777 larger than the Capital, have been accumulated, and the Bank never retains on its books a single bad or doubtful debt unprovided for.

## A Savings Account

In this Bank for your spare money will prove to you—

**SAFE.**—Consider the figures given above.

**PROFITABLE.**—Interest is paid on all Savings Balances twice a year.

**CONVENIENT.**—Money may be added to your investment at any time.

THOS. F. HOW, General Manager

D. COULSON,  
President  
W. G. GOODERHAM,  
Vice-President

J. HENDERSON,  
2nd Vice-President

T. A. BIRD,  
Inspector

**Bank of  
Toronto**



# THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up	- -	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	- - -	\$1,250,000.00
Undivided Profits	- -	\$104,696.38

## DIRECTORS

S. J. MOORE, Esq. President

D. E. THOMSON, K.C., Vice-Pres.

SIR WILLIAM MORTIMER CLARK, K.C.

THOMAS BRADSHAW, Esq.

JOHN FIRSTBROOK, Esq.

JAMES RYRIE, Esq.

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO

W. D. ROSS, General Manager

Every Department of Banking Conducted with Absolute  
**SECURITY and SATISFACTION.**

LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in all parts of the world.

EXCHANGE, foreign and domestic bought and sold.

COLLECTIONS given prompt execution.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches.

THE  
**Proper Way**  
TO  
**Remit Money**

to any part of the world is by the

**MONEY ORDERS AND  
FOREIGN DRAFTS**

of the

**DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY**

They are issued in the currency of the country on which drawn, and are payable in all parts of the world. If lost or delayed in the mails, a prompt refund is arranged or a new order issued without further charge.

**WHEN TRAVELLING** carry your funds in  
**TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES**

These cheques are issued in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$200, and are conceded by all who have ever used them to be superior in every way to Letters of Credit.

Money transferred by Telegraph and Cable

Agencies throughout Canada

ABSOLUTELY SAFE

AND MOST

CONVENIENT





# THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

Capital Paid Up	-	\$ 6,200,000
Reserve Fund	-	7,200,000
Total Assets	-	93,000,000

## HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

DIRECTORS:

H. S. HOLT, *President* E. L. PEASE, *Vice-President*  
 Wiley Smith Hon. David Mackeen G. R. Crowe James Redmond F. W. Thompson  
 D. K. Elliott W. H. Thorne Hugh Paton T. J. Drummond Wm. Robertson

E. L. Pease, *General Manager*

W. B. Torrance, *Supt. of Branches* C. E. Neill and F. J. Sherman, *Asst. Gen.-Managers*

## 161—BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA—161

Also Branches in Cuba, Porto Rico, Barbados, Jamaica, Trinidad and Bahama Islands,

LONDON, ENG., 2 Bank Bldgs., Princes St., E.C. NEW YORK, 68 William St.

## SAVINGS DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES

Accounts opened with Deposit of One Dollar,

EVERY KIND OF BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

# The WESTERN

## ASSURANCE COMPANY

Incorporated In 1851

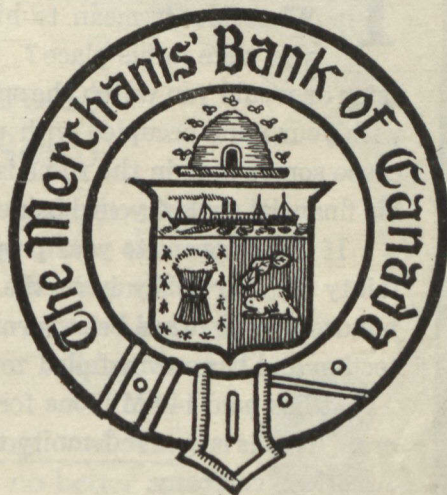
ASSETS,	\$3,267,082.55
LIABILITIES,	640,597.32
SECURITY TO POLICY- HOLDERS	2,629,485.23

LOSSES paid since organization of Company  
\$52,441,172.44

### DIRECTORS:

on. GEO. A. COX, *President*  
 W. R. BROCK and JOHN HOSKIN, K. C. L.L.D.  
*Vice-Presidents*  
 W. B. MEIKLE, *Managing Director.*

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO



Paid-up Capital	-	\$6,000,000
Reserve Funds	-	4,999,298

155 Branches in Canada.

Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

### Savings Department at all Branches.

Deposits received of \$1.00 and upward, and interest allowed a best current rates

General Banking Business.





## Put Yourself in His Place

**T**HIS man inside the fire lines is watching his property burn. What does it mean to him? What would it mean to you if you were in his place? Would you be face to face with disaster or would you watch the smouldering remnants of your property with your mind occupied with plans for business rehabilitation, because somewhere in the ruins is the safe containing the indestructible financial soul of your business—your fire insurance policy?

If this happens to your property, you can plan with absolute certainty if your policy is in the **Hartford**, because for more than a hundred years it has been furnishing just this kind of business protection and has never failed to make good an honest loss.

It has paid 140 Millions for claims on property of its policy holders. This is larger indemnity than has ever been paid by any other American company.



When Next You Insure

*Insist on the Hartford*





## Fairy Soap is Honest Soap

That's the very reason we make it white—it has no cheap materials to hide under the cloak of coloring matter and perfumes. We want Fairy Soap to speak for itself—and it does—as the best piece of soap we can produce after over a quarter of a century in soap making.

Fairy Soap—the handy, floating, oval cake—is made from edible products; no better soap can be bought at any price.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY  
MONTREAL

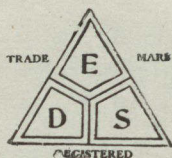
"Have You  
a little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"





E. D. SMITH'S

JAMS &amp;



JELLIES

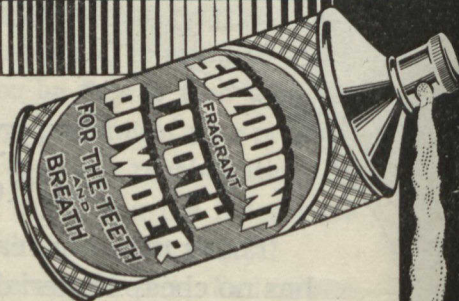
are made from hand sorted and thoroughly washed fruits. The Cooking is done by a special method which produces a uniformly high grade of

**JAMS AND JELLIES**

and which retains the natural flavor of the fruits. These goods are known all over Canada as the very **highest standard.**

**MADE BY E. D. SMITH**  
**WINONA - ONTARIO**

## On the Right Trail



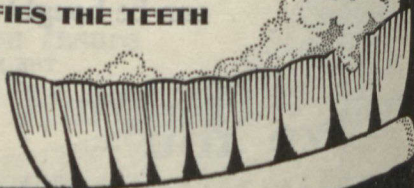
You have hit it just right if your Dentifrice is the world renowned **SOZODONT**. It is the best, because it's many ingredients are selected with utmost care and discrimination and each with its special mission to perform is blended by experts, using just the proper proportions to give the greatest efficiency to the product. Nothing is too good for **SOZODONT**. No expense is spared to give the people of every civilized land the finest dentifrice possible to make.

**FREE FROM ACID**  
**FREE FROM GRIT**

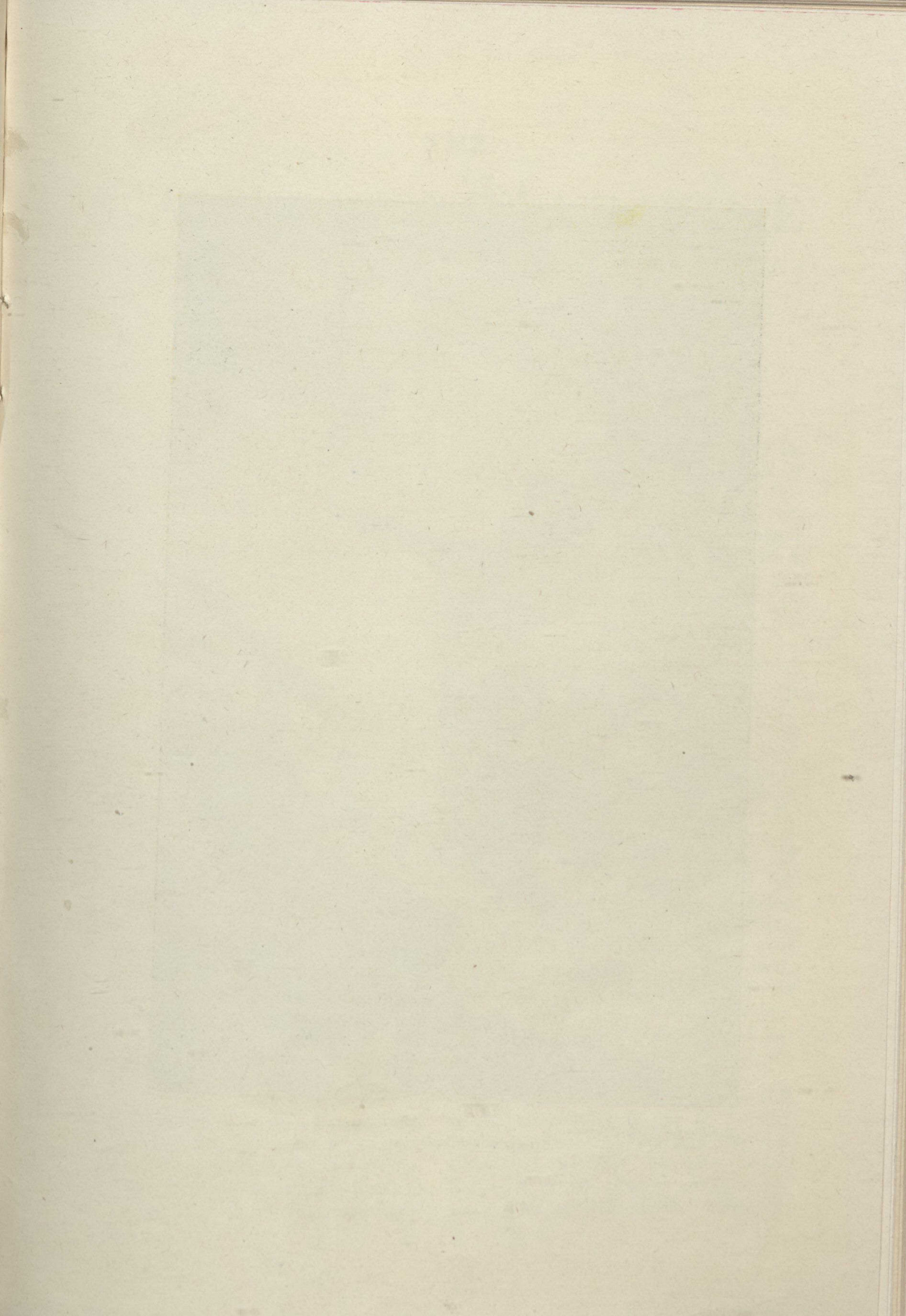
**PURIFIES THE BREATH**  
**BEAUTIFIES THE TEETH**

**SOZODONT** — in three forms —  
Liquid, Powder and Paste

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**LYMANS, LIMITED - MONTREAL, CAN.**











*Painting by C. W. Jefferys*

*Courtesy of Robert Glasgow, Publisher*  
DEATH OF MONTGOMERY, 1776



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVI

TORONTO, APRIL, 1911

No. 6

## EASTER AT JERUSALEM

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

JERUSALEM is the Easter City, as Bethlehem is the City of Christmas. Most independent travellers who plan to be in Palestine during the spring endeavour to spend Easter in Jerusalem; but you would be astonished to see how few travellers in the Orient are independent. The great majority of them go there as shackled subjects of "tour conductors"; and the thrifty "tour conductor" avoids Jerusalem at Easter time, unless he has made a special point of it in his advertisement and charged two prices for the privilege. For the Holy City is crowded to its utmost capacity during Holy Week; and it commonly costs something to find accommodation there, especially for a large party. But the independent traveller can usually get in somewhere; and to just miss Easter at Jerusalem is one of the most tantalising experiences that vex the tourist who has sold his liberty under the impression that travel in the East is "impossible" for the unattached European or American.

It is difficult. It calls for patience, acceptance of hardship, a willingness to take risks and a plethora of "bakhshish." But it is quite possible; and the independence you get is worth immeasurably more than the price.

We were compelled this last spring, in going to Jerusalem at this time, to practically take a leap in the dark.

The storm had kept the Jaffa boats from landing for days, and our letters asking for accommodation were unanswered. Every report said that Jerusalem was crowded; and Jerusalem is not a city where you can find a room in a dwelling-house when the special quarters for foreigners are full. As for the hospices, the Easter pilgrims would overflow them.

As luck would have it, a missionary family from up the Asia Minor coast and ourselves were the only candidates for the one lone room left in the hotel we favoured; and we drew the prize. I never knew what became of the missionaries. However, there was an escape vent this last Easter for a reason you would never guess; and that was that the Greek Easter did not come until a full month after the Latin Easter. This left the Russian hospices comparatively free; and many a homeless Protestant found a roof and excellent board there. I am told, indeed, that the Russian hospice is the best place to stay at in Jerusalem—with the possible exception of the American Colony. Certainly the hotels would not be hard to beat.

We were in Jerusalem for a full week before Easter; and so became fairly familiar with the city and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre before the rush of the Easter services began. This central church, which en-



closes the tomb in which the body of Jesus was laid—according to all Christian opinion, except that of modern Protestants—is one of the most remarkable structures in the world. It is really a collection of churches covering sites which have been built over many times by the Constantinople Emperors, the Crusaders and later Christians. About a century ago, the churches then standing were all pretty well burned down; and were then rebuilt, largely by the Greeks and the Armenians. To-day, all Christendom—except Protestantism—shares in their control. Just off the quadrangle in front of the main entrance to the Church is the "Church of Abraham" close to the traditional spot where Abraham discovered the ram caught in the thicket which he substituted for Isaac as a sacrifice. In this Church—it is a small chapel—is the only place where the Anglican clergy may celebrate the Eucharist within the precincts of the Holy Sepulchre.

This quadrangle at the entrance is always a busy scene. Native merchants fill it with their stands of goods which Christian pilgrims are likely to buy—everything from cakes to crosses. Native children run about; importunate beggars squat by the walls; even money-changers do business as they doubtless did in the courts of the Temple. It does not create an atmosphere which suggests reverence or even that cleanliness which is traditionally next to Godliness. It is more like an adjunct to a Fair than a portal to the "Holy of Holies."

But worse awaits the devout Christian just inside the door of the church. There lounge the Turkish guard—picturesque looking Moslems, wearing their fezes and smoking their cigarettes within the toss of a match from the Stone of Unction on which the body of Christ was anointed for burial, according to the belief of millions of earnest Christians who prostrate themselves before it and passionately

kiss its worn surface. The Turkish guard are there—as you know—to keep the peace. Otherwise the rival Christian bodies would engage in bloody fights at the side of the sacred Sepulchre itself. I hardly imagine that many converts to Christianity are made from the ranks of the guard.

The Sepulchre is enclosed by two churches, one within the other. The outer church is circular and is topped by the huge dome which is one of the most conspicuous objects seen in any view of Jerusalem. The inner church is a diminutive chapel, only twenty-eight feet long and seventeen and a half feet wide, built right over the Tomb which has been encased in marble and converted into an altar. An idea of the rivalry of the different Christian churches may be gathered from the fact that forty-three lamps burn over this altar, thirteen belonging to the Latins, thirteen to the Greeks, thirteen to the Armenians and four to the Copts. In the Angel Chapel outside, which contains the stone rolled away from the door of the Tomb by the angel, there are fifteen lamps similarly divided.

This circular Church of the Sepulchre—a handsome and effective building—is used in turn by all the churches. Most of the Easter services took place here; and the majestic music which the Roman Catholic church has created through the centuries for the services of Holy Week rolled up into the dome and swept about the columned spaces with splendid impressiveness. The magnetic sincerity of most of the worshippers, who showed how real to them was the sacredness of their surroundings, was often betrayed by tears brimming from the eyes and the spontaneous pressure of palms and lips upon even the outer walls of the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. While the cramped space available for the clergy and the absence of a long nave robbed the services of the artistic perfection seen in the





CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

"THIS QUADRANGLE AT THE ENTRANCE IS ALWAYS A BUSY SCENE. NATIVE MERCHANTS FILL IT WITH THEIR STANDS OF GOODS WHICH CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS ARE LIKELY TO BUY—EVERYTHING FROM CAKES TO CROSSES"

great churches in the city of Rome during these solemn days, the worshippers themselves were visibly moved by their belief that the chant of the priests and the responses of the people reached the sad hill of Calvary itself and echoed in the veritable

Tomb whence the Saviour rose.

After each service on this common ground, it is not a pleasant sight to see the officials busily at work dismantling what has seemed the living part of the church. The rows of candles are snuffed out and then pull-





THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

ed down; the benches are carried away; the temporary flooring is wrenched from its place; everything pertaining to the worship of the body which has just ceased its chanting is ruthlessly removed. For it is now the turn of another Christian Church to worship at the grave of their common Christ. Another unpleasant sight is the carelessness as to the feelings of the worshippers shown by some of the spectators. Obviously in a church where the Moslem in his fez may move at will, there can be no rule as to the wearing of hats; and men who are not Moslems walk superciliously about with hats on their heads. I was told of a militant Irish priest of impressive physical proportions who visited Jerusalem and was filled with indignation at this display of insolence. So, while he was there, he assigned himself a

task. He spent most of his time in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and whenever he saw a man with his hat on, he walked over to him, took it off and then handed it him with a polite bow—but also with a flash of the eye which challenged his victim to resent the liberty if he dared.

There are other churches under this multiple roof; and in some of them exclusive services by one or other of the bodies may be held. The Latins have a fine chapel just to the north of the circular church—the Chapel of the Apparition. This, they believe, is where Christ appeared to his mother after the Resurrection; and, in the passageway to it, is the spot where tradition says he appeared to Mary Magdalene. A marble ring in the floor marks where Christ stood, and another the position of Mary. Protes-





A STREET IN JERUSALEM  
THE VIA DOLOROSA, THE TRADITIONAL PLACE WHERE SIMON OF CYRENE TOOK THE END OF THE CROSS

tant opinion, of course, rejects all these sites. It even questions the authenticity of the Tomb itself. But I am not concerned with religious controversy just now; but desire merely to give you some idea of what you would see if you were spending this

Easter in Jerusalem. Whether you would believe these things or not, would depend largely upon what faith your great-grandfather happened to hold.

Just opposite the Chapel of the Sepulchre is the chief Greek church. It

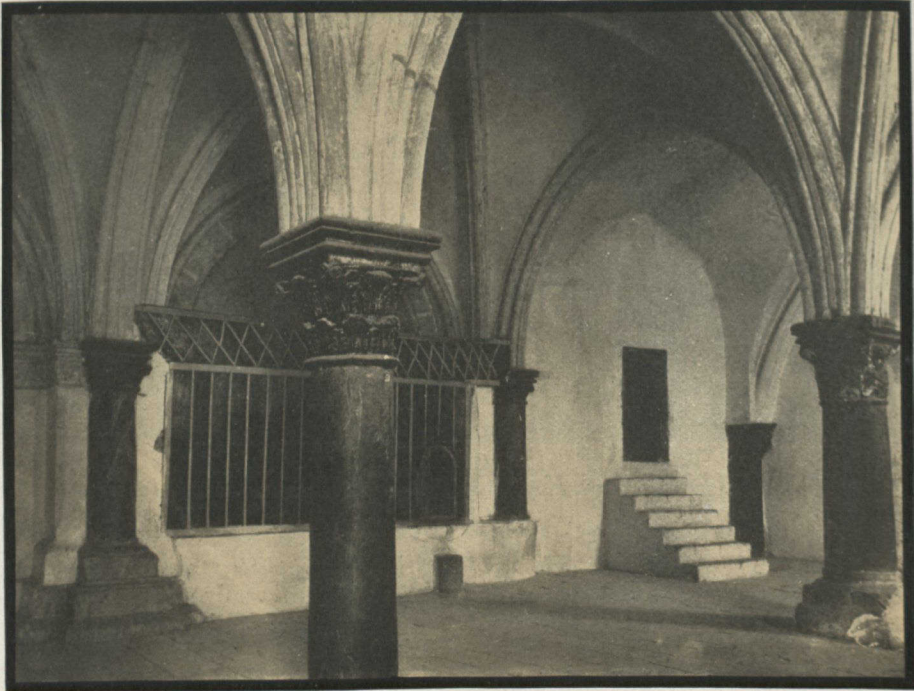


is the only church of ordinary shape in the pile, having both a nave and a choir. It is very richly ornamented, and contains a flattened ball which is known as the Centre of the World. Around the ambulatory are several chapels, marking respectively the Prison of Christ where they show the two round holes which were the stocks that held his feet, the Chapel of the Parting of the Raiment, the Chapel of the Derision, and so forth. Below, to the east, is the Armenian Chapel of St. Helena; and below it, again, the place where the true cross was found. To the right of the main entrance, fourteen feet higher than the floor of the church, is the top of Calvary, with the holes occupied by the three crosses and the "cleft in the rock." Just under it is the Chapel of Adam, where tradition says our first parent was buried.

I have not attempted to give a complete catalogue of what you will see

inside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is the most comprehensive collection of important sites in the world. And whether you go to scoff or remain to pray, you will certainly visit most of them; and they will form a part of that composite picture of Jerusalem at Easter which you will bring home with you. Of the services themselves, you will probably see and hear less than you would at Rome; for they hold many of them at unconscionable hours in the early morning, possibly for the wise purpose of discouraging the attendance of the mere spectator.

There is much of Easter thought outside of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There is the Coenaculum or Chamber of the Last Supper in a hoary stone building over near the Zion Gate, where Protestants sometimes gather for as close a replica of that occasion as they can manage, after which they walk out in procession to



THE "UPPER ROOM" OF THE LAST SUPPER, OR ONE OF THE PLACES REPUTED TO BE SUCH



the Garden of Gethsemene. They do not, of course, believe this to be the real Upper Chamber; but it serves as a symbol. Then there are "Gordon's Calvary" and the "Garden

the sun. So many were the pilgrims who wore the dress of the East that Europeans became quite a spectacle on the streets; and of these many were from the Latin countries of Europe.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE "GARDEN TOMB," WHICH IS NEAR "GORDON'S CALVARY"

Tomb" near by. These are the Protestant suggestions by way of substitute for the sites under the church. "Mine Host" at Jerusalem, an Englishman and a Protestant and quite an authority on Palestine antiquities, did not think much of either. He declared that General Gordon said no more than that, if Golgotha stood outside the present city wall, the hill which bears his name would be "a likely place", and he added that the "Garden Tomb" was a tomb of the second century after Christ. Personally, I do not know enough about it to offer an opinion. The vexed question of the walls—on which the whole controversy rests—can only be settled by digging.

The great sight at Easter was the people—people from every land under

It was a crowd that made an Italian or a Vienna German seem like a brother. But the great pilgrim nation is the Russian; and they were more obvious than any of the others, though their Easter was more than a month off. They are gray, calm, patient and pious; and their priests with their long curling hair and their cylindrical black hats and their benevolent bearded faces, always arouse the strong interest of the Westerner. To the Moslem of Jerusalem, the Greek church must seem easily the first among Christians, the Armenians and the Latins close competitors for second place, the Copts third—and the Protestants hardly worth considering. Even the great German buildings going up there are German Catholic.





## AT THE CITY GATE

By Margaret O'Grady

'Twas at the city gate we met ;  
 A blazing sun had flung  
 On flashing spire and minaret  
 Banners of blood that hung,  
 Like brazen streamers in the wind  
 That whipped a flaming sea,  
 And drooped not there, nor fell behind,  
 But stretched from you to me.  
 The streets a million footfalls held :  
 Yet only one I knew.  
 The burdened heat of voices swelled :  
 I heard the cry of you.  
 And, lo, the heavy, waiting years  
 Fell from me, as you came,  
 And all the bitterness and tears  
 Were shadows in a dream.  
 The city sounds throbbed faint, remote,  
 Like plaintive echoes thrill,  
 The dim call of a bird's lone note  
 Came from a silent hill.  
 Then, braggart monster, Truth stalked  
 near,  
 As when night clouds the day  
 With veiled scoff at hearts that fear,  
 And scourged our love away.  
 The light of God was not upon  
 The earth or mocking sea,  
 When you went back to Babylon,  
 I—to Gethsemane.



# INSIDE THE ENVELOPE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

THE room was exactly what I wanted in every respect. The rent was reasonable — so astonishingly reasonable that it raised a doubt. A long course of rooming is apt to sharpen and harden a naturally unsuspecting mind.

"Of what did the last tenant die?"

I inquired blandly.

"He didn't die." The landlady's tone was patient.

"The one before?" I hazarded.

"The one before?" (still patiently) "was young Mr. Melgrove. He was married yesterday."

"Melgrove? Oh, I know him. *He's* all right. You'll excuse my inquiring, I'm sure, Mrs. Best, for you see one has to—er—in fact, I like the room and will take it on one condition, that you tell me exactly why the rent is so low."

The landlady smiled. "I would tell you if I knew myself," she said frankly. "The truth is that there is nothing at all the matter with the room. It is a hard room to keep rented, that is all. It is a pleasant room, as you may see for yourself, but no one seems satisfied with it. All my other rooms are rented all the time, and it worries me and takes more than I can afford off my profits to have this room stand empty. That is why the rent is low. If you really like the room I can give you my word there is nothing wrong with it."

"Did no one of the previous tenants complain of it?"

"I have never had a complaint of any kind, but I have never had a

permanent tenant, nevertheless."

"Why, this is interesting—it isn't haunted by any chance?"

Mrs. Best smiled primly. "Scarcely likely, sir."

"Would you mind telling me who my neighbours are? Perhaps one of them snores."

"You could not hear it, sir. The walls are thick; it is a finely built house" (with a little air of pride), "see how quiet we are as soon as I have closed the door, and I do not think that either Miss Stevens or Mr. Bird snores. Miss Stevens is a most refined young lady, head dressmaker for Short and Jones, and Mr. Bird is as harmless an old gentleman as you could wish to see. He is a great scholar, and sits up at night writing. He has very narrow means, and his room is scarcely a third as large as yours, but he never makes a noise of any kind, I can guarantee."

"Then I shall take the room from to-day, and you won't mind if I fix things up to suit myself; a desk, a bookcase, and so on? I think I can promise to be fairly permanent."

"Certainly not, sir, arrange your things to suit, and I hope you will find yourself comfortable." She turned to retire, but seeming to change her mind came back again. "There is one thing, Mr. Mills, that I would like to ask. If the room doesn't suit you, will you tell me just *why* you don't like it?"

"Certainly." I exclaimed in surprise.

"You'll make it a promise then?"



The other gentlemen just left without a word, nor could I get a word of complaint from them. And you see it isn't fair to me. If there is something to be done to make the room comfortable I can't do it until I know what is lacking. So if you ——"

"Oh, I'll complain fast enough. It is only fair, as you say."

When she had gone I surveyed my new domain cheerfully. It was better, far better, than my means had led me to hope of getting. A large bay window overlooked a quiet, tree-lined street. Crisp curtains draped the window, a snowy valance hung from the comfortable old-fashioned bed. The walls were papered tastefully, the tones of the rug were quite in harmony, the round table was mahogany, beautifully kept, and the easy old chairs were covered with daintiest chintz. There were no pictures on the walls, a fact for which I silently thanked my stars. In fact, anything more unlike the fusty, common-place rooms to which I had been forced to accustom myself could hardly be imagined. There was even a sweet odour, an odour of lavender. I could not have been more delighted had I fallen heir to a fortune.

Leaving the house, my satisfaction was farther augmented by a flashing glimpse of one of my new neighbours, a tall handsome girl in rustling skirts, and with a head held high in the supercilious manner of one accustomed to receiving a great deal of superciliousness from others. Evidently Miss Stevens, the refined young lady who was head dressmaker at Short and Jones. I raised my hat, and she smiled slightly.

That afternoon I moved in, and by evening all my treasures were in place. My bookcase lined one side of the ample wall, my desk occupied the bay window, and my pipe rack hung in the least conspicuous position I could find out of regard for a possible prejudice of Mrs. Best.

Perhaps it was accident that I met my good landlady on the stairs next morning as I went out to breakfast, and perhaps I imagined a shade of anxiety in her tone as she inquired after my comfort. If so, my reply effectually reassured her. "It couldn't be better," I told her, "warm enough and large enough and bright enough and as quiet as any sociable human being would wish. Not a snore anywhere, not even a piano."

Mrs. Best smiled again. She had a curious smile. It came and went quickly, as if let out of gaol, and was very pleasant while it lasted.

"I was going to tell you, sir," she said, "that if you wish you may breakfast in the house. A few of my roomers do so, but only those whom I personally invite. You will meet your neighbours and some other pleasant people, but it is entirely at your own preference."

Here was more good fortune! Not only was I thus received into the family life of my new abode, but I would be spared the discomfort of breakfasting out, a thing I have always grumbled at. I accepted with gratitude, and followed at once to the breakfast-room. Here I found the best of my expectations realised. The room was small, but bright, and pleasantly warm, and exquisitely clean. There was none of that stale, overnight chilliness common to boarding-house dining-rooms in the morning. Upon the fresh table cloth was dainty china and a little silver and cut glass. Evidently Mrs. Best had seen better days, and my lines had fallen in pleasant places.

"I will ask you to sit by Mr. Bird," said my hostess, "Mr. Bird, let me make you acquainted with our new roomer, Mr. Arthur Bently Mills, the author." (Ye gods, was it possible there was pride in her voice, as she mentioned my much maligned profession!) Mr. Bird rose and bowed. He was a little dried-up man, shrivel-



led and wizened and yellow like a pea that has been left a long time out of its pod. His hands were long, beautifully shaped and curiously smooth when compared with his face. He had the deep, somewhat vague eyes and the pointed fingers of the dreamer.

"I have heard of Mr. Mills," he said, with a pleasant voice. "I am most interested in your work, sir."

"I am surprised at that," I said involuntarily.

"I do not refer to your fiction," he explained, "it is your other, your more serious work in which I am interested."

Here was a surprise indeed. I had no idea that anyone knew that I aspired to anything more serious than an occasional novel. The little man noticed my embarrassment.

"Perhaps I am indiscreet." He suggested.

"Not at all, but I can't help wondering how you knew about it."

"That is simple. You have surely not forgotten your little article in—" (he mentioned a well-known journal), "entitled 'Inside the Envelope?' A more promising dip into the ocean of psychological research I have not seen in years. I am not a psychologist, but I am interested in the subject, much interested, and I think that the man who wrote that article is not likely to make novel writing a serious business."

"I had quite forgotten it," I said, "but you are right. I have not given up my old hobby, although I have published nothing further upon the subject."

"Why so?"

"I have found nothing new to say."

"It is a long subject, a long subject," he said, absently, and, having finished his coffee, he rose; "a very long subject," he said again, and, bowing, vaguely left the room.

"Isn't he odd?" asked Miss Stevens, who had just come in. "He

tried to walk over me the other day—said he didn't see me." She tossed her head. "I'm not so small either."

I paid the expected compliment upon the impossibility of anyone with even rudimentary eyes neglecting to perceive Miss Stevens, and we became friends at once.

"I hope you will stay longer than the other gentlemen," she said in parting, and then, lest the remarks seemed to betoken a personal interest, added "it isn't pleasant having people moving in and out of the next room all the time."

This ideal state of things continued for three days and nights, and by that time I considered myself to have permanently taken root. I knew all the favoured breakfast boarders, had taken Miss Stevens to the theatre and had begun to work in earnest at the earlier chapters of my new novel. On Thursday night I went to bed healthily tired and disposed to sleep. I awoke as I always do, suddenly and without effort, and my only feeling was one of surprise to find the room brightly lighted. Evidently I had gone to bed without switching off the lights, and yet I distinctly remembered having done so, for I had paused for a moment to admire the moonlight outside. Some sudden jar might have lighted them, I thought, and sleepily raised myself, stretching out my hand to the switch. The switching out of the lights was instantaneous and automatic, but in the one second which elapsed between my rising in bed and the click of the switch I had seen, or thought I had seen, someone in the room—a dark, bent form leaning over my desk in the bay window. As the light snapped out, I still thought that, for a moment, there was some obstacle between me and the moonlight. For an instant I simply sat and stared, and then, angry but not at all alarmed, I switched the light full on again, to find the room, of course, empty. Neverthe-



less, so strong had been the impression that I jumped out of bed and searched minutely. There was, of course, no one in the room. The door was locked as usual, the window was open, as I always have it, but my room was on the second floor and there was no balcony. Smiling a little at the tricks which imagination will play, I went to bed again and fell asleep immediately.

The second time, two nights after, that I awoke to find the room lighted I will admit that I lay still a few moments before summoning sufficient nerve to glance round. This time I was not at all sleepy; the start at finding myself lying in a blaze of light had sent a strange little pricking chill to my finger tips. If this be fear, then I was afraid. The feeling passed as quickly as it had come, beaten down by common sense and a feeling of cold rage at being so disturbed. I made no movement toward the ewitch this time, but turned very cautiously, raising my head as I did so until I could see over the footboard of my bed.

There was no mistake this time—someone was in the room! A man, a small man, much bent, was standing before my bookshelves, running a meditative finger over my books. Astonishment and rage held me silent, and the next instant I had recognised the figure—it was my next door neighbour, Mr. Bird. Oh, undoubtedly Mr. Bird, in his faded broadcloth coat, his heelless slippers, his spectacles and the little red Turkish fez with which he was wont to protect the bald spot on his head. Very much at home he seemed in my room, with my books and in the middle of the night!

“Confound his impudence,” I muttered, “and how on earth did he get in?”

I cleared my throat. “Mr. Bird—” I began, and again I cleared my throat, very loudly. The little man

paid no attention to me whatever.

“Mr. Bird—confound it, sir, what does this mean?”

Meditatively he chose a volume from the case in front of him and opened it. This was entirely too much. In a sudden and unreasonable rage, I picked up a slipper which was lying by the bed and threw it with all my might straight at my uninvited guest. I swear I never took my eyes from the man. I saw the slipper strike against something and fall to the floor with a tinkle of glass, and then—then there was no one there. I was too angry to be bewildered. Springing out of bed, I crossed to the bookcase, where a moment ago he had been standing. There was certainly no one there. There was nothing around which he might have vanished. I searched the room, neglecting no corner where a rat might hide. There was positively no one there. Puzzled and shaken, with all my anger gone, I sat down to reflect. Had I dreamed the whole thing—evidently! I had certainly flung the slipper, it lay beside the broken glass on the floor. The light had certainly been turned on; it was on still. These facts were all of which I could be sure. I began to get a hold upon myself again and remembered that I had eaten more heartily than usual at dinner. There was no one in the room, therefore there had been no one in the room, therefore—I suddenly noticed that one of the books in the open case was *but half shoved in and upside down!*

I crossed to the shelf quickly and pulled the volume out. It was an old book which had belonged to my grandfather and contained the somewhat unique account of the wanderings of a long dead traveller in China. It was a book I had not opened in years, a book which I had certainly not touched since I placed it primly in its row when I arranged my books in their new home—and now it was half push-



ed out and upside down as well!

I went back to the bed and trained my eye on the book. Yes, it was just exactly there that my dream visitor had been standing, and that would have been exactly the book which he was opening when I threw the slipper. Only there had been no one there, and therefore the book could not have been touched. And yet the book had been touched and—I pulled my rambling thoughts up short, plunged my head into the basin of cold water, switched out the light and went to bed.

This experience, or one in all important respects similar, happened for three nights in succession. I said nothing to anybody, but examined my room with minuteness which left nothing to chance. I moved the bookcases, I took up the rug, I examined every inch of wall space, the door, the windows, the furniture, and then I began to examine myself. As you may guess, this was not a healthy thing to do, and soon my fellow-boarders began to notice my altered looks.

"You look," declared Miss Stevens at breakfast upon the fourth morning, "as if you had seen a ghost."

In spite of myself, I started.

"You look," she went on in anticlimax, "as if you worked too hard and needed a change."

There were murmurs of assent from others at the table. My landlady said nothing, and Mr. Bird quite audibly said "nonsense."

That morning I took myself in hand and thought hard. As a result, I had the bad taste to go to call on Melgrove (a former tenant, you remember), just a day back from his honeymoon. He was surprised to see me, and showed it, but little things like that did not bother me any more.

"I wanted to ask you," I fibbed, "if you could recommend me to a nice, large, quiet room in a house where I could have breakfast."

He looked startled for a moment,

and then said "no" in a decisive tone.

"I thought," I fibbed on valiantly, "that you had a nice place a few weeks before you were married. One of the fellows said something about it."

He was evidently uneasy. "Yes, I did, but I wouldn't advise it. Yet—I don't know—why not? You see it really was an excellent room, just the thing for you, and the fact that I took a dislike to it is no reason why you should. I'll give you the address—"

"Why did you take a dislike to it?" I asked calmly.

"Well, you see—I—well, it was entirely with myself that the fault lay. I was feeling run down and nervous and—oh, not at all like myself and I got a sort of fancy that—a most ridiculous idea, of course,—that there was something wrong with my brain. Going batty, you know. Not a pleasant idea for a fellow on the eve of marriage, eh?"

"No, but the room—"

"Oh the room was all right. Only one never likes a room where one has been ill, and I slept so badly while I was there, had nightmares and things. Used to imagine I saw an old party in a red fez trotting around among some old books I had! Fact—so you see in what bad shape I must have been. Change of scene and a tonic soon fixed that up. I'll get you the address, the room is really excellent."

I took the address, thanked him and left the house with a strangely light heart. I was not going mad, then. The thing was no delusion of an unbalanced brain. Melgrove had seen it, therefore the experience was not peculiar to myself, was outside myself entirely. The relief was so great that I felt myself shaking as I walked. To be relieved of the burden of possible madness, nothing else mattered!

That night I went to bed with a light heart and an alert mind. My



old interest in things psychic, which had slumbered lately, revived with double force. Since my visions of previous nights had not been fancy of a disordered brain, but had been an experience which Melgrove, and probably all the other suddenly migrating tenants, had shared, it held no more terrors for me. There was an explanation somewhere and I would find it. In this frame of mind I lay and waited and—nothing happened. The night passed as any other sleepless night might do, leaving nothing behind it save a very bad temper. The next night I dozed and woke, and woke and dozed again, and still no happening. Upon the third morning Miss Stevens asked me if I had lost any money, or anything, I looked so cross. Upon the fourth morning I was ready to consider my unique chance of psychic investigation gone forever. What a fool I had been, what a cowardly, silly fool! I decided that the only thing which had ever been the matter with my brain was a certain stupidity.

Upon the fifth night I went to sleep in a very bad humour and awoke—to find that my chance had not quite gone, after all.

The room was bright again and there, pottering up and down before my book cases, was the little old man in the red fez. This time I made no attempt to speak, nor did I throw slippers. I simply sat up in bed and watched, and as I watched my amazement grew, for although I really knew there was no one in the room, the figure before me was as real as my own. It was opaque, it seemed to occupy space in the natural way. It moved as a man moves. It possessed, apparently, weight and colour—in effect it was my neighbour Mr. Bird as real as I had ever seen him. Only one thing which might have been different I noticed; he made no sound. As I observed this, the old chill of horror began to

grow; and, determined not to let it conquer me, I slipped very quietly out of bed. This time my motion disturbed the phantom. It turned from the books and looked at me, surprisedly for an instant, then speculatively, then with an understanding smile. Making a quick gesture with its hand, it seemed to point toward the wall of the next room, bowed slightly and—disappeared.

I sat down upon the bed a moment to control a certain trembling of which I was ashamed, and made a sudden resolution. What if, after all, my strange neighbour himself knew the solution of the mystery? On the impulse I threw my bathrobe over my pajamas and slipped down the corridor to his door. I knocked gently, then, feeling that the door was not locked, I opened it and went in . . .

"Really, I thought you were never coming," said the little man in plaintive tones. "I did not expect that you would be so stupid!"

There he was, just as I had seen him a moment before in my own room, red fez and all. He sat on the side of his cot bed which, save for an old table and a chair, was the only furniture that the room contained.

"It is small," said Mr. Bird, answering the thought in my mind, "at one time it was probably a dressing closet and opened into your larger room. No, there is no door. If there ever was one it has been bricked up. Won't you sit down. You see, I have left the chair for you."

I took the chair, still in silence.

The little man's eyes began to twinkle. "I suppose I really ought to apologise for disturbing you o' nights," he said, "but really," with a comprehensive wave of his hands to the bare walls, "what is a man to do? I am poor, as you see, and I must have books, or I cannot get on with my great work. Not that your library has helped me much. Save for that one odd book of Chinese travel, there was



really nothing at all to interest me."

"I don't know what to say," I stammered, "of course, you are welcome to the books, and to the room, but—"

"You were going to say—?"

"You will think me more than stupid, but—how did you get in? The door was locked, the window—"

"I did not use either the door or the window."

"Perhaps," I said politely, "you came through the wall?"

"Well, yes, in a maner of speaking. Do you mean to say you do not understand yet?"

I signified I was very far from understanding, and he looked disappointed.

"Well then, I shall find it hard to explain. I don't know the right terms, I have never studied what you call psychology, but you have. Have you never heard of a case where a man has been able to be in two places at the same time and to enter rooms quite irrespective of locks and bolts and walls and things?"

"I have heard of such instances," I replied guardedly. "There are two or three given in Myer's 'Human Personality,' but they are not held to be sufficiently well attested. They—"

"You mean that you don't believe that the people who say these things are telling the truth. Well, suppose you told someone that you saw me in your room to-night, would they believe you?"

"They would not."

"Well, there it is. Yet you would be speaking the truth."

I took firm hold on my bewildered brain. "In the instances I mentioned," I said, "the apparition lasted for a few moments, and the man who caused the apparition of himself was unconscious as to whether or not he had succeeded."

The little man nodded. "Yes, those instances were very unsatisfactory. It was only a half affair at the best. The man in that case simply projected his

astral body, remaining himself (that which goes to make up his consciousness), in a trance-like state. He could not enjoy his astral body's freedom."

"Oh!" I said, and the little man looked at me sharply.

"You, yourself, in that little article I mentioned before, state that more than once while sitting at your desk you have seemed suddenly for an instant to be outside your body. You have actually seen yourself as if from another point in space."

"That is so," I admitted.

"Well, that's it. Only you made the mistake of thinking that the real you was the you that you saw instead of the you that did the seeing, and your experiences were too brief for useful observation. Plenty of people are the same way. Even that little empty-headed idiot Miss Stevens said she had quite a 'turn' the other day—thought she saw herself coming down the corridor."

"Well?"

"Well, she did see herself. The stupidity of the thing is that everyone shies away from the obvious truth."

"You mean that you have the power of detaching yourself from your physical body and that in this detached self you can hear and see and reason and speak?"

"I did not say that I could speak. As a matter of fact I cannot. I can hear and see. I can, for instance, read your books, remember what I read, but I could not speak to you, although I tried."

"Why?"

"I don't know why. Perhaps some day I shall be able."

We were both silent for a space, and then I said gravely: "It is wonderful. I cannot but believe you. And I have always believed in the possibility of such things. You will astonish the world."

"Yes." He rubbed his hands gleefully. "When my big work on the



history of China is complete the world shall be astonished. It is monumental. Sometimes I doubt if I shall ever finish it—"

"China?" I asked blankly.

He pointed to neatly stacked piles of paper upon the table. "Those are my notes," he said, with pride.

"But *China!*" I asked.

"You will understand why I wish access to so many libraries, I am sure. The work is—is monumental."

I was lost in amazement. "Do you mean to say that you are really wasting time on the history of China?" I asked. "When you have made one of the greatest discoveries of the age?" "Young sir, do you know that a reliable, inclusive, exhaustive history of China has never before been attempted? Think of—"

"I think you are mad," I exclaimed angrily. For a moment we glared mutually, and then his gaze softened and he sighed.

"Well, well," he said, perhaps you do not know the value of history. You are young. As for this other thing, it is naturally more in your line. In that little article 'Inside the Envelope' you said—"

"I didn't say anything that I knew anything at all about. It was all guess, all moonshine. But this thing of yours, this discovery, could you explain how you do it? Could you teach any one else—me—to do it?" I was fairly shaking with impatience.

The old man did not hurry his answer. I could hear his heelless slippers tip-tapping on the floor. "I might explain, I suppose, not in words perhaps, but practically. And I could teach you, doubtless. It is really very simple. But I will do neither of these things." He lifted his dangling feet and curled them up under him.

"Why?" My disappointment left me nothing else to say.

"Why should I? It is a discovery for which the world is not prepared. Think for a moment of the harm it

might do. Even that would prevent me."

"I see that, but not in proper hands."

"Perhaps not. I think I could trust you, for instance. It is, I admit, a pleasing experience. There is another reason why I could not try the experiment with you. In the present state of my knowledge such an experiment would be dangerous."

"How," I asked, wonderingly.

"So far no one has, as far as we know, been able to detach his consciousness from his physical body sufficiently to follow the astral body and enjoy its unique liberties. My learning to do so was an accident, and it nearly resulted in my passing out for good and all. Even now, every new advance in knowledge is attended with new danger. More than once I have nearly stepped over the border. For you, a novice, there would be grave peril. I could not risk it, your life would be the stake."

"If—if I be willing to make the stake?"

He shook his head.

"I am a man," I pleaded. "I have a right to do as I choose. Every day we take risks—"

He shook his head. "No. The responsibility would be mine. But I will tell you this much; all the time I am feeling surer of myself. When I have learned enough to show you the way without risk I will do so. I am at the beginning of things. I cannot even speak yet. At times I cannot control my other faculties; at times I have great difficulty. I know the danger but I take it in the pursuit of a great aim. There is material there," pointing significantly to the piled up papers, "which will astonish mankind." His eyes grew wide and vacant. "What are sealed up tombs to me, or triply protected monasteries, or libraries jealously guarded? I go, I enter, I take my toll of everything. It is all there, knowledge



hidden from the ages, but it is only a beginning," his voice sank into a whisper, "and I may go at any moment leaving it all undone!" He sighed.

After this night he came no more to my room, but between us there sprang up one of those strange friendships of youth and age, and though he would never accept any aid of any kind from me, it is from the date of our friendship that I mark my success in my chosen profession. Many have wondered where I could have obtained the wonderful local colour which made my "Babylon" famous. The knowledge which made it possible all came from him. From his exhaustless store he gave me freely. But his notes on the projected history I never saw. He guarded them jealously, nor did we ever discuss again his promise to teach me the secret as soon as it might be considered safe. I knew that no persuasion would move him, and—well, life is very pleasant to me also. So things went on for nearly a year and then one night I awoke suddenly with the old familiar sensation of wonder at waking in a lighted room and saw the professor gazing at me. His face was radiant.

"I couldn't wait until the morning to tell you," he said.

"Tell me what?" I asked, and then realised—he had *spoken*.

"Yes," he told me, with the gaiety of a child. "I can speak at last. It was a long time coming. For the last week I have been almost, almost at the point of succeeding, and to-night I have succeeded. I shall teach you soon, my friend. I am feeling surer all the time. To-night I feel so strong, so secure. I feel free, never have I felt half so free, and what a freedom! I feel myself akin to the free wind. I am a little brother to the cloud. I—" A sudden look of anxiety came into his face, deepening quickly into consternation and then into agony—"My book!" I thought he tried to

say, and—then he was gone.

I sprang out of bed, my one thought was of fire, or some accident to the sacred pages of the great book, and without waiting for my dressing gown, I ran down the passage and burst into his room.

There was no sign of fire or of any commotion. The moonlight streamed through the window upon orderly piles of paper all in their usual places. It fell, too, upon the bed, and upon the professor lying there in his faded coat, his red fez and heelless slippers. One of the slippers had fallen to the floor and the professor's face—

"How you frightened me!" I exclaimed. "I thought—" Then the something on his face stopped me. I leaned nearer and felt frantically in the haste of fear for the beat of his pulse, his heart—there was nothing! With a chill of absolute knowledge I felt that it was death that lay upon the bed. My instant denial of the truth was nothing, my hours of desperate endeavour to restore him were nothing, though not until morning looked in at the window did I admit him indeed departed.

The cocksure young doctor said that he had died of old age. "Worn out, a more common complaint, I assure you, than we imagine," he told me, and I said nothing.

The notes for the great work came into my hands and their disposal gave me many sleepless nights. So jealously had he guarded them when alive that I could not bring myself to look at them, now that he was gone. He had never given me a hint of what he would have wished in case of his death, and I stood distracted between my sense of loyalty to him and my sense of duty to the world. For I knew enough to guess that great treasures of knowledge lay in those piles of paper. But I need not have worried. When at last I did lift the sheets, hesitatingly, fearfully, I found that they were all in cipher, unread-



able, a sure indication of what the author wished. So I burned them all and set my mind at rest.

What mysterious link was snapped upon that last night, I cannot tell. I

only know that I have never seen Professor Bird again, "whether in the body or out of the body." He had gone, as he had feared, with his work unfinished, his secret untold.

## ONTARIO

BY CARROLL C. AIKINS

GIVEN to thought and caution, rich in trade,  
 Home of the homely virtues, strength and truth,  
 I walk with meet discretion in the path  
 My Fathers trod. A worthy path indeed!  
 My farmer, in his orchard, reaps the gain  
 Of trees low-laden at the harvest time.  
 His are the simple joys of hearth and home,  
 No dreams or visions trouble his content.  
 He is no dullard, though, this worthy man,  
 To crave no boon of life save work and sleep,  
 But with his little joys makes holiday,  
 A festival of love and charity.  
 Imbued with courage of the stalwart kind,  
 Steadfast to well-formed purpose, clean of soul,  
 My Children of the critics go their ways,  
 Obedient to manhood's daily call.  
 I am no chary mother of my sons:  
 Freely I send them to our farthest land,  
 Mourning for some who by the wayside fall;  
 A bloodless conquest is an idle thing.  
 No matter where they go, by lake or trail,  
 Fronting the hazards of the dim Unknown,  
 Forging a link of Empire with their toil,  
 I am their mother, and my heart is there.



# THE ETHICS OF TITLES

BY GEORGE CLARKE HOLLAND

CANADA is a young and growing country—a land of limitless opportunities, and consequently of democratic sentiment, where all men are supposed to be equal. You rarely find a man who does not think himself as good as his neighbour. For the one who looks up to a superior there are ten men who look upon themselves as just a trifle better than their acquaintances. There should, therefore, be a wholesome contempt for titles, since any admission that the possession of a title confers distinction is a tacit concession that the possessor is better than his neighbours who have no titles. There are exceptions, of course; a title may be conferred in recognition of some gallant act or some notable achievement, but wherever public opinion recognises the justice of thus rewarding merit, we may safely conclude that it is because the man confers distinction on the title, and not because the title adds in the slightest degree to the public estimation of its winner.

And, yet, despite the democratic protest against titles, there is a superstitious veneration for them deep down in the sub-consciousness of most men and all women. How otherwise are we to account for the numberless degrees of universities, official titles in the public service, civil and military, secret societies and religious sodalities? And why is it that anyone who happens to be related, ever so remotely, to some aristocratic family in the old land is so prone to parade the fact publicly? The proudest noble-

man in the House of Lords dwells not more complacently on his long descent than the newly-appointed senator or cabinet minister on his title of "Honourable," and the senator and cabinet minister derive no greater pleasure, though they may gain more profit, from their respective positions than the member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians or Sons of England who happens to be chosen by his fellow-members as their president. Therefore, it seems that the love of titles is deep-rooted in human nature, and however, as reasoning beings and democrats in a free country, we may affect to despise them they will always be sought after and valued in proportion to their scarcity and the difficulty of obtaining them.

Naturally, in this new land there is a reaction from the slavish subservience of the masses to titled people as it is seen in most countries in Europe, but it is just possible that the reaction has, in many cases, gone too far. We very properly feel and express our disapproval of constituting any man a legislator because he happens to be the eldest son in a certain family. We think that the mental and moral qualities of the man, and not the accident of his birth, should be the first consideration. But is it not going too far to condemn a nobleman because of his hereditary title? He is born to it and is no more to be blamed for the handle to his name than he would be for having a birthmark, or red hair, or being afflicted with some personal deformity. He didn't crave



the title, did not win it, did not express approval or disapproval of the distinction. It was there, like his baby trousseau, ready to clap on him when he uttered his first cry.

There are others to whom the title comes, not because of personal merit, but through inheritance which is operative only when some holder of it is removed by death. Then it descends like the gentle rain upon the earth, unsought, perhaps even undesired, when it brings with it nothing more substantial than a name. The rain descends whether the soil is parched or sodden; so the title comes quite regardless of the wishes or the circumstances of the inheritor.

Sometimes a title which is legally held in one country is bestowed by courtesy and accepted as a natural right in another. Here we never think of dubbing any man "Colonel" unless he holds a colonel's commission; but in Kentucky every man who is a good judge of whisky and liberal at the bar, whether he ever wore a soldier's uniform or not, thinks he should be addressed as "Colonel." In England, a bishop of the Anglican Church, being by virtue of his position a Lord, is addressed as His Lordship, but in Canada, where all denominations are on the one footing and where, consequently, no clergyman holds any title, the "lordship" is only used as a matter of courtesy, and on grounds somewhat different, but not wholly unlike those on which the Kentuckian gets his title of Colonel. As a matter of legal right, Bishop Horner, the head of the Holiness Movement, has as much claim as any Anglican or Roman Catholic bishop to be addressed as "His Lordship Bishop Horner," and the probabilities are that he would accept it with equal complacency.

No doubt we think that most of us would refuse to sail under false colours. Would we? I myself was at one time dubbed a Knight of the Mac-

cabees, and addressed by other members of the order as Sir Knight. Did any member of the order decline to be so addressed? Not for a moment. My motive in becoming a Sir Knight of the Maccabees was to secure cheap life insurance. The knighthood was thrown in as a sort of prize, and when they suddenly raised the rates and I dropped out of the order, the knighthood went with it, and thus vanished my one and only chance to rise above the common level of humanity.

As with titles, so with the insignia associated with them. I suppose there are few of us who are without a family crest and a motto more or less intelligible. If anyone has been wandering aimlessly through life without a family crest, he can easily find one to fit his name. Let him select one that suits his fancy, and nobody is likely to object. He has just as good a right to it as any other man until somebody who thinks he has a better right arises to dispute the claim; in other words, until the unlikely and improbable happens. I have heard uncomplimentary comments from some of our democratic friends on family crests in general, as if the owners regarded them as tokens of rare distinction.

But here again our radical friends are all astray; the owner of a family crest finds it a part of his inheritance, like the family Bible, and, as I have said, nobody need be without one if his ancestors neglected to procure the distinction in their time. Crests are as plentiful as strawberries in June, and in this country anyone who has leisure to devote to trifles can work up something new in the line of crests to suit his fancy. Remember, in Canada wearing a family crest is really a mark of democracy, or rather following the example of the aboriginal inhabitants of North America, each one of whom had his totem. The first inhabitants of this continent knew nothing of lions, and griffens and



beasts and birds of doubtful lineage, nor had they mottoes in bad French and ungrammatical Latin; but every red Indian belonged to the family of the bear, or the beaver, or the fox, or some other well-known animal; and among the Iroquois, if not in other tribes, there was as much care exercised to prevent improper matrimonial alliances as is taken now in the aristocratic families of Europe to prevent their blue blood from being contaminated by intermarriages with untitled people, unless their blood is given an ultramarine tint by the possession of wealth. If our Indian predecessors and the remnants of their once mighty tribes were justified in the possession of their totems, surely there is nothing very undemocratic in bringing over the crests of our ancestors, or of some other persons' ancestors, and wearing them, when circumstances call for it, in this country. It doesn't hurt anybody, and, as no tax is levied on crests, either in the way of an import duty or an inland revenue impost, few indulgences are less expensive. I think it was Labouchère who remarked, in his ill-natured way, that he would as soon think of refusing a thistle to a hungry donkey as a title to anyone who wanted it. He meant to say a spiteful thing, no doubt, but, after all, does not that express the true and reasonable attitude of democracy on the subject? No doubt titles, like kisses, often go by favour.

We have ample illustration of that in our own community: real merit passed over, without recognition, while men with pull and influence have been loaded with honours. After all, is it not well that it should be so? Sometimes a great man's name stands out all the clearer because it is not obscured by a title. Are Gladstone and Bright thought less of by their admirers because they have passed away untitled, leaving behind them the imperishable record of their achievements? Is Lord Beaconsfield

remembered best by his title or by the name he bore in the years when his literary genius made Disraeli immortal and his statesmanship guided the destinies of a great empire and helped to shape the policies of world powers? And in our own country it is safe to say that Brown and Mackenzie will stand more prominently in the group of statesmen who were the fathers of Confederation than some of their colleagues on whom titles were conferred.

"The rank is but the guinea stamp  
The man's the gowd for a' that."

When we think of the author of "In Memoriam," it rarely occurs to us that as he neared the "bar" which all of us must some day cross, he was made a lord; or if perchance the fact does obtrude itself, we recall his own opinion of titles when, in the full vigour of his manhood and the noon-tide of his splendid genius he wrote:

"'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood."

There is a title, however, which was not only worthily won, but which seems appropriate—the title conferred upon one of the men whose dauntless courage and boundless enterprise gave Canada its first transcontinental railway and welded the provinces and territories of Canada into one harmonious and autonomous Dominion. I need not say that I refer to Donald A. Smith, afterwards Sir Donald Smith, and now Lord Strathcona.

There are various methods by which attention may be called to one's claim to distinction. Perhaps the most simple and effective is the trade-mark by which each Highland clan accentuates the difference between itself and other clans and primitive people generally who have not the honour and advantage of being Highland Scotch. Every clan has a distinctive plaid. To the uneducated eye these plaids look uniformly plain and unattractive, but the eye of a Highlander detects at once, by the blended colours of their



plaid, the difference between a Macdonald of the Isles, whose direct descent from Enoch is not disputed without peril, from a Macpherson, one of whose ancestors, we are told, married Noah's daughter. One would think that a device so effective that only the blind need err therein would suffice, but, like the Iroquois and the titled families of England, every Highlander has also something in the nature of a totem, with an appropriate motto. The totem of the Macpherson is a cat, with a motto indicating that Tabby, if rubbed the wrong way, will scratch. From the late Sir David Macpherson I learned that at one time an attempt was made by the MacIntoshes to infringe this trade-mark. They did not fight it out in the time-honoured Highland way, with broadsword and battle-axe, but after the manner of the effete Saxon. They appealed to the courts, and the judges awarded the cat to the Macphersons. The Macdonalds of the Isles content themselves with a human hand—a left hand at that. The origin of this trade-mark was recounted to me by one of the clan at whose house I was visiting. It is as follows:

Once upon a time—that is the appropriate way to begin a fairy tale—it pleased the King of Scotland to make a present to his subjects of some islands off the coast of Scotland. To avoid the usual difficulties attending the bestowal of patronage and to get up a harmless excitement at a time when the recognised forms of amusement were cattle lifting and fighting, he donated the island to the first hand that should touch the one selected as a goal—mark the term used “the first hand that should touch the island.” Among the competitors was a Highland chief named Macdonald. With his crew he made a gallant race for the island, but as he neared the shore, a competing boat shot ahead of him and would have won the race had it been

conducted on modern lines; but the Macdonalds have always been a masterful and resourceful clan, as we Canadians have good reason to know, and the Macdonald in question, rather than lose the race, with his strong right hand chopped off his left hand and threw it on the shore, thus winning the prize and with it the title of Lord of the Isles. Wherefore every Macdonald descended from that clan carries as his trade-mark a left hand. The gentleman from whom I heard the legend pointed to a hand carved in stone over his front door, and assured me that in every corner of the habitable globe, and some corners that are not habitable, the same mark may be found, since the Macdonalds who have been lucky enough to get away from their ancestral home have gone, like the sunshine, everywhere, and generally made their mark in every sense of the term.

I have suggested that anyone who has never been able to find the crest pertaining to his own family can, with a little ingenuity, devise one to suit himself, and with a little imagination attach a legend, gory or romantic or both, thereto, and in one or two generations the origin of crest and legend will have become entirely forgotten. Thus equipped any of his descendants who succeeds in amassing a fortune can take down the crest and legend from the shelf, brush off the dust, and utilise them as genuine antiques.

A splendid chance to do something of this kind was lost by an unimaginative Celt in Glengarry. His father was a rough, uncultured plebeian whose bulky frame and shaggy beard won for him the name of the Bison. He began life as a day labourer, but being shrewd and practical, he succeeded, as a railway contractor, in piling up a fortune, which he left to an only son. When the young man came into his inheritance, it did not include a crest or motto or title of any kind, but he had a bank account that would



make an Italian count's mouth water.

The young man built for himself a palatial residence, gave it some commonplace name totally ignoring the author of his fortune. Now why did he not adopt for his crest a bison rampant, holding in one hoof a pick and in the other a lancet, and adopt for a motto, "I bleed the government." Then, with a buffalo's head over the front door of his residence and flunkeys clad, in winter, in buffalo furs, he would become the founder of a family with a trade-mark rare and original and a motto calculated to inspire his ambitious descendants with a determination to make the most out of their country.

Let us suppose that the son of a wealthy pork packer aspires to titles and distinctions. Who is to prevent him adopting as his crest a hog couchant, encircled with a string of sausages, and for a motto "Root hog or die." That would be—to use a term popular in select circles—something *chic*, and he might sleep undisturbed by any apprehension that some conscienceless member of the *nouveau riche* would missappropriate his trade-mark. Anyone with a lively imagination could, no doubt, furnish better illustrations of what I mean, or improve upon those given.

I have made some reference to the British nobility, but the lords spiritual and lords temporal deserve more than passing attention. While they have little power and less inclination to initiate useful legislation, they have, under the archaic system of government which prevails in the mother land, great powers of obstruction, which they sometimes use to defeat the popular will. The lords spiritual are legislators possibly because they are unfitted by training and experience, and often by mental equipment, for political affairs; still, their presence in the upper chamber gives reasonable ground for believing that they possess intelligence, however per-

verted it may be when applied to the solution of public questions. But with the other peers it is quite another question. Dean Swift describing the aristocracy of his day, said: "A weak diseased body, a meagre countenance and sallow complexion are the true marks of noble blood."

No one who understands human nature wonders that there is some truth in Swift's remark, when he realises the origin of a good many of Britain's noble families. Labouchère, who has devoted a good deal of attention to the House of Lords, points out that the first Dukes of Grafton, Richmond, St. Albans, and Buccleuch were illegitimate sons of Charles II. who were appointed, while they were yet children, not for any merit they were supposed to possess, but for the infamy of their birth. He reminds us, also, that the noble house of Marlborough is founded on the dishonour of Arabella Churchill, that the first earl of Orkney was raised to the peerage because he married the cast-off mistress of the King, and Conyngham was made a marquis as the price of his wife's dishonour. These are but a few of the instances of titles given for causes which should lead their present holders to regard them as brands of infamy. A long list could be furnished of titles given to court favourites for services which would not bear investigation, and a still longer list of titles purchased by wealthy men. We are told, in fact, that with few exceptions, the nobility of Great Britain owe their titles either to the easy virtue or the long purses of their ancestors.

There are men living to-day who can remember the time when, as Sydney Smith said, the country belonged to the Duke of Rutland, Lord Lonsdale, the Duke of Newcastle, and about twenty other holders of boroughs. "They are our masters," said Smith, and undoubtedly they controlled the British Islands in their day.



having the power to put their creatures in both Houses, until the rotten boroughs were abolished. Sir Wilfrid Lawson described the additions to the Upper House prior to and during his time as men who had either made much money or brewed a great deal of beer or killed large numbers of people. Labouchère contends that the condition of affairs is very little better to-day, that "a proportion by no means inconsiderable of the new peers consists of men who could not be given places in an administration, who are, in fact, the shunted dowagers of the political world, the wall-flowers of the party ball-room, while the almost inseparable accompaniment of a new peerage is the possession not of intellectual but of material wealth." In support of this statement he quotes from Lord Lyveden, himself a member of the House of Lords:

"Men have been raised to the peerage, not on political grounds, not on the ground that they have done any service of any kind to the nation, but because they have been prepared to write a cheque for a considerable amount for purposes that I will not enter into any further."

In view of this arraignment, the accuracy of which has not been challenged, I think it will be admitted that there are some British precedents which we should avoid. Hard things have been said, and with some justice, of the United States Senate and, with

little justice, even of the Canadian Upper Chamber, but the worst that could be said of either of them falls far short of the record of infamy which Labouchère discloses in the case of the House of Lords. We know little of it in Canada. Happily for us, British Cabinets have, on the whole, chosen as the representatives of royalty in Canada men who would win distinction and popular favour in any country. Such men as Dufferin and Lorne shed lustre on the position they adorned, and the memory of the illustrious noblemen who have graced Rideau Hall remains as a blessed inheritance to our people. But of all the men who have represented the Crown in this country, none has more completely captured the hearts of all Canadians than the present Governor-General, Lord Grey. His simple manners, his cultured taste, his democratic spirit, his wide sympathies and unflinching benevolence which have led him to participate in every good movement, the example he has set of service to his fellow men, his tact, his high ideals and his sound judgment would make him popular in any intelligent community, and I feel that if there were only one such member of the House of Lords (and there are many), it would justify tender consideration for the anachronism of a chamber of hereditary legislators in a free, self-governing nation.







## LARGESS

# THE PHILOSOPHY OF TIPPING

BY SERVITOR

Illustrations by C. W. Jefferys

“He giveth twice who giveth cheerfully.”  
**T**IPPING belongs to the time-honoured past; it is a custom with a history. Chaucer makes use of the word *largess*, which is nothing more or less than the old English term, derived from the French, for a tip. Bacon writes: “Great donatives and *largesses* upon the disbanding of the armies were things able to inflame all men’s courage.” This custom is still kept up in the British Army to the present day. When the sold-

iers returned from the War in South Africa, each man received \$25 (which is called “blood money”), in addition to his pay. The practice does not now prevail in the British Navy, but in Nelson’s time the prize money derived from the captured ships was divided amongst the victorious officers and the crew. Shakespeare frequently makes use of the term *largess* as also does Sir Walter Scott.

There may be different modes of tipping, but the principle is the same.





## HE IS A MARKED MAN

The practice of giving tips is also universal. In all probability, Antony when he was visiting Cleopatra (we are not now concerned with his ultimate success) gave backshish to her retinue, which is the Egyptian word for a gratuity; and perhaps the traveller who has been up the Nile knows this to his comfort or sorrow as the case may be.

This little word "tip" was originally painted on a money-box nailed to the wall in the coffee-room of the *Cheshire Chesse*, in Fleet Street, London, the tavern made famous by the "Charmed Circle" — Johnson, Goldsmith, David Garrick, Boswell, and

Joshua Reynolds. Surely a glorious association! Moreover, gratuities have indirectly the support of holy writ. What about the good Samaritan who did not pass by on the other side? Did he not take compassion on the stricken traveller, take him to an inn, urge the landlord to look after him and bestow upon the boniface a penny? Other instances in the Bible there may be. It is unnecessary to enlarge.

It is hardly necessary to touch on the ancient custom of giving "boxes" at Christmas, at which festive season of year all sorts and conditions of men either give or receive presents.



Even the proverbial "stiff" (waiters' parlance for a mean man), puts his name to the subscription list for the staff through mere decency. This only goes to prove that tipping is an

man of the "Swallow Tail," who always says, "Yes, Sir."

Waiters have been, they will be—let them be! These functionaries are human, after all. Like everybody



THE  
HEAD WAITER  
BOWS WITH A  
CHEERY  
"GOOD MORNING,  
SIR"

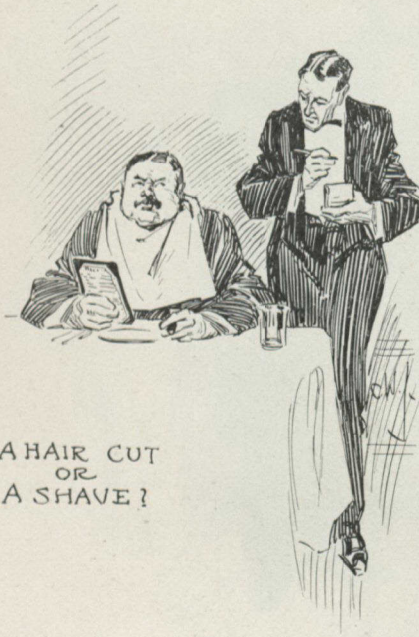
ancient habit. It may take forms other than that of direct money giving. In some parts of England, for example, the labourer, after the harvest has been gathered in, dons his "Sunday best," bedecks his hat with coloured ribbons, like an old recruiting sergeant, and goes from village to village collecting his *largess* from the squires and his tenants. In Scotland, where everybody is generous, the laird or tenant provides his harvesters with beer and "baps" in the harvest field, and this by way of a gratuity. But we fancy that tipping is more directly associated with the much abused

else in this commercial age, they want as much as they can get. Then let us admit at once that it pays to tip. Ask any cosmopolitan, and he will tell you so.

But the principle of the visitor paying for the hotel-keeper's servants is not the key-note of this article. Those who cannot afford to tip should not travel, if they wish to go in comfort. What is the use of sitting down to a decent dinner, conjuring in your mind all the time whether you will tip the waiter or not? All these disturbing thoughts are bad for the digestion and spoil the flavour of the wine. A non-



tipping traveller can always go to a place where girls are employed, when a sweet smile, your buttonhole bouquet or a "jolly" will be well repaid—perhaps! Yet let him remember that



A HAIR CUT  
OR  
A SHAVE?

William Watson has written lines on "The woman with the serpent's tongue!"

Now, the waiter wields a mighty power; the non-tipping man should remember that he is in many respects an autocrat. Behind his servility there may be scorn, and then the long waits, the poor cuts, the tarnished silver, the cold plates and potatoes for the non-tipper. For the non-tipper is a marked man. The chamber-maid knows it, the bell-boys know it, the porters and busmen know it—then what a life! Fume and fuss as much as you like, this conjurer of plates will only smile the bland smile of satisfaction at your discomfiture, and his smile permeates through all the grades of service. But, oh, what a difference in the morning if you are looked upon as a "good 'un"! The chamber-maid

will pull your blind up, the bell-boy is there with your "Collins"; the head-waiter bows with a cherry "Good morning, sir." Everything goes as merrily as the proverbial marriage bell. Then you can and do feel that the world isn't such a bad hole, after all. For the time being, you forget that slump in stocks, the butcher's unpaid bill at home, and the doctor's accounting for attendance on your sick wife.

There is the law of compensation. If your hades of yesterday is turned into a paradise of to-day by the simple process of tipping the waiter, then surely it must pay to do so. Again, remember a waiter cannot be subjugated. Try it and see. Experience teaches a visitor that if he tries that device, he is but thrusting himself against a brick wall. The waiter has too many advantages, and some of them have been mentioned. "Fleas have their little fleas," and so on *ad infinitum*. So it is with waiters.

The waiter's tip is not always all profit. The head waiter, whose functions are generally more ornamental, spectacular and morally impressive than useful, looks for his little bit for favours given. The cooks, the silver man, the pantry man, (who gives out the fruit), the girl who waits on the waiter, and last, but not least, the "busboy" — the boy who carts out "the dead" (debris) from the dining-room—all expect something from the waiter. These things go to show to what an extent tipping is carried.

The writer has some faint sort of recollection of reading somewhere in Lord Chesterfield's "Letters" to his son, who was about to do Europe, "Be sure to reward the railway porter and especially the waiter, and you will find the wheels of life running smoothly." His Lordship was a man of parts, a thorough man of the world, and he knew what he was speaking about.

A waiter has many disappointments,



and oftentimes he is foiled. A "Bouncer" sitting at table at the *Ritz* had placed half a sovereign under his glass, presumably for the waiter and to insure good service. After having been waited on for a couple of hours he sneaked out of the dining-room when the waiter's back was turned, taking the "half thick 'un" with him. To give another instance: A party had dined at the *Waldorf*. They had received every attention, and one of the men was about to give a ten-dollar tip when his friend said, "Oh, leave it to me, Bertie! I'll fix the waiter." He did—he pressed ten cents into his hand with a smug smile as if he had given him the whole world with a gold fence around it.

Who does not know the man who passes off the plugged coin on the waiter? His name is legion. And the fascinating lady who promises to make it all right at the next meal. She never appears again. She is on her way to Albany. Doubtless all these things, as the parson would say, are sent to try us. As a general rule waiters object to being tried.

Be it remembered that it is only after years of experience that a waiter can move softly across the polished floor of the dining-room, balancing a tray with the dexterity of a juggler, and receive and execute orders with that necessary air of profound importance of which only a really first-class waiter has the secret. Moreover, he must be able to control his facial expression, for much that he sees and hears is very ludicrous and sometimes sad. Perhaps a visitor will cut his mouth eating peas with a knife, but the waiter must not laugh! A story is told of the absent-minded waiter who previously had been a barber, and who, on seeing a visitor with a napkin round his neck, asked him whether he wanted a hair-cut or a shave. The head waiter gave him his tip—it was to leave.

Tact tells the waiter how to humour the growler, who, like the poor, is always with us, and how to pacify the man who has gazed on the wine when it is red and therefore desires to dance upon the table.

Now, if all the reforms suggested by the non-tipping public, who generally air their grievances through the correspondence columns, come into force the poor waiter will be between the devil and the deep sea, and as usual he will get it "in the neck" instead of in the pocket. Then, perforce, he must turn his abilities to another use. One is reminded of the shipwrecked sailors on the desert island who carried on a lucrative business by



ACROSS THE  
POLISHED FLOOR



taking in each other's washing. Thus the waiters from the *Hotel Babylon*, rather than remain unemployed, might follow this original and unpatented device and might send their soiled shirts, dickies and aprons to the waiters from the *Hotel Lucullus*, and *vice versa*, and eke out a living fit for the gods!

These are a few side-lights from the point of view of the old "hash-slinger," who had been at service for fifty years on land and sea. He knows that there are many sides to this question, and still he is of the opinion that tipping has come to stay. He suggests to everybody to tip early and tip often. Men with the biggest purses will always get the best of everything in this world, and the more generous will insure their creature comforts through the medium of tipping. The system may entail a hardship on some of the travelling public, but the settlement of it lies between the visitor and host, not with the waiter. Hard and unpleasant, as in many cases his duties are, the waiter

only feels he is entitled to be regarded as "worthy of his hire." He cannot keep up a smart appearance—and the cost of this is no small thing—unless he is paid a reasonable wage for a reasonable day's work.

The public generally look upon a waiter as a sort of hybrid between a crawling worm and a highwayman. Common or garden politeness and civility do not necessarily mean crawling, nor does getting *quid pro quo* mean robbery. If he is underpaid by the management, thereby helping to swell the dividends, he naturally looks for his golden "quid" from the public. There are waiters and waiters and black sheep in all stations of life, and one profession or calling is only better than another by the people that are in it; nor are the travelling public altogether like Mrs. Cæsar. Hence the auction sales of unclaimed baggage stuffed with bricks and the loss of silver and other articles taken by the so-called souvenir collectors.

"Muzzle not the ox that treadeth down the corn."—Solomon.

## AN APRIL NIGHT

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

THE moon comes up o'er the deeps of the woods,  
 And the long, low dingles that hide in the hills,  
 Where the ancient beeches are moist with buds  
 Over the pools and the whimpering rills.

And with her the mists, like dryads that creep  
 From their oaks, or the spirits of pine-hid springs,  
 Who hold, while the eyes of the world are asleep,  
 With the wind on the hills their gay revellings.

Down on th marshlands with flicker and glow  
 Wanders Will-o'-the-wisp through the night,  
 Seeking for witch-gold lost long ago  
 By the glimmer of goblin lantern light.

The night is a sorceress, dusk-eyed and dear,  
 Akin to all eerie and elfin things,  
 Who weaves about us in meadow and mere  
 The spell of a hundred vanished springs.





### THE WALK IN THE WOOD

BY JEAN BLEWETT

WHEN mother takes us to walk in the wood,  
She finds a seat in a corner shady,  
And she tells of children sweet and good,  
Till Alice acts like a grown-up lady  
In meetin' time, and so do I,  
Though I'm only seven and very small;  
And I get so tired that by and by  
I laugh and laugh at nothing at all.

When sister takes us to walk in the wood,  
You see our eyes begin to glisten;  
She makes no mention of children good,  
But she talks and talks, and we just listen;  
For there 'mong the blossoms and bramble-berries  
She tells us of pixies, elves and fairies,  
Shows us the spot where they meet together  
Mon'ight and starlight and cloudy weather.  
Singing their maddest, merriest song,  
Skipping and dancing the whole night long!

And sister says when the sunbeams come,  
Kissing the flowers till they awaken,  
All the little folks scamper home,  
Leaving the wonderful glade forsaken—  
Scamper home to the green and gold;  
Of maidenha'r ferns and grass and mosses  
Make themselves cradles—oh, aren't they bold?—  
Up where the oak tree sways and tosses.





LORD ROSEBERY

THE MAN OF THE LONE FURROW IN BRITISH POLITICS



# ROSEBERY AND THE LONE FURROW

BY H. LINTON ECCLES

WHEN the British electors, in 1906, put Mr. Asquith in power with a majority of over three hundred and fifty, a select, thinking body of people began asking a variety of new questions. Among the questions they asked was: How would Lord Rosebery regard the promise and the performance of his one-time close follower, who had now followed the example of his former chief, the head of the house of Primrose, and reached the highest position possible to a commoner of Great Britain—that of Prime Minister? As the new Liberal policy with its several novel departures from the old, traditional Liberalism developed and became the subject of legislative measures—chiefly in what is now historically known as the Lloyd-George Budget—those people became still more interested in the attitude of Lord Rosebery.

The Earl of the Lonely Furrow, whatever else may be his qualities or lack of them, has certainly this one in abundance, that he is able, almost at will and regardless of passing events, to engage and rivet upon himself the attention of the great British public. What nearly every man of affairs, or would-be man of affairs, would do almost anything to gain, Lord Rosebery achieves practically without effort. Able, brilliant, and like most men of genius, meteoric, regarded by some as an impractical dreamer, by others as a spent star, by others still

as the one man for the gap, he has no need now, as he has had no need at any time since he won over his first gathering, to go out into the highways to find his audience. He has but to indicate his pleasure and venture outside whichever of his palaces he happens to be occupying at the moment, and his public rushes to him and waits upon his slightest word. A more significant tribute, perhaps, is paid to him by the newspapers, and more especially the one-cent newspapers; which in England, by the way, limit their space mostly to eight or ten pages an issue. The press agencies have but to state, in the usual advance notices which they send to the papers all over the country, that they are doing a verbatim report of Lord Rosebery, and that verbatim report is ordered by every journal of importance—that is, every one which does not prefer to cover the engagement specially through its own reporters.

Lord Rosebery's position in British, and one might almost say in European politics, stands almost alone in the records of great men past and present. When a man, no matter how prominent the position he has filled, or how big the space in the limelight he has occupied, definitely retires from the arena, his career is discussed with animation by men in the street and at the clubs, and then dropped. That means that the process of forgetting



the man starts right away, and he simply is forgotten until the day comes along when in the natural order of things the papers chronicle his death and relieve themselves each of one more stock biography from the journalistic cemetery. Not so with his Lordship of Epsom and Mentmore and Dalmeny—the uncrowned King of Scotland, as he used to be, and still is, called. The British public will not allow him to be forgotten so easily. And he is likely to keep back those long-written-up and periodically revised biographies for many years yet.

This deliberate and stubborn keeping alive of Lord Rosebery as a factor that counts in the political game is something really quite wonderful in Britain, which more easily forgets a prominent man than perhaps any other nation. Mr. Gladstone was a remarkable man, and disciples and opponents alike admit that he was about the greatest public man of the Victorian era. That is not to be wondered at in itself, for Mr. Gladstone was a leading if not the leading figure on the world's stage for forty or fifty stirring years. But he never quite touched the people like his successor. Lord Rosebery is wealthy, he is an orator, he has won the Derby, and he has been Prime Minister during an uneventful six months. With no other outstanding, central fact does or can the average man associate the name of Earl of Rosebery. And yet he is still the unknown force, the man who might if he would, the mysterious entity to whom men of widely divergent opinions turn whenever there is a crisis gathering or a storm brewing in British domestic or foreign politics.

If Lord Rosebery is not a leader of men to-day he has no one else but himself to blame. He might have been Liberal Prime Minister when the country was sick of the South African War and those responsible for it. And, for all anyone knows to the con-

trary, he might be Liberal Prime Minister now, supposing he had kept his majority in the House as has Mr. Asquith, though it is a composite one. Why isn't he at the head of the Liberal party; why isn't he Prime Minister? Well, perhaps the average man will never know, perhaps future biographies will never reveal. Perhaps few, very few, people can speak with real authority on the subject, and those few who can do not feel themselves at liberty to do so.

There was a curious interest, not generally noticed, attaching to Lord Rosebery's brochure on Lord Randolph Churchill, which followed the publication of the authoritative *Life* by Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Randolph's son. Lord Rosebery, at the time his book appeared, explained that it was not intended in any sense to be placed in competition with the *Life*, but that he had been asked by Lord Randolph's widow, as an intimate friend of her husband's, to write something personal about his character as it was known to a close contemporary and could not be so known by a son. Lord Rosebery, in summing up Lord Randolph's career—which has many points of resemblance so far with Lord Rosebery's own—concludes that that career could hardly be looked upon as a failure. That it was not permitted him to accomplish more, says Lord Rosebery, was largely, though not wholly, due to the effects of his sad malady. But this sparsity of accomplishment was also in large measure due to that distinct part of Lord Randolph's character which was nothing more or less than "cussedness," though his old college chum and lifelong friend called it by a kinder name—waywardness.

A few people who consider that they hold the secret of Lord Rosebery's elusive personality try to draw the parallel between his career and that of the brilliant but variable leader of the Fourth Party still closer than it



appears from the landmarked facts in the lives of each. They attempt to complete the parallel by claiming the Rosebery summary of Churchill's career as really an unconsciously written autobiographical fragment. They say that whilst he can hardly be looked upon as a failure, there are two reasons why Lord Rosebery has not accomplished more. One lies in his "cussedness" or waywardness, to use his own term descriptive of Lord Randolph. The other has a more insidious origin, which, whilst not being identical with the malady, has yet some of the characteristics associated with it. The effects of this strange influence over Lord Rosebery are seen, it is said, most strikingly in its workings upon his mind, which is alternately stimulated and subject to fits of deep depression accompanied by pessimism. And, lest any misapprehension creep into the publicity given to this theory, let it be explained at once that no suggestion whatever is made against the personal character or habits of his lordship.

All this speculation, interesting as it may be to those who are deeply concerned with the subject of it, only leads us on to the wider speculation as to what will be the next important stage in the public career of Lord Rosebery. For few people who think at all seriously upon the subject are content to believe that his career as a public man is closed. As years and ages in politics go, he is still in his prime at sixty-three; he easily holds his proud position as the orator of the Empire; and a large proportion of Britishers, including both educated persons and men of the masses, still believe in him as the hope of his country. How far is he likely to make the effort to realise that hope? Will he come out of his tent and lead the army again? The answer has not been given by the man most concerned—himself—so one has to fall back upon his speeches.

It is generally recognised that Lord Rosebery is seriously out of harmony with the Liberal party of to-day and with the men who control it. And if that were not recognised, his speeches delivered and letters published within the past twelve months leave little room for doubt upon the point. But he has also clearly indicated that he could not join the opposition party led by Mr. Balfour; and, incidentally, the present writer has been assured upon high authority that this, in fact, he would never do, either now or at any future time. His opinions and principles—and most men grant that he is quite honest and straightforward in his holding and expression of them—are as vitally at variance with the revised policy of Mr. Balfour as they are with the revised policy of Mr. Asquith.

Is there, then, any present hope for another party, a Centre party, a Fifth Party, or whatever else it might be called, in the British Parliament? Is there a sufficient following of independent men, who think with Lord Rosebery, to form such a party? In considering this interesting possibility it is significant to refer back to a speech Lord Rosebery made more than ten years ago, and which to many minds would seem to be peculiarly applicable to the present time. In the address, Lord Rosebery said:

"I believe, as England has been governed under various suffrages for the benefit of various sections, that now the suffrage has been made accessible to all it is about to be governed for all. I believe, in the further course of the lowering of that suffrage, we somewhere or other light upon the conscience of the community. I believe that at last the community has awakened to its liabilities and duties to all ranks and classes. And I believe the people are now inclined to think that politics is not merely a game at which the pawns have to be sacrificed to the knights and the castles, but is an elevating and ennobling effort to carry into practical force and practical life the principles of a higher morality. I believe that increasingly governments will



be judged by that test. I believe the people are coming to recognise that in that spirit alone must governments be carried on. It is all very well to make great speeches and win great divisions. It is well to speak with authority in the councils of the world, and to see your navies riding on every sea, and to see your flag on every shore. That is well, but it is not all.

"I am certain that there is a party in this country, not named as yet, that is disconnected with any existing political organisation; a party which is inclined to say, 'A plague on both your Houses, a plague on all your parties, a plague on all your politics, a plague on your unending discussions which yield so little fruit! Have done with this unending talk, and come down and do something for the people!' It is this spirit which animates, as I believe, the great masses of our artisans, the great masses of our working clergy, the great masses of those who work for and with the poor, and who, for the want of a better word, I am compelled to call by the bastard term of philanthropists. And whether that spirit be with them or not—and I am convinced, by conversation with many individuals, it is increasingly so—you will find that that spirit will spread if parliament is not able to do something effective. You will find it will spread higher and wider in the social scale; and I, for one, shall not despair some day to see a minister, prime or otherwise, who shall not scruple from time to time to come down from the platform of party and speak straight to the hearts of his fellow-countrymen—speak to them as Sir Robert Peel spoke to them when he was hurled from power for cheapening the bread of the people. Were that minister here to-night, he would, I imagine, ask you not to save his Cabinet or himself, but to make a great effort to save yourselves, to save yourselves by some noble, by some direct, by some effective action for the dangers that encircle a great population—the perils of violence, of crime, and the greatest peril of all, the peril of ignorance. We ask you to rob no class, to rob no man, but we do say that unless effective means are taken to deal with this enormous, this incalculable population which is growing up around us, half noticed, half ignored, there is a danger for England such as war has never given her, and which it is the prayer of this government she may escape."

That characteristically eloquent and statesmanlike address was made, be it

remembered, when Lord Rosebery was still the leader and the hope of the Liberal party, before any so-called socialistic budget and land-values tax were brought up, and before he had taken himself to his ten—or, to use his own more peaceful and appropriate expression,—to the ploughing of his lovely furrow. This extract from the speech he then made might well serve as Lord Rosebery's manifesto to his new party. Will he find such a party, will such a party find him? It is a fascinating question, but the answer does not appear just yet, though many people are earnestly hoping it may.

Who are those people, and what place do they occupy in the public estimation, socially, educationally, or politically? Lord Rosebery's views, which he has stated clearly and often enough, appeal essentially to the moderate men, and the number and standing of these are pretty generally admitted to be considerable. The "forward" movements, each of a widely different character, which have developed and gained strength in the two principal parties of the State have revealed a good many of the moderates, men who have dropped out of the ranks on this, that, and the other question. The growth of the Tariff Reform section within the Conservative and Unionist party shouldered out a number of Unionist Free Traders, not very large but ranking well both in intellect and in influence. The carrying through of the Lloyd-George Budget, followed by the adoption of more decisive action against the House of Lords, weeded out a small but select party of Liberals, mostly wealthy Liberals, who objected to the principle of taxation of land values, otherwise known as the single tax, thus introduced for the first time into the British statute book, and to the limitation of the Lords' veto. The pledging of the Liberal party again to a measure of local self-government for Ireland, known as Home Rule, brought out other dis-



senters, and will most likely bring out more if and when it is forced forward.

All these men, failing a brand-new and perhaps more appropriate name, may be put down as Moderates. Would they be likely to blend sufficiently to form a separate party under the leadership of Lord Rosebery—for there is no man now in the first rank as a politician of sufficient weight or ability to contest the leadership with him? The question is certainly not a fanciful one, and it may even turn out, as in many quarters is intensely hoped, to be one with a practical solution. It is not difficult, taking the main planks in Lord Rosebery's platform along with the chief principles held by the leading Moderates, to arrive at a programme which one would reasonably expect to be endorsed by him and them alike. And, for the purposes of speculation, one may select eight names from the list of the better known Moderates—four Conservatives and four Liberals. Thus, we have:

Conservatives.	Liberals.
Lord Avebury.	Lord Fortescue.
Lord H. Cecil	Lord Joicey.
Lord R. Cecil.	Sir R. Perks.
Lord Cromer.	Lord Rosebery.

These eight are all men of business, political, or administrative experience, and each has his particular following, small or large, in the country, or represents the views of a section of his countrymen. They are, to begin with, all fixed Free Traders. They object strongly to the land taxes. They are anxious to preserve the powers up to now possessed by the House of Lords. And they are against Home Rule for Ireland. There is thus between them like thinking upon four very considerable items of controversy in British politics. On these four grounds alone it would be a comparatively easy matter to establish a basis of agreement. The rest of the party programme, both as regards domestic and foreign policy, could, one imagines, be settled without much difficulty in conference be-

tween these eight representatives and other men of influence among the Moderates who have not been reckoned in this brief list.

What standing would the party have in the ridings? It is quite reasonable to suppose they would make an impression in Lancashire, which sends eighty odd members to Parliament, and where Tariff Reform stands as much chance of winning elections as it ever did—and that is practically none at all. They would probably gain ground in Scotland, where the influence of Lord Rosebery is still great, and in the English country constituencies, especially the small non-manufacturing boroughs, which love a lord as dearly as they have always done and would be likely to follow his guidance at the polls. Then there are certain districts, like the South and West of England, where, from one cause or another, the prospect of Ireland being granted Home Rule is looked upon with considerable apprehension. Upon these districts the Moderate party, pledged as it would be to resist Home Rule, might obtain a firm hold.

Would the Moderate party have a financial backing strong enough to enable it to win elections and to support members in Parliament? Most likely it would, for it includes already in its ranks men of great wealth who, conceivably, would be prepared in liberal measure to contribute to the party funds.

The interesting speculation, then, reaches this stage, that the Moderate party has, first, a policy; secondly, leaders; thirdly, men to support the leaders; fourthly, money to pay the men who would give the leaders that support; fifthly, a (prospectively) more or less solid support in the country. Under those five heads are grouped all the essentials necessary for the bringing into being of the Moderate party. Will it be brought into being?



# SENTIMENTAL SURGERY

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

MRS. Vinen appeared in the office of the legal firm in which Hesketh was junior partner, flying every signal of distress. The possible interpretation of her husband's will left her in trepidation, for the late financier, as is sometimes the case, found it easier to accumulate money than to bequeath it.

A lawyer had always appeared to her in the guise of a necessary evil, but that was in days of effortless ease. Now, the tall ungainly figure of her counsel, his pale face and shock of yellow hair, were the aura of a possible financial saviour.

She handed him a copy of the will and watched his eyes picking up the typewritten lines.

"I think, madam," said Hesketh, after a voiceless scrutiny, "that there is no serious difficulty here."

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times; and will you act for me and attend to it all?" The blankness of his face stopped her, and the words trailed out in quenched enthusiasm.

"I think so, Mrs. Vinen. I will consult my partner and let you know our decision to-morrow."

Had she known that this non-committal adviser was some fifteen years her junior, an outraged sense of proportion would have led her to another tribunal, but Hesketh's measured utterance and his grave exterior gave no clue as to his age.

Mrs. Vinen was a modern product, one of those generally spoken of as representing a type. At forty-three her dark hair and fair skin allied

with the gentle curves of her figure to bid defiance to the first imprints of time, imprints against which every feminine rampart was raised. Her natural vivacity had not drooped from contact with an elderly husband whose ambition was to die worth a million and who had achieved an ample, if sordid, success. Vinen himself, moving in narrow circles bounded by financial opportunity, had strangled his larger emotions and dulled his sensibilities to a throb of satisfied possession. Of comradeship there had been none, and, as the chrysalis of married limitations fell away, his widow felt the free air of boundless possibility.

Hesketh's brusqueness was of a nature that provoked rather than repelled, his personality was too delicate to wound, too genuine to be snobbish. As the tedious course of law dragged on, his client realised that her interests were being handled with a precision so accurate that it seemed almost metallic in its unvarying progress. The inflexible mechanism of a mind that moved in such invisible courses began to pique, then gradually to attract her, for Hesketh was not only a contrast to the departed, but to every other man she had ever met.

He dined at her house a month later, and his acceptance gave her a thrill of pleasure that was almost maidenly. His long, ungainly figure and shock of red hair flouted the perfection of her drawing-room, his angularity pointed the grace of her own form, but, withall, he brought with him something that she recognised as



distinctive, something that Vinen had never brought—it was perhaps the essence of a man. He was subjected, unconsciously, to such a treatment of social massage that beneath his ungainliness throbbed a new pulse of personal ease, and he began to find comfort where before no comfort was. He admired the faculty that bred such surroundings, but his admiration balked at going further. He did not guess that his hostess was deep in a reconnaissance, was feeling her boundaries, noting observations, posting pickets; that, though her responsiveness met him across the flowers and crystal, he was undergoing an analysis masked by beauty and pointed by personal and charming confidence.

His candour wakened her respect and withal his contentment excited her wonder. His view seemed uncompromising, but it embraced a single-minded purpose. Mrs. Vinen, feeling her way, tentative and cautious, was rapidly leaving the subjective for the objective and between these extremes found no mental leisure. Long years spent with the austerity of miserly age had suddenly vanished in a vast desire for youthfulness, a youthfulness that would drown the memory of the past. There is a charm in the *gaucherie* that prophesies perfection and a certain character in the ugliness that bespeaks an underlying force. Hesketh had both, and had as well a self-reliance that appealed strongly to a woman without an anchorage.

There was a void in the heart of Mrs. Vinen, and her powers of affection demanded their object.

Fate is grim. The moving element in her mind became a growing liking for Hesketh, not so much for what he was as for what her influence and means could make him. It was because he had great possibilities, because in him she could find her *métier* and inspiration. There was something of selfishness in it but not recognis-

able as such, she liked him because she liked to like him. She was too self-centered to breed a great passion but too clever to overlook the probable outcome of such a union—had it involved a sacrifice the matter would have been entirely different.

On one solitary and conjectural evening the Honourable John Morton called, and she rose to meet him with something of relief. In her wedded days he had frequently entertained the Vinen, being financially associated with her husband. He admired the widow and was ready to terminate his bachelor days at her nod, but the dark eyes that found in the young lawyer such attractiveness now saw in Morton no such interest. His wealth matched her own, his tastes were hers, his culture undeniable, for he was a connoisseur of no mean standing, and his social position everything to be desired. He had lived as men live who have but to put out their hands and take; he was portly, courteous, judicial, and very eligible.

She was inwardly surprised that his attention impressed her so little. It may have been that his confidence savoured of assurance, or that his rotund figure lacked the loose-jointed ease she had begun to consider as physical perfection, but whenever conversation took a personal trend she choked it with a generality. His intention was sincere, but it moved her not; there did not seem to be anything left that could be done for this man. The same intelligence that revealed Hesketh's possibilities now warped her sense of proportion where Morton was concerned because he offered her no opportunity to do what she wanted to do.

Morton, suave, discreet and self-contained, showed no desire to angle when the fish were not biting, and the widow was relieved that a difficult hour was over without an *impasse*.

In due time the lawyer proved his case, and Mrs. Vinen was in possession



of her husband's splendid fortune.

Hesketh left her so few opportunities of saying thank you that it was difficult to do much for him. Electrically speaking, positive and negative poles have an affinity, but Hesketh's negative was, although she did not see it, the obverse of a strong positiveness; the intellectual element in him moved in paths untrodden by her, the material side of him was not conscious of the lack of anything she could offer.

In truth he was engrossed in his profession, busily turning the many facets of a keen intelligence to draw what light he could from whatever source. Much of his work was to undo or at least counteract the poor judgment of his fellows and the cases that fascinated him most were constructive. Wealth might be the result of his labour but never its object.

Mrs. Vinen began to realise that there was something wrong in her plan of campaign, and she searched the horizon for an alternative. The comparative commended itself, and the thankless office fell upon the masculine shoulders of Miss Clara Bolt, who was in every respect the widow's antithesis. The method was what a musician would term contrapuntal although the result might not be harmonic. To the widow's ingratiating curves Miss Bolt opposed sharp uncompromising angles. She had a riotous mat of hair that defied subjection, a square, strong, actively intelligent face and an utter disregard for her personal appearance. On the occasion of their first meeting, which was, to every one except the widow, purely accidental, Hesketh's impressions defied even his own analysis, or rather he was suddenly conscious that he had impressions, and in Mrs. Vinen's dark eyes lurked a subdued light when she heard the curt "How d'ye do" that greeted him. There was a directness in the manner of Miss Bolt that demanded recognition, and, backed by

her steady gray eyes, generally secured it. All inflection had been ironed out of her deep, sometimes harsh, voice; there was a latent fibre in it that suggested cross examination, and he felt suddenly helpless when Mrs. Vinen's low modulations reached him from a laughing circle of her friends.

Miss Bolt's enthusiasm demanded audience rather than participation and Hesketh was duly thankful. Her intensity roused his psychological interest, till, as he listened, her forceful periods bred wonder at the brain that produced them. Gradually he realised that she was meeting him in open field, not hedged about by privilege of femininity and independent of all the arts of her sex; it was like a breath of fresh untainted air, and when Mrs. Vinen rejoined them she brought none of the relief he had anticipated.

In point of fact the widow represented to herself most that was desirable in a woman—the vision that could behold her otherwise must be astigmatic, and Miss Bolt was merely the instrument of her sentimental surgery.

If re-assurance was needed she found it. Hesketh slowly began to develop tendencies toward the humanities, even the amenities, of life. He took his pleasures at first with a grave conscientiousness and then a quizzical acceptance that left her in much doubt as to his inward thoughts while she watched his *gaucherie* soften into a large, if silent, ease.

It was characteristic that he made no personal re-adjustment, it seemed rather that the tenor of things changed into greater similitude to his diffident self. Mrs. Vinen was using colourless glasses and knew it not.

There was a fibre in her that had been touched into strange new life by Hesketh's very detachment, and his fascinations multiplied—being voiceless. He offered the charm of an undiscovered country, while Morton, his impending alternative, was cultivated



into a tasteless luxuriance that left nothing to either effort or imagination.

Keenly curious, but too wise to ask questions, her curiosity was for weeks at war with her wisdom—then the patient showed signs of convalescence, and astonished her with a query, one that sent a multitude of quick throbbing questions to her heart. Morton had left them after a subdued and rose-coloured evening through which she had moved as the personification of soft attractiveness, and Hesketh, as the door closed behind him, abruptly asked, "What do you consider most desirable in a man?"

She had so long watched the undiverted current of his mind flow past her that she had had ample time to mentally rehearse the moment which his words seemed to herald, but they were so sudden and withal so human and communicative that at first she only felt conscious of an easing, a slackening as it were, in the far boundaries of her spirit.

"I think," she said slowly, "that women often look at these things very selfishly, and the desirable qualities are those that produce the results we want, but I am rather a co-operative person."

"I beg your pardon: co-operative?"

"Yes," she said, gazing at the fire through the filigree of a fan, "I should want to give as much as I take, possibly more."

There was a thread of feeling in her voice that drew his curious gaze. "Now Miss Bolt, for instance," she suddenly continued, "do you suppose Miss Bolt feels that way?"

"Whom am I to speak for, Miss Bolt?" he said, smiling, "and why do you ask?" He was conscious that her eyes were on him, and gazed studiously into the fire.

"Suppose she were engaged, that's a joke, as you can see for yourself, what do you think she would likely give?"

"If you ever meet her husband,

ask him," said he, diplomatically.

Mrs. Vinen's shoulders expressed many things, and he added, "You have been much in my thoughts lately."

The fan closed, and the widow's eyes drooped. "Yes?"

"I think Morton is in love with you."

Her lids trembled for a second and a faint flush crept into her temples, "Why do you say that?"

"It's the reason why I asked you what you thought desirable in a man—Morton seems to me most desirable."

"I can't say I agree with you."

Hesketh's long fingers knitted into each other about his knee. "Illustrative of my lack of intuition?" he said quizzically.

Mrs. Vinen's soul was in tumult. Hesketh's feet were on the trail she had blazed, but the trail was crooked and out of line. His heart was inviolate, and she found herself fumbling with an impersonal mentality that was apparently born blind.

She turned to him suddenly, "Would you be surprised to know that Mr. Morton is nothing to me—absolutely nothing."

He stared into the fire, "Yes, that does surprise me."

"Mr. Morton is almost too polished; there is nothing left to get hold of; contact with the world has rubbed down his characteristics till there is only a series of amiabilities left. That's rather mean of me, isn't it?" she added, with a little laugh.

Hesketh's eyebrows wrinkled into a query that she grasped and answered. "No, I am not so hard to please as it sounds. I'm probably a very foolish woman, but you know we all have our little shrines to which we slip away and worship, and Mr. Morton does not happen to be a tenant of any of my particular shrines, that's all."

She held out her hand as he rose



to go. "I think he will be an applicant for your first vacancy. Good night and thank you for an illuminating evening."

His steps died into silence, and the widow, lost in a huge chair by the hearth, sat motionless. It had been an illuminating evening, no doubt of it, but the light had shone in unexpected places. Callously she used the scalpel and laid bare her inmost self, her heart and condition, but the unalterable result was a hungry desire for Hesketh, his blindness and his lean angularity. Morton — bland, courteous and prosperous—could not balance him. It was youth she craved — youth to wipe out the years with its sharp unmodulated vitality, and all of this Morton had folded up and put away.

These were days of professional progress for Hesketh. One case led to another, and she saw his name frequently mentioned, but he seemed to have dropped out of social existence.

She was at her writing table when a note was laid upon it. Not many letters came from him, but the large, almost defiant characters were, like everything else of his, unusual. All other notes had come by post, but this by messenger, and she held it tentatively, almost hesitating to open it—then read:

"My dear Friend:

A line in haste and some excitement to tell you of my engagement to Miss Bold. In a way, I am as much surprised as you will probably be, having no hope that the fates had such happiness in store for me. As I write, it appears that I am indebted largely to yourself for this, an introduction to my fiancée being one of your many kindnesses. How manifold these have been I only know. We have seen a good deal of each other of late and our interests and ambitions have much in common. We would like to come

and see you. When may that be?"

The letter dropped from her fingers. She looked at it curiously, picked it up and read it again.

Her gaze wandered into the fire, then climbed to the mantel where a Dresden shepherdess seemed to be swaying unsteadily on her tiny crook. A stillness fell about her in which she heard all the multitudinous little sounds that mingle into silence. The square, uncompromising sheet crackled between her nervous fingers, and tangled emotions grouped themselves into a kaleidoscopic series dominated by the masculine figure of Miss Bolt; then with pains-taking exactitude she tore the letter into small fragments and dropped them one by one into the basket.

The last square fluttered to the hearth and across its white face the word "happiness" stared for a moment, curled up in brown smouldering destruction, and vanished in a little spurt of flame.

Her mouth trembled as she wrote: My dear Mr. Hesketh:

Your happy news has come as a surprise. I had no idea that your friendship with Miss Bolt had ripened so rapidly. Bring her on Thursday at five, if you are free, when it will be a pleasure to congratulate you both.

A year later the Mortons were in a villa that smiled down at the brown waters of the Arno a little below Florence. An American mail had brought home papers in which Morton was engrossed, till his eyes caught a marked paragraph; then he handed the sheet to his wife.

"Hesketh's in luck, he's won that corporation suit; I didn't think it was in him," he added parenthetically.

Her eyes ranged up and down the terraced slope that fronted them. "Very ordinary people sometimes do unexpected things," she said, with a touch of acid in her voice.



# A GERMAN TRAVELLER IN UPPER CANADA IN 1837

TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN

BY THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL

[*Freidrich Gerstäcker, born in 1816, at Hamburg, sailed in 1837 for America on the Constitution. After remaining a short time in New York, he went up the Hudson to Albany, and then by the Erie Canal westward. The account below begins with his leaving Niagara Falls. It is believed that a foreigner's impressions of Upper Canada in those times may be of interest. The passages translated begin at page fifty-nine of the Tostenoble (Jena) edition of Gerstäcker's "Strief—und Jagdzüge durch die Vereinigten Staaten Nordamerikas."*]

MY heart was still full of this magnificent wonder of nature, and I had no desire to spend the night in the small town of Manchester, lying close by the Falls; so I followed the first road into the country which presented itself, partly to hunt and partly to seek out a house in which to find shelter for the night.

It was growing darker and darker, the mud becoming deeper and deeper, as I at last by good fortune noticed the glow of a light breaking like a guiding star through the ever-thickening gloom. It was the peaceful and pleasant dwelling of a Pennsylvania blacksmith who had settled here in the State of New York, and who, with generous hospitality, now fed the hungry and prepared a warm bed for the weary.

I heard here, as well as at several farm-houses, that Canada was a beautiful country, that game filled the woods there to overflowing and that bears and wolves not seldom gave occupation to the bold hunter.

Here, then, was the prospect of an interesting life. "Canada," "bear-hunt"—these two words were in themselves sufficient to unfold before me new and delightful pictures. Where I should go was a matter of absolutely no importance: I should get to know the country; and whether I began at the north or the south was all one.

So I did not require long consideration. On November 1st, a steamboat took me from Lewiston, a little town on the Niagara, to Toronto: at this place, however, I remained only a night, as I arrived very late, and early the next morning went by another boat on to Hamilton.

Hamilton is a pleasant little city on Lake Ontario, in Canada, and, though it lies but a short distance from the frontier of the United States, a very great difference can be observed, as well speaking generally as in many small particulars. The greater part of the settlers in Canada are English, Scotch or Irish; and these



have for the most part retained their old customs—at least, so it appeared to me in the very short time I was there and had an opportunity for observation. The money, too, is English, although American money is also current; and one would on the other side of the lake look in vain for sceptre and crown, which here decorate signs, etc., as commonly as they do in the old land.

I hurt my foot in Hamilton, and was forced to remain there Friday the 3rd November, unpleasant as it was for me; but early on Saturday I set out in splendid weather, quite recovered and happy. into the glorious open country, and like the schoolmaster in the story felt sympathy for the people in the streets because they had to stay there. From Hamilton I went to Dundas (also on Lake Ontario), took thence a northerly direction and made my way toward the town of Preston. I turned to the right, however, two miles ahead to get to New Hope, where, as I had heard, an old German hunter was living.

On Sunday afternoon I arrived safely at New Hope, and, making inquiries there about the old German's place, I reached it that evening by dark. He was not at home; but six children of all sizes looked up with bright eyes in astonishment at the stranger and his outlandish get-up. The master was at church with his wife; and the eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, was teaching her smaller brothers and sisters reading and spelling out an old tattered (who knows whether understood?) catechism. I sat down quietly in a corner, awaiting the arrival of the older members of the family, and listening to the prattle of the children.

At last the heads of the family made their appearance. The old man belonged to the religious sect of Tunkers, and allowed his beard to grow full under the chin. They greeted the

stranger most heartily as soon as they could free themselves from the children leaping upon them.

At first the old man appeared to look on me with somewhat distrustful eyes, of course on account of my weapon; for Canada stood upon the threshold of the Rebellion which broke out only a few weeks later, and these "peaceful Dutchmen" seemed to find no particular pleasure in the growing unrest. When, however, I told him the reason of my visit, he quickly became friendly and familiar; he laid aside his church clothes, and we then sat down by the warm stove, which is, in Canada, on account of the extreme cold, frequently to be found instead of a fire-place.

The conversation turned for the most part on farming and hunting. The old man seemed to understand the former thoroughly; and he was passionately fond of the latter. This was the man for me. He told me a great deal of the former abundance of game which now, however, had retreated before the increasing population which went into the woods and frightened the game by repeated shots without accomplishing more than crippling some poor deer. I fancy he was talking sarcastically. He boasted, too, that he seldom missed at a "turkey-shoot." Turkey-shooting is practised here, exactly as Cooper so strikingly describes it in "The Pioneers." When the night was far advanced, the old man showed me to a bed under the roof, in which I certainly found no scarcity of fresh air; but I slept soundly.

During the evening, he had told me of a lake only a few miles distant in which a tremendous number of ducks had taken up their abode; and at daylight I set out to get a few for roasting.

My new acquaintance, of course, showed me approximately the direction in which I would find the lake—a road, however, was not to be thought



of. Still, I believed I should be able to find the water, even without the compass, and set off briskly. But the wood got thicker and thicker, the upturned trees lying across and through each other became more and more numerous; and the sun was already high when I at last took the compass from my pocket, and with its help I followed a straight course and I fortunately arrived at the lake. I found a great flock of ducks; but, apparently made shy by other hunters, they kept the middle of the lake, and very few swam around by the margin.

This was another difficulty; but as the lake did not seem to me to be large, I made up my mind to go around it.

I had killed three ducks, one by one; and somewhat ardently pursuing the game had not observed the progress of the day. Now I all at once noticed that the sun had declined very far toward the west. To get around the lake before sundown was, as I recognised, not possible, for as I could see at the clearings, I had not traversed half the distance; and in the northeast were gathered heavy masses of clouds which had almost overtaken the fleeing sun and sent the wind in advance whistling and roaring.

I saw nothing for it but to camp here. The few pieces of hard bread which I found in my pocket had little effect in allaying my hunger; and I did not take the time to roast one of the ducks. Moreover, the weather appeared to be on the point of becoming very disagreeable. I had got into very bad humour when, just at the right time, as I was going slowly along the shore, I found a canoe hewn out of a tree trunk. It was made fast to a root. Without a second thought I climbed in and paddled some two and a half English miles to the other shore, a huge, high, dead tree serving me as a mark to steer by.

The wind blew strong and the waves pitched the rudely-built and clumsy vessel about to such an extent that I had to apply all my strength and skill to keep in equilibrium and to propel it through the waves. In the meantime the sky began to be clouded over with snowflakes to such an extent that I was covered in a short time and only with difficulty could I keep my eyes upon the dead tree, and so hold my direction. At last I landed, fastened the boat to the shore and tried to find a road to some settlement.

In the meantime it had become quite dark; but a short distance ahead I was fortunate enough to discover a narrow foot-path, off which the snow melted in consequence of the wet and which led me through the wood like a faint line. I followed it confidently; and, at length, after walking perhaps an hour and a half, the glow of a distant light appeared, to which I hastily and joyfully made my way. I quickly reached it and soon was knocking at the outside door—which was at the same time the room door—of a farmer's house.

A German voice asked, "*Wer ist da?*" (Who is there?), and this streamed like balsam over my whole frame — particularly over the stomach.

It was the wife of a German wagon-maker who opened the door. Her husband had ridden to the small village a few miles away, but was expected back at any moment. The warm stove called back to new activity my nearly frozen animal spirits; and a cup of warm coffee which she set before me restored me quite to my former self. After the lapse of an hour or so, the husband, a friendly German, arrived. He had been three years in the country; he had come over without a red cent, but now he had acquired a very pretty little house, a bit of land and plenty of custom.

As it had snowed very hard all night, I promised myself a good hunt,



and set out very early. My host would on no condition accept money for his hospitality, so I left him the game shot the day before. I loaded the left barrel of my hunting-piece for this day with buckshot, the right with duckshot; and putting on fresh caps, I stepped out of the room which was hot as an oven into the fresh, cool morning air, drinking it in in long thirsty draughts.

I had wandered around something over an hour without shooting anything but a rabbit and a partridge, when suddenly a man met me whom I could not at a distance distinctly place; but soon I recognised that he was a civilised Indian.

He was dressed in a short woollen coat, dark blue trousers with wide seams protruding. His feet were covered with moccasins, and his head with a red woollen scarf, wound round like a turban. His fiery black eyes blazed out from under this, and his straight black hair hung down over his temples. In his ears he had a pair of crystal earrings. His Indian belt, decorated with pearls, held a tomahawk; on his right side hung a plain powder-horn and a bullet-pouch, and his American rifle lent to the whole figure a romantic appearance.

After a short greeting and hand shake, we tried to make ourselves understood. This was certainly no easy task, for he spoke only broken English; and I did not know much even of this language. Upon my asking him whether he had seen much game, he pointed along in front of him upon the ground where a bear track still quite fresh was to be seen in the snow. He beckoned me to go along with him; and I fancy I need not say that I followed him with a heart beating with joy and impatience.

The hunt was not distinguished by anything more noteworthy than the killing of a bear, quite young—indeed only eight or nine months old—the

parents of which had apparently been shot a short time before. So far as I was concerned, I did but little harm to the little black rascal with my shot gun, notwithstanding all my huntsman's ardour. The Indian sold the little creature later in Preston for \$4, and probably drank up the proceeds there; at all events, I left him busily engaged at that job when I took leave of him.

After this hunt, I traversed the wood again for a while alone, but with very little success; for not being acquainted with the bush and not being able to find my way about properly, I dare not venture to go any great distance from the settlements. Besides, as I was a very young hunter, I was hardly in a position to be perfectly sure that I would kill every day what I needed for my own support.

The weather, too, certainly did not serve to make living in the open air comfortable; I was as yet too short a time living such a life. Now and then I, of course, came across country people with whom I lodged for the night. The description which they gave me of a Canadian winter was not enticing, and I determined that I would beat a retreat before I found myself snowed in.

In order to carry out this decision, I struck a southerly direction towards Lake Ontario again, where, as I was told, the road would lead to Buffalo.

Here in the woods, I was destined to have an adventure, but one not crowned with any success on my part. While I was following in the proper direction a little foot-path or cow-path, suddenly I caught sight of seven wolves standing in front of me at a distance of about seventy yards. Without thinking, I bent down softly into the snow to load one barrel of my gun with a bullet, as I was afraid that I could not do anything with shot. When I got up, the wolves had "bid good-bye" and left me the empty satisfaction of having my trouble for my



pains. I was frantic. As they had fled southeasterly, I had a mind to follow them to get the scalp of a beast of prey like them—the Government offered a reward of \$6 for every wolf-scalp. Since, however, the sun was apparently near setting, I gave up the pursuit.

The Canadians maintain that the wolves of that country, when first sheep were introduced by the settlers, were so afraid of these new-comers that they would not come near them. With time, they became accustomed to the new and strange animals, and certainly very much to their disadvantage, for hardly had they got a bite of the first of them, than the flesh tasted to them extraordinarily good; and now they were occasioning no insignificant damage among the flocks.

Moreover, the accusation is made against the Canadian wolf—I do not know whether rightly or wrongly—that his bite is deadly, and that sheep or dogs which have been bitten are sure to die, although the wound in other respects would not be at all fatal.

During the day I had seen several deer, but was not in a position to creep up within gun-shot of any; and at last had to be satisfied with a rabbit which ran across the road.

There was no use thinking of a house this evening, as I found myself no longer even upon a path in the bush, but I was in the true sense of the words "all in the woods." Accordingly, before it became dark, I dragged together as much wood as I could find near by, cleared away the snow and kindled a fire under the pile, which soon blazed up pleasantly.

When I had warmed myself sufficiently, I got to work to clean my little rabbit and broil it. This I accomplished without much ceremony. I cleaned it out with snow as well as I could and stuck it on a twig immediately over the fire; while I laid a piece of bark below so as to catch the fat

which fried out; and I poured this fat over the roast again. It is true that I missed salt and bread very much, but hunger is a splendid cook. The hind legs I laid aside for breakfast; but the rest of the dish I finished. This over, I heaped up my fire, and with my hunting-bag under my head, my fur cap drawn over my eyes and feet toward the fire, I prepared to spend my first night in the open air in America.

I fell asleep very quickly and so soundly that I did not wake up till I was awakened by the sharp morning air. My fire was burned down; and my limbs were shivering with the cold. I trembled so that I could scarcely blow the fire up again; but at last I succeeded, and gradually my stiff limbs were quite thawed out. The morning sun found me buried in the contemplation of my two rabbit hams, which I inspected so long that I could see the very bones.

When I had cared sufficiently for my creature comforts, I renewed with new vigour my march toward the south, and at about 10 o'clock, the crowing of a domestic cock showed me that I was not far from a human residence. I marched in that direction with long strides; and soon was greeted by the barking of a pack of hounds.

The owner of the house was in the bush chopping wood and splitting fence-rails (the long poles which are laid upon each other to enclose the fields. The enclosure is itself called a "fence"). His wife, a tidy American, hospitably set before me bread and milk; she assured me that I was not more than twenty miles distant from the road to Buffalo, and that I would come across a good many farm-houses if I went somewhat farther to the south. She refused on any consideration to take money for the refreshments; and after heartily thanking her, I walked away through the legion of hounds and marched forward in such joyous mood that the Canadian



bush resounded with German songs. On the following morning, I reached the graded road to Buffalo, which led through a continuous succession of farms and was travelled by a kind of stage coach. I had returned to the cultivated part of the country. The farmer here grows a great deal of wheat, which succeeds very well, and also oats and barley; particularly, however, Indian corn, although this crop does not in the north arrive at the same perfection as in the south. The cobs were small and most of them that I saw had yellow grains.

About thirty miles from the city, I came across a cattle dealer from the United States, who was returning home. He was a friendly man, and I made up my mind to travel the thirty miles to Buffalo with him, for company's sake. It did not take long for us to become acquainted with each other. He was driving home two huge fat oxen out of Canada to the United States; and at the same time was riding a terribly lean horse. Nevertheless, he very hospitably invited me to take turns with him on his *Rosinante*, as he himself would like to walk a little.

Riding would not have been amiss—for there was a fine rain falling and the roads had become very slippery—if the good man had not tried to make a deal for the horse I was riding with everyone he met—he was even willing to give it in trade for two cows. It certainly must, many a time, have looked comical enough when the miserable beast upon which I was riding was offered "dirt cheap" to those who passed or met us.

When he had walked himself tired, he got on and I walked. He had in his pocket a book containing some sort of most touching tragedy; and every time he got himself settled firm in the saddle, he took it out and began to declaim, holding the book in

his left hand while he gesticulated with the right, in which he at the same time carried the long ox-whip. At each of the somewhat vehement movements occasioned by the powerful parts of the tragedy, movements made with the right arm and therefore with the whip, the whip brought so much discomfort to the oxen that these poor creatures, who always kept their eyes fixed on the lash, shied back, and only a "Shoo Buck! Oh! Oh!" which often interrupted very prosaically his pathetic tones, would bring the horned and involuntary hearers back to their duty.

On the evening of the 11th November, I came for the second time to the Falls of Niagara, and was now enabled to look in wonder upon their magnificence and grandeur from the Canadian side also.

From that point the way winds up to Lake Erie—and this makes a splendid way to travel. The street itself is smooth and dry, on the left the glorious broad Niagara river shaded by the dark primeval forest, on the right one fine farm after another with the most beautiful orchards—it is an enchanting sight. The distance which we thus travelled seemed to me but a few steps. Some miles from Buffalo we boarded a ferry worked by horses over the Niagara river, and were soon again in the United States.

What I saw of Canada shows me that it is—at least in these parts—a beautiful and fertile country, with a salubrious though very cold climate. And it is on account of this extreme cold that I would never select Canada for a place of residence, not even in Upper Canada lying furthest to the south. The land produces splendid grain; but still not much can be made of sheep and swine-raising, as the numerous wolves attack these animals, unless the farmers are willing to pay more attention to their flocks and herds than to let them run wild.





JOHN RUSSELL  
BUST BY JO DAVIDSON

## THE ART OF JOHN RUSSELL

BY NEWTON MAC TAVISH

EXCEPT among painters and personal friends at Paris, in New York and Toronto, not very much was known of John Russell until two years ago, when the Canadian Government bought for the National Gallery at Ottawa his picture entitled "Mother and Son." This picture at once brought him into prominence in Ontario, his native Province, and as readily placed him in the front ranks of Canadian painters. But while he is Canadian by birth and sentiment, he resides at Paris, and in his *atelier* in the art colony of that centre of art he has for six years pursued his calling with a zeal that has now brought its reward, the reward of mature and acknowledged craftsmanship and rare versatility. His versatility was an outstanding feature of his exhibitions last month at New York and Toronto, where, besides portraits, at which he excels, there was a notable display of

still-life and figure subjects, marines, and landscapes.

The exhibition in New York was in many respects a noteworthy undertaking, and it rather astonished some of the academicians over there to see a young Canadian conduct a one-man exhibition in a high-class Fifth avenue gallery and make a display of about fifty canvases of excellent and consistent merit. It would have astonished them all the more had they known that owing to physical difficulties, almost one hundred canvases had to be left in Toronto, and therefore could not be exhibited in New York at all.

I well remember the occasion on which I first heard of John Russell. A group of painters were dining together in Toronto two years ago last autumn, when some one casually remarked that young "Jack" Russell's contributions to the next Club exhibition





BOY WITH PHEASANT

would stir them up. I asked what kind of pictures he painted, and was told that his preference was for life-size figures, pretty women and ugly men. At once I was interested. The first and only pictures that he exhibited in Toronto thereafter until this year were "Mother and Son," "Boy and Pheasant," and the nude figure of a boy on a couch surrounded by fruit and flowers, with a white and black poodle dog in the foreground. These examples of Mr. Russell's art convinced most persons who saw them that their author was an accomplished craftsman as well as a painter of dis-

tinctive character and depth of feeling. Of "Mother and Son" it can be said that it is admirably executed, dignified in conception, simple in arrangement, and harmonious in tone, while "Boy with Pheasant" is as fine an example as one could wish for of out-and-out spontaneity in the figure and sheer quality in the painting of the accessories.

The next occasion on which I had an opportunity to examine Mr. Russell's art was during his visit to Canada a year ago, when he painted a number of portraits, among them one of the late Professor Goldwin Smith. Pro-





*From the Painting by John Russell in the Canadian National Gallery at Ottawa.*

MOTHER AND SON





THE WILLOW PLUME

fessor Smith, whose interest in such things was not easily aroused, was attracted by the progress of this portrait, and after each sitting would examine it closely. During one particular sitting the artist forgot himself and began to whistle merrily as his brush moved back and forth across the canvas. The whistling greatly amused the professor, who had been accustomed to studied deference and severity of demeanour..

My further acquaintance with Mr. Russell and his work was when I visit-

ed his studio in the *rue* Campagne Première, just off the Boulevard Montparnasse, in the Latin quarter of Paris. It is at Paris that Mr. Russell has painted his best pictures, and it is there that he seems to have the most impulse to work. The environment is conducive to progress, and there is plenty of opportunity for conscientious, wholesome criticism. The associations are altogether artistic, and in the little cafés of the Boulevard one is almost sure to encounter some painter or musician or writer.





LADY WITH MUFF (SALON, 1910)

It was while lunching with Mr. Russell in one of these cafés that an American painter and his wife and a Scotch painter came in and joined us. We had ordered *Chateaubriands*, and they did likewise. The Scotchman had just sold a picture, and in his exuberance he announced the fact, with the result that he was constrained to set up a bottle of wine for each of us, an ordeal that he underwent with excellent humour, notwithstanding his nationality.

Mr. Russell is as good an instance as one could find of the hard-working

painter. He works hard, or rather persistently, because he enjoys his work, and is ill at ease when he is not engaged at something connected with his art. When I found him at Paris, he had just come in from a trip out to Dieppe, whither he had gone to paint the sea, the shore, and the accessory figures of bathers and sand-walkers. Then I saw him waiting for the sun to shine in the Luxembourg Gardens, a part of Paris that has appealed to him greatly. He is fond of sketching there, and indeed one can think of no more delightful



spot for the observation of the play of sunlight upon brightly-coloured gowns, bronze or marble figures, miniature lakes and craft, grass, flowers, shrubbery, trees, and blue skies, with the movement of playing children and the grouping and posturing of listless women and idle, sauntering men.

to paint, and he seems to know what every stroke of the brush will produce. Much of his persistence and candour could no doubt be traced to Scottish ancestry, while his resentment of anything small, compromising or hackneyed is likewise inborn.

Six years ago Mr. Russell went to

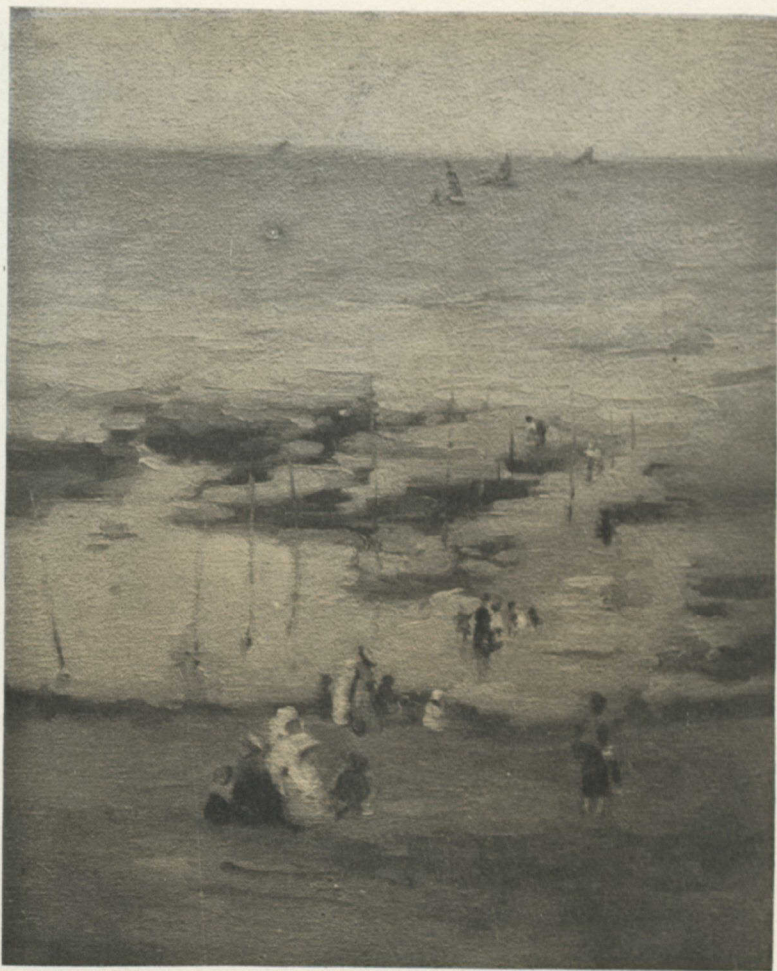


BRIDGE OVER THE SEINE

Undoubtedly Mr. Russell's success as a painter is due in large measure to his naturally artistic temperament, with the rare combination of hard work, sincerity, and just enough aggressiveness to keep up enthusiasm to the point of accomplishment. For Mr. Russell is anything but a sluggard, and he works with a dexterity that is seldom acquired even by much older painters. His rapidity is due in part at least to the fact that he has mastered his subject before he begins

Paris, where he took a studio and began the practice of his art. The first years were devoted to hard study and voyages of discovery, until in time the painter found himself. He likes to occasionally paint landscape and the sea, and his essays in these out-of-doors subjects have no smack of the studio. His beach scene at Dieppe is a fine symphony of colours, while the inrush of the sea and the figures on the sand are suggestive of life and movement. The "Bridge





BERNEVAL (DIEPPE)—THE PLAGE

across the Seine" is carried out in yellows and browns, and is a nice study in composition. In no respect can his work be regarded as mechanical, for he does not even when beginning a picture outline the subject on the canvas with either crayon or charcoal. He relies entirely on his eye, making no measurements otherwise, using nothing but paint, and concluding the proportions as the picture develops. The feeling of life in his pictures is perhaps due to the cheerful spirit in which he works, for he is usually whistling or singing as

he mixes his paints or studies the effect of an application. His work is free from stilt, and there is no evidence of hesitation or difficulty. His technique is the natural outcome of his method of expression; it is not "built up" or studied. He paints merely as he is impressed by the subject, and his colours are at times almost prismatic without being vulgar. While his strokes are full of certainty and force, carrying paint without the least timidity, there is withal much refinement in texture and tone.

It is difficult to describe Mr. Rus-





THE ABSINTHE DRINKER

sell's art, it is so versatile and yet so personal. In portraiture it has a keen psychological insight, a fine sense of arrangement both in colour and form, and every portrait is a picture pleasing in itself simply as such. In figure painting it achieves equally satisfactory results, and every figure is a distinctive characterisation. "The Absinthe Drinker," for instance, is so full of character and feeling that one unconsciously imbibes some of its spirit of abandonment and as well some of its optimism. This painting is a good example of Mr. Russell's suc-

cess in presenting the paradox that exists so strongly in some lives—the apparent individual supremacy of two conflicting forces.

There is a temptation to dwell at greater length on the merits of "The Absinthe Drinker," because in it we have a picture that meets all the requirements of a genuine artistic triumph. The subject itself reeks of the gin shop, and to that extent at least it elicits pity. On the other hand, it is full of buoyancy and self-satisfaction—blind satisfaction might be a better phrase. The contrast, the



struggle, between these two conflicting elements is so great that one scarcely knows whether to laugh with the inebriate or weep for him. But the good humour of the man prevails, largely because its poignancy is due to the suggestion of tragedy behind the unconscious mask of pleasantry. This, of course, all relates to the subject, and now we have to consider the painting. The arrangement is simple, the only high lights being on the head, the hand with the glass, and the mask on the left sleeve, which is undoubtedly a device to give balance to the composition. The body is felt more than realised, and likewise the tilted top hat, which is a fine touch of shabby gentility. Perhaps the man wore a stubby beard; perhaps he had merely gone unshaven for several days—one's imagination settles that point for one's self. It was unnecessary for the painter to define ragged and dirty clothes. That is all suggested, and the suggestion is so subtle that one recoils from

the fact without wishing to prove it. It is an artistic fact, a thing that must be, just the same as a geometrical deduction. As a piece of pure painting, it is fresh and "meaty" in colour, loose and vibrant in texture, in feeling living and pulsating.

Outside in the bright sunlight, Mr. Russell's art pulsates with colour and movement; the sketches made in the Luxembourg Gardens, at Paris, and along the coast of Normandy, possess the freshness and freedom of the latest impressionism with the added definition of fine and satisfactory draughtsmanship.

But whether the subject is a beautiful woman in fashionable attire, an urchin of the street, a gentleman of affairs, a stretch of sea or shore, a still-life arrangement, or a simple bit of landscape, the stamp of real art is there, the art that is unhampered by tradition, courageous in conception, original in attack, certain in execution, and withal subtle and beautiful.

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## CELIA'S TEA-TIME

By DONALD A. FRASER

WHEN Celia sips tea  
 She is always in humour:  
 Would she deign to see me,  
 When Celia sips tea?  
 Her tea-time's at three;  
 And I've heard in a rumour  
 When Celia sips tea  
 She is always in humour.



## SIDELIGHTS

BY GRACE MURRAY ATKIN

ALL nature points to the receding year: the dark brown branches of the elms are bare and shiver in the autumn mists, stripped by the winds of their foliage, laying the leaf-mold of another year; the waters have gone from the fountains; gray clouds rest thick on the far-off hills, and the singing birds have flown away. Everywhere, utter desolation fashioning great sadness in man's soul.

"Winter is coming," said the park ranger, as he swept up the leaves.

"Yes," answered the old applewoman, "these are winter apples, and the fruit is all in."

"They say it will be long and cold," said the park ranger. The applewoman fingered her fruit with the love tradespeople should have for their wares. "I have heard that said before," she returned.

"Life is a bit of a struggle," sighed the park ranger, as the wind scattered his little pile of leaves.

"I always look at the rosy side," answered the applewoman, thinking more of her fruit than of her psychological attitude to existence.

Along the smooth, well-oiled road, which testified to the effectual greatness of the municipal council, came two fine horses in magnificent harness, drawing the luxurious equipage of a woman of rank. A coachman with powdered hair waved his whip above the spirited horses, and the countess, representing all the delights of luxury and extravagance, was carried towards them. "I hear that muffs are larger and more elaborate than

ever," she was saying; "I shall buy myself a new set of furs."

"Madame must have everything that she desires," answered the little maid, who sat with her back to the horses and had no furs at all.

"There goes the poet," whispered the park ranger, "he writes for the *Evening Star*."

The poet's body was poorly clothed, but in his mind were the riches of heaven. Love is wonderful, he thought, showing us in radiance what otherwise we might pass by, for back of all and greater than all stands the individual and what we have not the genius to grasp in the many, we understand through the one: night lingers, but the dawn must come, and in the light of love's pale rays will stand revealed.

"Nature and Life and Art, sitting at the feet of man."

"I shall find her," he murmured, "she must be perfect, and she shall teach me all things."

This little life of ours, this fragile bit of gossamer, upon which we thread a few escaping days, or years, how frail it is, how uncertain the attainment of our long endeavour!

When the days and the years have brought us our tools and the science of their employment, a knowledge of human life and the vision of its embodiment in a new artistic form; then time and knowledge, hanging, perhaps, too heavily (for human life is frail), break the slender thread, and these coloured beads so carefully gathered are once more scattered, to become



the grail of the artist's quest. Because art is a great imperishable thing, holding, like the Sphinx in her strange form, the secrets we cannot know, passing to and fro over the earth with the spirit of the ages, hovering for a decade in one country, to re-appear in another. Because art is always beyond the summits of our highest ideals, she must be sought unceasingly as the greatest mistress that the world has ever known. In the end she may elude you. Divine service cannot hold her, and it may be that when your granaries are empty and you have sold your fields of wheat, the genius of a younger soul will call her and her varied draperies will vanish from your sight.

A young poet and his art being inseparable; should he show signs of self-seeking, or selfishness? Ought we not to consider the exigencies of the mistress whom he serves and in the light of his great Herculean task, grant him a poet's excuse?

Our poet quite naturally wanted to look into the garden of love, and with his artistic temperament he wanted to look immediately and luxuriously, so he stood in need of a little human aid.

Just then the countess passed. She was looking her best, and the poet saw her.

"It is she," he cried. "The gods have sent her," and with his characteristic ardour, he bared his head and stood uncovered until the carriage had passed. Then, still carrying his hat in his hand, he strolled through the park, musing with himself:

"Man was formed in the image of the gods,—he has the brain of the Creator, he controls the world: but realising that this great omnipotent controller of the visible world, this Centaur of a thousand plains, this Jupiter of the race, might need appreciation, God in anticipation of his nature's needs created a gentler sex. It was not good that man should be

alone, hence came the feminine, to interest, amuse, divert, console and encourage in his mighty works the male." (You gather the Poet's ideas about women were hardly *fin de siècle*).

Now the dancing-girl knew that the poet walked in the park in the morning. She had come there on purpose to meet him; she found him by the fountain looking very absent-minded, with his hat in his hand.

"Not only is the wind extremely cold," she said, "but it is blowing directly from the east. Why are you wandering about like a superannuated professor with your hat in your hand?"

"I have just seen a most wonderful woman," returned the poet by way of explaining this little eccentricity. "She belongs to the loftiest and most fashionable society, and I know that she is not only beautiful but good. She has large brown eyes, a celestial expression—"

The dancing-girl interrupted him.

"A hat covered with white feathers," she said, "and a brougham with a coronet on the door. I saw her carriage leave the park as I entered: that is the countess."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed the poet.

"Perfectly simple, as far as I am concerned. Do you know her?" asked the dancing-girl.

"Not yet," returned the poet, raising his chin in the uplifted way he had, but I shall very soon."

"Great ladies," she ventured, "are rather inaccessible; the doors of their houses are guarded, they are very particular about a man's linen, and the cut of a coat means a lot to them."

The poet's face fell. He had been so ready to scale the Olympian heights, until it was brought home to him that he hadn't the proper clothes.

"Come and sit on that uncomfortable bench," said the dancing-girl,



"we will put our heads together and see what can be done."

As they sat down, she looked at the poet a little wistfully and her lip trembled. Then she clicked her heels and clapped her hands. "I have got it," she cried. "To begin with, you must dress for the part."

The poet thought of the lyrics he wrote and how little they brought him in. "I have no money," he sighed.

"Of course not," she answered, "you never have, but I have had a wonderfully long engagement and the money I have saved is beginning to trouble me, it is a very uncomfortable lump in my stocking in the daytime, and at nights I am afraid to leave the theatre for fear of being kidnapped on account of my great wealth.

The poet held up his hands in horror. "I couldn't take your earnings," he said.

"No," answered the dancing-girl, "I see that," but she knew a little of men and something of the poet. "You and I," she continued are lovers of art, we do not work for money and we do not work for fame. I love dancing. You are a song-bird and love to sing; but because we love our art, we must give of our gifts to others, for the secrets of art and the secrets of life are one and the flower you see on canvas first grew in a virgin soil. The day I give a little street child a penny toy and see its tiny face light with pleasure; the day I carry a bunch of violets to some old bedridden woman is followed by an evening when my feet are lighter and the people clap harder and I dance my best. Don't refuse me, you will sing better for having accepted and I shall dance better for having given."

"You put things in a most wonderful way," said the poet; "you are quite altruistic and although dancing is not the great art that poetry is, it is growing more popular every day, and I am sure eventually you will have a great success."

"Then that is settled," said the dancing-girl, "I can't give you the money now, because it is in the top of my stocking and we are in a public park, but come and order a brousseau, and by the time your clothes are ready I shall have found the key that opens the countess's door. I must go now," she added interrupting his thanks. "Bernstein is a silly old Jew, but he is teaching me a new dance something he saw in Spain, that he considers particularly adapted to my Latin soul! I am to rehearse at one."

The poet touched her on the arm, "My lyric," he said, "it ought to go to the press at two and I have not written it. I have had no inspiring companionship, my brain is cold and I cannot write."

"Poet," said the dancing-girl, "you forget: poetry is a greater art than dancing, therefore how can I help you?" Then seeing he did not take her little dig in good part, but was looking very dejected, she lifted her finger and pointing to a neighbouring tree said, "High up in that old gray elm, I see an empty nest, the east wind is rocking it to and fro; motion, rhythmic motion; the leaves that contained it from curious eyes have dropped away; the tenants of the tiny house are following the sun. How wonderful to think that those little feathered things have their love affairs and their heart breaks, just as you or I. There is a subject made to your hand; now be a poet and write about it."

The dancing-girl in her peacock dress vanished through the trees. The poet took out his note-book, and this is what he wrote:

The Empty Nest  
Over the way on the branches bare,  
Swaying and swinging a nest is there:  
Built in the spring,  
By birds that sing.  
O empty nest in the autumn air,  
Where are the builders that built so fair?  
They have sung their song and flown  
away,



The notes were sweet, yet they might not stay,  
 Over so soon,  
 Their honeymoon.  
 Swaying and swinging the nest is there,  
 That sheltered a passing bridal pair.

\*

Great excitement reigned behind the scenes. It was the evening when the dancing-girl was to make her first appearance in a new "*divertissement*." It had been well advertised (Max Bernstein saw to that), and as a result the house was crowded, not only with those who pride themselves on never missing a first night performance, but, as well, scattered among them were some real appreciators interested in the rhythm of motion.

"The big-wigs are in front tonight," remarked the property-man, "not a seat to be had and everything sold for the next three nights."

The music had been specially arranged. The overture opened with a clanging of barbaric discords, appealing not to the spiritual faculties of the soul, but arousing dormant nature, increasing the pulses of life, in order that the blood surging to outposts of the senses should carry them warning of an appeal that would be made in their sovereign dominion.

It was a strange wild dance, calling up strong emotions, suggesting the possibilities, of active, virile life. And when it was over and its weird accompaniment hushed into silence, the onlooker stirred to vague desires, was left longing for the flesh-pots of savagery, rushing rivers and fierce life on the plains.

Encore followed encore, and cheer fell upon cheer, and in the back of the house sat a German-Jew with the tears rolling down his cheeks. Again and again they brought her out and again and again she came and bowed. Then she kissed her hands to the galleries and with a little shake of the head, intimated she would come no more. The German-Jew left his seat and made his way behind the scenes.

It was Max Bernstein, the man who had taught her to dance. One or two people detained him with congratulations, so that by the time he reached the dancing-girl's dressing-room she was already there, and a critic sat on her window-sill.

Bursting open the door he rushed towards her. "Zonia! Zonia!" he cried, "you vair vonderful. I thought zo, but I vos not sure, so I sat far at the back. 'If Zonia is not good,' I said, 'no one shall read it in Max Bernstein's face.'"

And there he stood laughing and crying, a round fat bundle of tears and smiles, rubbing together the palms of his fat little hands.

Not waiting for an answer he went on: "It is my dream. It is my dream!"

Still rubbing his hands together, still bowing and smiing, he backed from the dressing-room and disappeared.

The dancing-girl sat before the mirror and prepared to take off her make-up.

"Bernstein looks a strange beast," she said to the critic, "but he is a white lamb. How glad I am he is pleased." She held out a little pot. "Have you seen this?" she asked. "It is quite the best thing for taking off a make-up. Rub it well in all over the face, then, when you take it off, off comes the *rouge* with it. It is ridiculously cheap and the best thing in the market."

"You used to have a pretty little dresser—has she gone?" the critic asked.

"Useless extravagance," she answered, "I have abolished her. I hook up the contralto and the contralto hooks me up.

"You are a gay little soul," said the critic, "and if I can ever help you I will."

The dancing-girl put her brush under the tap and with its dampened surface, she smoothed the curls that lay at the nape of her neck. Present-



ly, still holding the brush, she paused by the window. "Critic," she said timidly, "do you mean it?"

"Of course, I do," answered the critic. "Is it money?" "No," she replied, "it is not money, but to-night I saw you with the countess. Since she is evidently a friend of yours, I wondered if you could get the poet an invitation for her ball.

"Yes," said the critic slowly, "I can manage that quite easily, but why should the poet want to go to the countess's ball, unless you are to be there? I thought he was one of your possessions."

She took her hat from the shelf, and as she made holes in its crown with a turquoise pin answered: "He thinks he is in love with the countess. A hopeless case of great passion at first sight. Two weeks ago I found him star-gazing dejectedly in the early morning. Prior to that for sometime he had been bearing about with him a load of unplaced affection. The countess passed: a peg for his present love and future crown, and, high-presto, the well-laid fires are all ablaze, smouldering and crackling and warming his poetic soul. I may cajole, guide, lead and hoodwink the varied moods of men, but change a man with a fixed idea, my dear critic, never, and being a woman wise-acre I do not try. The redoubtable law of sex has a merry ha-ha in the last analysis; here to your hand is an instance, a tale within a tale. My wrinkled old landlady is the proud possessor of three canaries. Two of them happily married live in a square comfortable wooden cage; they rub noses and eat bird-seed out of each other's mouths and are foolish and happy. By their side in a gilded wire tower lives 'Buster,' the third, supremely conscious of his superiority and his powers. At breakfast every morning he gives the assembled lodgers an exhibition of his operatic talent—trills, carols, chromatic scales

and long sweet notes. We all look for his impersonation and expect it. Then suddenly, one fine morning, he does not sing. Exclamations from the lodgers. What can be the matter with 'Buster'? Day followed day, and not a note. He lost his feathers and he lost his style. 'Buster,' if you please, was in love with the little lady-bird of domestic fame, and his gilded tower was a mockery and a constant reminder of the poverty of riches. With a woman's love of interference in affairs of the heart, I became party to this somewhat scandalous behaviour: I gave 'Buster' a chance with the lady. It was dreadful of me, but I put him in the wooden cage, having, of course, first secured the tame little husband. At first he did not grasp the situation, sitting among the rejected seed at the bottom of the cage and looking timidly up at his lady-love. Then he took courage and ventured a 'tweet.'

"His lady-love had been waiting quietly, evidently intending him to take the initiative. At the word, 'tweet,' she descended like a virago and pulled the two remaining feathers from the back of 'Buster's' neck. I captured the unfortunate bird, he was cutting such a poor figure, but I spoke severely to the lady. 'It is not virtue,' I said, 'nor fidelity; it is simply that the gentleman does not please you. Very well then, I will remove him, but remember that I am not deceived.'

"'Buster' returned to his castle, and now sings again disdainfully. The moral of my tale is this: mating is a question of temperament, and if either of the contracting parties remains displeased, it is better to close the proverbial puppet-box, confessing matters of sex inexplicable and mysterious. Let us open the door for the poet, hoping he may meet with greater success than the unfortunate 'Buster.'"

Just then an interruption occurred in the person of the contralto. "Dear



old Zonia," she cried, "you are the most wonderful thing on the boards. Like an angel, undo my three top hooks (if you can sufficiently descend from your meteoric success). I can manage the rest, and to-morrow I will tell you how splendid you are. To-night I must run, though, for my boy is ill, coughing and croaking and miserable, with his father probably dosing him with liniment internally instead of externally. Holy matrimony would ruin any artistic career, so if I never career, put it down to matrimony and make me a warning to chorus-girls dreaming incorrigibly of orange-blossoms."

She threw her arms around the dancing-girl and kissed her and, nodding good-bye to the critic, vanished as she had come.

"There is pluck," said the dancing-girl: "husband no good, child delicate, both to support and wolves howling at the door."

"Come along critic, I am ready, we will go to supper, have nice hot *bouillon*, a lobster each and a glass of sparkling wine, and we will drink to the women who work, the women who fight for mere existence, bread and butter and the power to live. Think of them critic: much competition, narrow field, small wages, rent to pay, food to buy. No stumbling, no misstep, or down they go, and the crowd passes over. Yes, it is a great toast; we will invoke the Goddess of Fortune on behalf of the women who work."

The critic held open the door, but he did not let her pass.

"The poet shall go to the ball," he said, "but I am an old critic, a watcher of comedy and a student of human life. I saw you to-day lunching on coffee and rolls, you have dismissed your maid, and, although you are a gay little dancing soul, there is something about you that is very splendid and sweet."

The critic bowed his head, and as

he bent over her hand, his eyes were filled with tears.

The sun sinks on the horizon to carry the dawn elsewhere, and the day that is uneventful to one is the turning point in another's life.

\*

The countess's ball was the opening event of the season, and her drawing-rooms were crowded with the great returning world: women just home from Paris, good-looking young men, elderly rich ones, ambassadors and ministers of the Crown passed by the countess and helped to make her gathering a brilliant social success. To stand beside such a hostess for a few moments was all a poet could hope for.

"You are an artist," said the countess, "in words?"

"No," he answered, "I am a professional seeker of beauty."

The countess gave him a quick glance. She was a vain woman and she scented a compliment.

"Are you ever successful, professionally?" she asked.

The poet with a trifle greater seriousness than the occasion demanded answered, "Madame, to-night I have found Perfection."

"Call to-morrow at five," said the countess, turning to speak to another.

The poet made his way to the door, and a few minutes later he drove away in a cab, having had no supper, but happy and impatient for the morrow.

The next day he dressed himself very carefully and at five went to call on the countess. He felt awkward, and his heart beat very fast. Having successfully passed two men in livery, his ruffled composure was slightly restored on finding his hostess alone. Even to his simple mind it seemed encouraging. Then with an impetuosity which would have scandalised the most courageous of the angels, he "rushed in."

It has been said that marriages are made in Heaven. We may as well leave it at that, some earthly alliances



being inexplicable according to Mammon or *Mrs. Grundy*, old-timers of the game. A glance at the social column, that architectural structure of the morning paper, the mirror of the fashionable, the chronicle of the rich. "Is it possible?" I ask myself. I readjust my glasses and re-read this short staggering paragraph, which intimates in the social formula of the day that the countess, rich, independent and titled, is about to marry the poet, poor, struggling and obscure.

The day prior to the momentous event arrived—the poet was about to penetrate the great perhaps. He called upon the countess at five, bringing white camelias.

"Love's flowers," he said, "they blossomed for you."

"Dear poet," replied the countess, "you are becoming what is called in Italy a *cavalieri servente* and in England a tame cat. I think the Italian name more romantic myself."

The poet took her hand and said: "When to-morrow's sun is going down you will have done the one irrevocable thing. Henceforth the waters of life may flow around us, but they cannot divide us; tell me you have no misgivings, no regrets. I seem to be learning that to feel love does not necessarily mean that one inspires it, and I am afraid."

The countess answered with a laugh: "I know what I want and I take it; have no fears for me."

"I knew I should succeed," said the poet. "True merit is always recognised, but I did not expect my success so soon. Already people are beginning to appreciate me, and I soon hope to have a tribute to lay at your feet—something worthy."

"In these days," replied the countess, playing with her fire-screen, "literary lions are so fashionable. My first marriage brought me rank and position, now I am entitled to the joys of love. I have long wanted to be the centre of a *salon* and bring together

the wits and writers of my time. You will help me to attract them, and I shall realise this ambition."

"But we are lovers," cried the poet, "we want no one but ourselves, for we have wonderful things to find out about each other."

"My dear," said the countess, "don't forget that I have been married before, life and literature cannot be separated, and a poet and his wife need friends. Poetry is one thing, but recognition is quite another."

\*

The whips of the carriages were tied with white ribbon as they drove briskly through the park.

"There is a wedding to-day," said a little brown sparrow, "and although I am not very fond of unboiled rice I think I will go, I have a mate to feed, and it is hard to pick up a living as a sparrow nowadays."

"I don't care for fashionable women," said the park ranger "their skirts are too long, and they drag the leaves about."

"The best fruit does not always lie on the top of the basket," murmured the old applewoman.

The dancing-girl passed them on her way through the park. The north wind played with her peacock dress and ruffled her curly hair.

"My heart is sore and the wind is cold," she whispered to herself, "but the poet is happy and secure. Poetry is all very fine as an accomplishment, but you can never be sure of three meals a day and you may see the stars at night. One woman does as well as another and things are best as they are. Still it is work and the wings and the boards for me; no bed of roses, as I well know, with a mere chance of my name in electric lights when I am a dancing-star. Yes," she murmured, as she caught sight of a white ribbon, "I must be a great artist, for I have nothing left."

She did not see that the critic was following her.



# OLD MILITARY BUTTONS

BY R. W. GEARY

PRESIDENT OF THE LUNDY'S LANE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE old military buttons and belt-plates found on the battlefields and amongst the ruins of the old forts and barracks on the Niagara frontier have a peculiar interest to the antiquarian and student of history. These tangible relics of the past military epochs in North America (including the French war when Canada was taken in 1756-63; the war of the Revolution, 1776-83; the War of 1812-14, and the Canadian Rebellion, 1837-40), recall the battles and stirring incidents of those days, particularly reviving the memories of the famous regiments they represent, their commanders, and their victories. Among the oldest and best known of these regiments were the Queen's Rangers and Butler's Rangers, which were chiefly composed of New England volunteers who remained loyal to the British cause during the revolutionary war.

At the close of that war these loyalists came over to the uninhabited wilderness of Upper Canada, and exerted their energies and abilities in the organisation of civil and military affairs, laying well the social foundations of the Province of Ontario. The officers and men of many other loyal regiments came also, among them being the Royal American's or 60th, the 34th, 10th, 8th King's, and 26th Cameronians.

Queenston was named after the Queen's Rangers, which had a barracks there, and Butler's Rangers

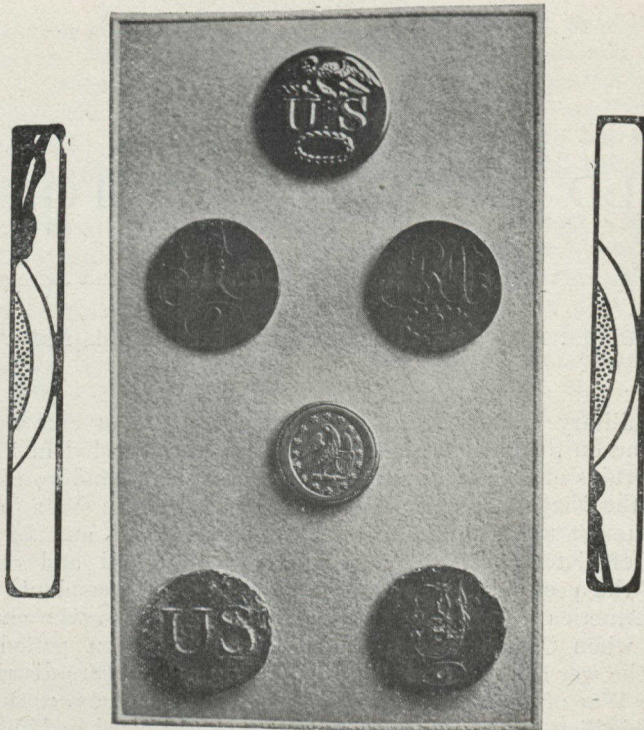
built a barracks at Fort George, where they were disbanded in 1784.

After the disbanding of the British regiments of the War of 1812-14, at Niagara Falls and Lundy's Lane, and in Stamford and other frontier townships. Descendants also of the British regiments who came out during the Rebellion period are to be found in the Niagara district.

The 1st American, or Queen's Rangers, was organised in 1756. This regiment was primarily composed of hardy New England colonists, well used to wood-craft and all the cunning methods of Indian warfare. It was raised to repel the aggressions against the American British colonies by the French and their Indian allies, under General Montcalm.

Colonel Robert Rogers, a man of great skill and courage, was in command. He was eminently qualified for the service by his acquaintance with the British and French settlements, and with the vast forests, the mountains, rivers, valleys, lakes and passes along the frontiers. Only officers and men of known courage and fidelity and used to travel and hunting were selected. Their especial purpose was to obtain intelligence of the location, strength and movements of the enemy; and during the several years of the French war they took part in nearly fifty desperate engagements, night attacks and perilous expeditions, travelling great distances





WAR OF 1812-14  
 BUTTONS OF THE GENERAL STAFF OFFICER (VERY RARE), ARTILLERY, OFFICER OF THE LINE, AND INFANTRY

by land and water and suffering most extraordinary hardships and sometimes loss of life—until Quebec was taken by Wolfe, and Fort Niagara by Sir William Johnston.

During the American Revolution the Queen's Rangers became a regular regiment of infantry—having a troop of cavalry attached, and strongly supported the Royal cause. Colonel John Graves Simcoe, who afterwards became the first Governor of Upper Canada, took command in 1777. The regiment took part in many engagements, and did good service for the British, but on the colonies acquiring their independence, these loyal men left their possessions, sacrificing everything for the sake of their principles and their flag, and laid the foundations "broad and deep" of a new nation in Upper Canada, where their memory as "United Empire Loy-

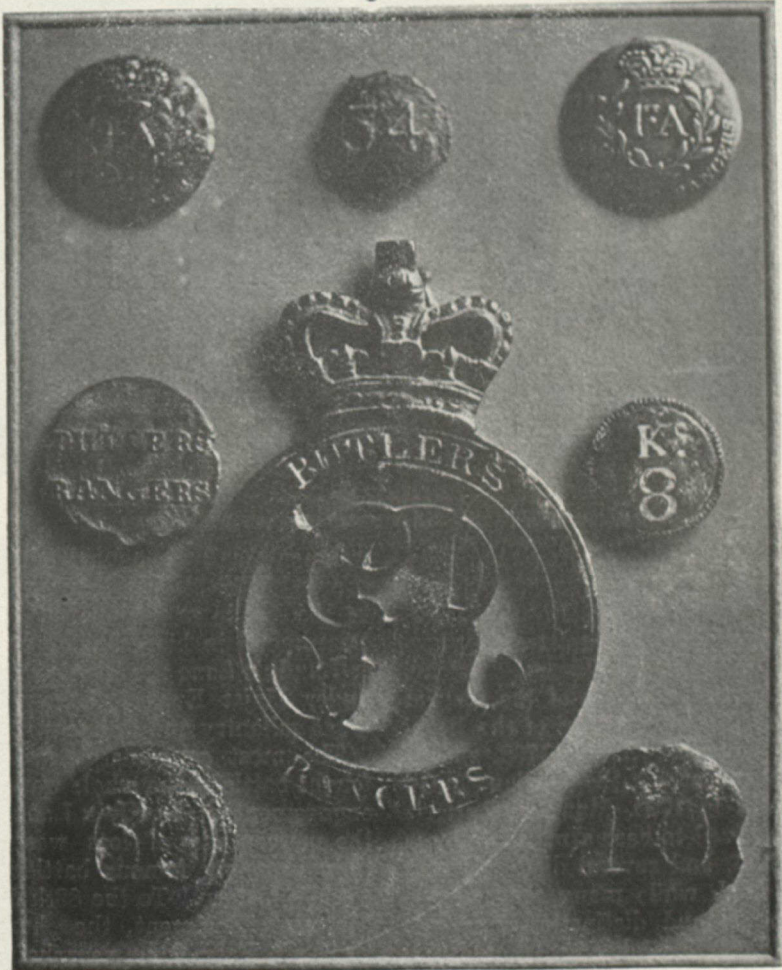
alists," is ever fresh and their loyal influence everlasting.

The regiment of Butler's Rangers was organized in 1776, by Colonel John Butler, son of an Irish officer, who came to America early in the eighteenth century. Colonel Butler was a man of great natural ability, courage and experience, and had distinguished himself in the French and Indian wars prior to the Revolution. He raised a battalion of rangers of picked men "well acquainted with the woods, and the customs of the Indians and their manner of making war," who were well officered by respectable gentlemen, sons of distinguished soldiers. Their uniform was of dark green cloth, with scarlet facings, and a flat cap having a brass badge in front bearing the monogram "G.R." encircled by a belt with the words "Butler's Rangers" and surmounted by the Brit.



ish crown. Log buildings were built on the west side of the Niagara river in 1778, and called Butler's Barracks. During the Revolutionary war this formidable body of men were cease-

ably caused his failure. His Majesty the King had his thanks conveyed to Colonel Butler for his great services during the war. The regiment was finally disbanded at Niagara in June,

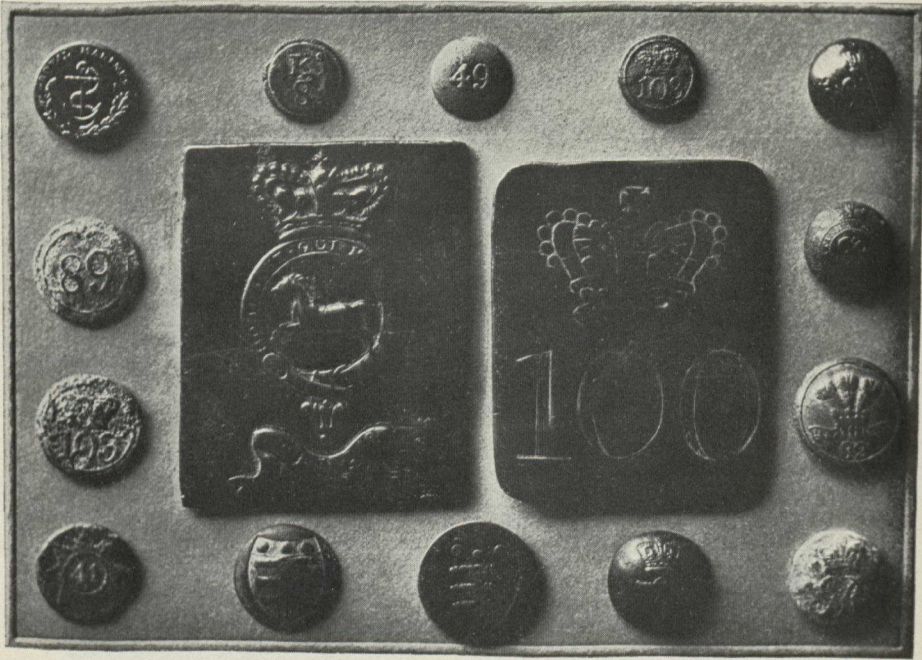


BRITISH REGIMENTAL BUTTONS OF THE FRENCH WAR AND REVOLUTIONARY WAR PERIODS, SURROUNDING A CAP PLATE OF BUTLER'S RANGERS

lessly active throughout western New York, and along the frontier, in a constant succession of conflicts, ambushes, fierce engagements and raids, with tremendous destruction to the enemy's property. General Washington made strenuous efforts to capture Butler, but the skilful enemy invari-

ably caused his failure. His Majesty the King had his thanks conveyed to Colonel Butler for his great services during the war. The regiment was finally disbanded at Niagara in June, 1784. At the close of the war, in 1783, a return of the corps showed a strength of four hundred and sixty-nine men, thirty of whom were officers, with one hundred and eleven women and two hundred and fifty-seven children, who settled in the Niagara district, being granted lands





WAR OF 1812-14 PERIOD  
BRITISH INFANTRY, ARTILLERY, DRAGOON AND MILITARY REGIMENTS

along the west side of the river. Hereafter the names of these officers and men appeared in the frontier's history as legislators, magistrates, merchants and district officers. Colonel Butler served as judge of the district court until the formation of the Province of Upper Canada in 1792, and as superintendent of the Indians until his death, in 1796. Many of Butler's Rangers lived to bear arms in the war of 1812-14, and several died gallantly in the field, while many others gained honours and distinction for their splendid services during that war. Their patriotism and their loyalty to British institutions is equalled only by that of the Queen's Rangers, with whom their names are forever associated on the famous scroll of the United Empire Loyalists.

The 8th, or King's, regiment was engaged in many of the battles of the Revolution, and at the war's conclusion a number of the men became settlers in Upper Canada. This regiment

was again actively engaged during the War of 1812-14. It led the advance in the battle of Chippawa. General Drummond in his despatch says that at Lundy's Lane the King's Regiment, under Major Evans, behaved with great gallantry and firmness."

The most sanguinary and hard-fought battle of the whole war was the engagement at Lundy's Lane, where the percentage of loss was greater than in many famous battles in the world's history. To the 89th Princess Victoria's Regiment, the heroes of Crysler's Farm, the year before, belongs the honour of bearing the brunt of that action. They occupied the centre of the British position on Drummond Hill, in defence of the guns. General Drummond in his official despatch describes their conspicuous gallantry in these words:

"In the re-iterated and determined attacks made on our centre by the enemy to gain the crest of the position and the guns the steadiness and intrepidity displayed by the troops in defence of that



post were never surpassed—they consisted of the 89th Regiment under Colonel Morrison, who fell desperately wounded, a detachment of the Royal Scots, under Lieutenant Hemphill, who was killed, and detachments of the 8th Kings, 41st and 103rd Regiments. These troops, when repeatedly hard pressed, formed round the colours of the 89th and invariably repulsed the desperate efforts made against them."

The losses of the 89th on that day were 254 men out of a total of 400 of all ranks. The Royal Scots shared the honours of Lundy's Lane with the 89th, and lost almost as many men, and at Chippawa the Royals in charging the American guns, suffered a loss of eleven officers and 207 rank and file. The 100th Regiment is distinguished for its successful assault on Fort Niagara, where 4,000 stand of arms and twenty-seven pieces of cannon were captured from the Americans, with an immense quantity of military stores. At the battle of Chippawa the 100th charged the nine American guns, losing fourteen out of nineteen officers, and 190 men. Only 146 unwounded men returned from the field. At the head of a company of

the 49th, General Brock fell on Queenston Heights, and this regiment took part in many other battles. The 41st, which fought at Queenston and Lundy's Lane, was a "Boy" regiment, and the 103rd, which fought so bravely at Lundy's Lane under Colonel Scott, was another "Boy" regiment. The Royal Artillery did most effective service during the whole war. The Incorporated Militia, and the York and Lincoln Militia fought bravely at Lundy's Lane, Chippawa and Queenston, and the Royal Marines and their artillery were frequently employed in land engagements.

The services of the 19th Light Dragoons were particularly distinguished—these men had fought under Wellington in India a few years before, and had "Assaye" inscribed on their buttons—referred to in Tenneyson's Ode to Wellington":

"For this is England's greatest son,  
He that gained a hundred fights,  
Nor never lost an English gun:  
This is he that far away  
Against the myriads of Assaye  
Clash'd with his fiery few and won."



CANADIAN REBELLION PERIOD  
BUTTONS OF SEVERAL BRITISH REGIMENTS AND A SILVER BADGE



At Chippawa the 19th saved the British guns by galloping up and attaching their own horses thereto and carrying them off the field in the face of the enemy, and at Lundy's Lane they were warmly praised by Drummond for their gallant conduct.

During the Canadian rebellion of 1837 the British Government sent many regiments to Canada, and several were stationed at Niagara Falls. Buttons and badges of the 67th, 93rd and 43rd regiments are still unearthened around the site of the old barracks. The 43rd Regiment fought at New Or-

leans in the war of 1812-14—also in the war of the Revolution, and surrendered at Yorktown.

All that now visibly remains of those once gallant battalions are these old battered and corroded pieces of stamped metal—relics insignificant in themselves, yet immensely suggestive of the great struggles in the political formations of this continent—and of the memory of those famous regiments, to whom, as soldiers and citizens, the British Empire owes so much for conquering, defending and developing Canada.

## I WINNA GANG ANITHER DAY

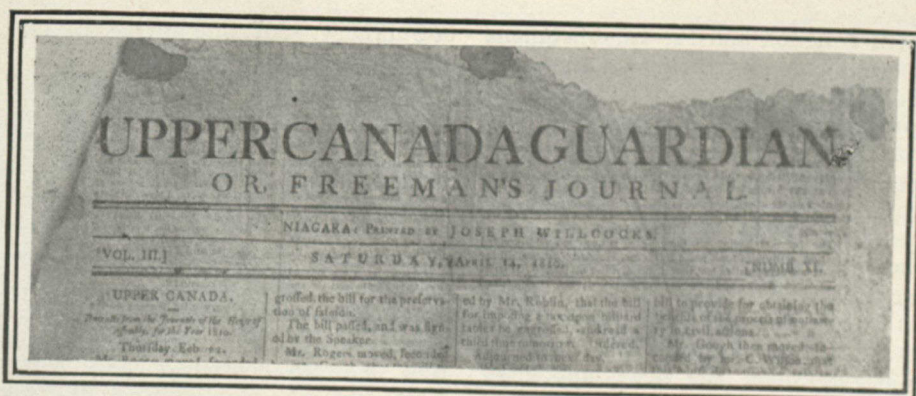
BY CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON

G IN your tittie winna come,  
 Winna meet me on the brae,  
 I ken a tune I weel can hum:  
 "I winna gang anither day,  
 Anither day."

Aince she wiled me fair an' fine,  
 Cam, 'tis true, but didna stay:  
 The faut, I felt, nicht weel be mine,  
 An sae I went anither day,  
 Anither day."

Twice she failed the tryst to keep,  
 Twice her aye was naucht but nay:  
 Gin thrice she find the brae too steep,  
 "I winna gang anither day,  
 Anither day."





## A NEWSPAPER OF 1810

HISTORY OF A PUBLICATION THAT HEADED THE MOVEMENT AGAINST GOVERNOR CORE

BY A. J. CLARK

THOUGH a full century now lies between the present and the period in Upper Canadian history marked by the bitter controversy between Lieutenant-Governor Gore and his party and Justice Thorpe and his followers, it is still impossible to fully comprehend the true merits of all the matters of administration over which they contended. Nor does the responsibility for this state of affairs lie at the door of industrious investigators, but rather does it rest on the scantiness of a class of material from which they might draw adequate and impartial conclusions, if we may except the official correspondence.

Under such circumstances even sidelights on the actions of those who were active participants in the stirring scenes of those far-off days are not without their interest for the sincere student of Canadian, or at any rate Ontario, archaeology.

When Governor Francis Gore took up the reins of office in August, 1806, in the Province of Upper Canada he entered upon anything but a pleasurable holiday affair. Dissatisfaction

with the administration of his predecessor, General Hunter, was by no means a light kept beneath a bushel. Instead it shone abroad in many quarters and the chief torch-bearer was none other than a judge of the Court of the King's Bench, Mr. Justice Thorpe. The latter has been a much-abused and an equally much-defended personage. Where the happy medium of criticism lies it is difficult to determine.

A somewhat reasonable summing up of the part he played would seem to be that when he came to the Province he found, at best, a rather loose system of law administration. This he set about to remedy. Defects which he, personally, was unable to discover were quickly enough brought to his attention. To these inarticulate complaints he gave effective utterance. In thus becoming the mouthpiece of those who had real grievances he (unwittingly, it is at least charitable to suppose) laid himself open to the charge of having, at times, furthered the ends of those who really had at heart the overthrow of British authority in



North America and the establishment of republican government on one hand or a linking of fortunes with the neighbouring Union on the other.

That he was simply indiscreet and not for a moment seditious is amply proven by his transfer from Canada to the Chief-Justiceship of Sierra Leone, where he subsequently served for twenty years.

But to return to his opponent. On his arrival in York (Toronto), as was to be expected, the newly-appointed Governor was made the recipient of an address of welcome. It was presented by Mr. William Weeks, Solicitor-General and member of Parliament for the counties of York, Durham and Simcoe, but, contrary to the usual forms of felicitation employed on such occasions, it really took the form of a bill of complaints. There are those who are inclined to believe that its author was Justice Thorpe, but of this there is no proof. Be the suspicion true or the reverse, events now moved quickly. William Weeks having in the meantime died from the effects of a duel with a Mr. Dickson, of Niagara, a meeting of freeholders was held at Moore's Hotel, York, on the 20th of October, of the same year, to nominate the deceased member's successor. At this meeting it was unanimously resolved that Mr. Justice Thorpe be asked to become a candidate for Parliament.

There was then no law to prevent a judge from taking such a course, and, seeing in the new post a more effective vantage-point from which to hurl his darts of criticism against the Government party, he consented. He was duly elected and at once became leader of an opposition in relation to which Governor Gore wrote to Colonial Secretary Windham, saying that they, "were endeavouring by every means in their power to perplex the King's Government in this Colony."

Judge Thorpe's seat in Parliament was for the session beginning the 2nd

of February, 1807, and ending the 10th of March following.

In August, 1807, Joseph Willcocks, a turbulent spirit, who had most vigorously espoused the cause of the Thorpe party, established in York a newspaper in the interest of its propaganda. It was called *The Upper Canada Guardian or Freeman's Journal*. The prospectus of the new paper had been printed in the United States, and certain statements which this foreword contained had called forth from the publisher of *The Gazette*, the Government organ, a very positive denial that he was to be in any way connected with it.

It will thus be seen that even before its actual appearance the opposition journal had become a thorn in the side of the Government. Once running, it became a veritable fagot of those tormentors, and it seems never to have quite lost its initial character in this respect. Of few early Upper Canadian journalistic ventures, however, does there seem to be less known. Some compilers of our newspaper statistics even go so far as to omit the date of its founding from their lists, and the few copies of it which the Ontario Provincial library contained were lost in the recent disastrous fire. There is therefore no copy of it to be found in the Provincial archives, nor is it to be seen at the Toronto Public Library or in Miss Carnochan's collection at Niagara.

Despite this neglect, it is known that *The Guardian*, as it was commonly called, had a more or less checkered existence of nearly five years, during which period its place of publication was removed to Niagara, presumably when its founder, editor and publishers later represented a constituency in the peninsula.

When Justice Thorpe was suspended from the bench and recalled, Editor Willcocks succeeded him in Parliament. He had previously been Sheriff of the old Home District, but had



been dismissed from office for too freely expressing his opinions. His return to Parliament was accordingly construed as a personal vindication, and he at once took up the unfinished work of his predecessor with more vigour than discretion. The *dénouement* was not long delayed. He was impeached for breach of privilege and cast into the common jail.

The charge was that on September 17, 1808, he had said that members had been bribed by a gift of 1,200 acres of land each, in the previous October, by the Governor. He was accused of saying this on the streets of the little capital and of publishing the same in *The Guardian*.

After serving his sentence, Willcocks was again returned to Parliament, and he continued to lead the opposition. The controversy had by this time reached the stage where acrimony was one of its chief ingredients and charges and counter-charges, of varying degrees of unpleasantness, were freely exchanged.

Governor Gore, with more foresight than he has been credited with in some quarters, detected the signs of the coming international storm and began to take precautions.

At the opening of the parliamentary sessions of 1809, he said, in part, in addressing the House—"It becomes us to prepare ourselves to meet every event, and to evince by our zeal and loyalty that we know the value of our constitution and are worthy the name of British subjects." Following this hint of the Government's stand came an act, "for quartering and billeting on certain occasions His Majesty's troops and the militia of this Province," which was passed on March 9, 1809.

Such action, of course, did not meet with the whole-souled approval of an opposition which was ever vigilant. Billeting has never been a very popular method of supporting troops, and

its many disadvantages were not kept in the background by those who on this occasion opposed it. After events told their own story, but for the present such a proceeding was pictured as the work of a despotic alarmist.

In 1810, the cabal against Governor Gore reached its height. A gentleman named Moore, a member of the British House of Commons, was prevailed upon to give notice that he intended to move in that body relative to the conduct of Governor Gore; stating in his notice that discontent prevailed in Upper Canada, owing to his misconduct and oppression. This he subsequently did, and, although the motion failed to carry, it disclosed an organised attempt to procure a censure of the Governor by the home parliament and to compel his recall. It was to reply to the attacks then made that Governor Gore returned to England, leaving Sir Isaac Brock, the hero of Queenston, in charge in his stead.

The side-light promised at the outset is furnished by a rare copy of Willcocks's paper *The Guardian* in the possession of the writer. It is dated Niagara, April 14, 1810. This copy is of a quaint little paper of but four pages. These measure eleven by seventeen and one-half inches and have four columns each, and the whole presents a strange contrast to the expansive dailies and weeklies of the present time. The old style of spelling (the substitution of f for s), is used throughout, and elaborate display of advertising matter seems to have been an unknown art.

As was to be expected from a politician's newspaper, the entire first page and much of the second is taken up with, "Extracts from the Journals of the House of Assembly, for the year, 1810," and here, under date of Wednesday February 28, 1810, we find the following interesting record:

"A message from the Lieutenant-Governor, signed by His Excellency, was



presented by William Halton, Esq., His Excellency's Secretary, which message was read all the members being uncovered and the same is as follows:

"Francis Gore, Lieutenant-Governor:

The Lieutenant-Governor thinks it proper to acquaint the House of Assembly that with a view to encourage the infant manufactures of this Province a contract has been made to supply His Majesty's ships and vessels on these lakes with cordage of our own manufacture.

It is therefore expedient that the Commissioners for the purchase of hemp, under the provisions of the statute, passed in the 41st year of His Majesty's reign, should be at liberty to dispose of the same, without its being transported out of the province; and the Lieutenant-Governor submits to the wisdom of the House to make a provision to the effect.

(Signed) F. G.

28th February, 1810.

Under date of Friday, March 2, (1810) is recorded the means taken to frustrate what was evidently an attempt on the part of certain members to retard the work of the House by absenting themselves from its sittings without what, to some of their fellow-parliamentarians, appeared good and sufficient reason. More than likely it was but one of the many ways adopted by the Governor's opponents to display their disapproval of certain legislation.

The record reads:

"On motion of Mr. McLean, seconded by Mr. Gough, resolved that the Speaker be directed to order medical assistance immediately to attend on Benjamin Mallory, Philip Sovereign, Joseph Willcocks, John Roblin, John Wilson and James Wilson, and report the state of their health at the bar of this House.

"The Speaker having put the question, a division took place: the names being called for, they were taken down and are as follow:

"Yeas—Messrs. McNabb, Fraser, Burrott, Marcle, MacGregor, Baby, McLean, Gough, Elliott, G. Wilson and Secord.

"Nays—Messrs Howard, Rogers and Lewis.

"Carried in the affirmative by a majority of eight.

"The Speaker did then order Doctors Richardson and Lee to visit those gentlemen and inquire into the state of their health and report the same to the House as soon as possible.

"Doctors Richardson and Lee came to the bar of this House and did acquaint the Speaker that in obedience to his orders they had called at the lodgings of several of the members absent from this House, in consequence indisposition, and have the honour of making a written report of the state of health of Joseph Willcocks, James Wilson, John Wilson and John Roblin Esqrs, which heport is as follows:

"Mr. Speaker:—

We have seen and examined Mr. Willcocks, Mr. James Wilson, Mr. John Roblin and Mr. John Wilson, and are of the opinion from Mr. Willcock's statement, and from his present state, that it would not be proper for him to attend the House this day. Mr. James Wilson states that he has taken medicine this morning; but we think (if it is absolutely necessary), he might attend in his place. The other two gentlemen complain very much, but have taken no medicine. We think they might come to the House. Whether they would be able to remain 'tis impossible for us to say. Those gentlemen all state, that they think they will be able to attend tomorrow. We are of the same opinion.

(Signed)

R. Richardson,  
W. Lee.

Whether they came or not is not recorded, for at this point the report closes, although the paper in which it appears was not printed until nearly a month and a half later.

The relaxation by Napoleon of his commercial decrees and his lavish gifts to the divorced Josephine are recorded and an item from Albany, based on English advices, indicates the speedy satisfactory adjustment of the differences between Britain and the United States.

The sympathies of Willcocks may or may not be indicated by it, but the dignity of a special heading is given to description of the "Grand Battle of Ocana," gained by Marshal Soult over the Spaniards on the 19th of November, 1809. These are in the form of letters from the marshal to the Minister of War at Paris and, of course, are anything but pro-British in their tone.

That history repeats itself and that



Britain's sea-power was a matter of foreign concern then, even as it is to-day, is strangely exemplified by one reference in these letters, which reads:

"They (the British under Wellington), are endeavoring to reach the sea side in order to embark in their vessels, the only refuge left them, until Spain and Portugal uniting their efforts to the other maritime powers, will demand satisfaction from their real enemies for so many sacrifices, and reconquer the liberty of the seas, that great road which the inhabitants of the Peninsula ought to travel, without being molested, to their numerous settlements in the new world."

This particular copy of *The Guardian* is without editorial comment of any kind, but in a signed notice under the heading "Conveyancing" the editor begs leave to announce that he is prepared to attend to the needs of the public in the preparation of instruments of record. That he is not in accord with the methods of some of the members of the legal profession of his day, he is at no pains to conceal as, the following paragraph will show:

"It is not the expectation of the undersigned to have much pecuniary benefit from this branch of business; nor indeed would he have undertaken it, were it not to put a stop to the very exorbitant charges that have hitherto been made by the learned and conscientious gentlemen of the Long Robe."

He then adds that he will draw any common deed of conveyance, together with memorial, for twelve shillings, New York currency, and all other instruments in the same ratio.

The advertisements, perhaps, contribute one of the most interesting of this old paper's features. One of these offers a reward of \$10.00 for the return of a black slave, named Charles, formerly the property of Colonel McDonnell, of Glengary, to his master, Thomas O. Page. It is dated Niagara, October 7, 1809. Another, headed "Stop Runaway," offers a similar reward for the apprehension of a boy named John Maxfield, probably an apprentice. It is signed, Daniel McCall, and dated January 8, 1810.

An amusing advertisement, dated from York, is one inserted in an effort to recover a lost dog. Incidentally it reveals also, that the doings of adventurers found their way into print then even as they do now, for it reads in part as follows:

"Whereas a man of the name of Finney, ran away from Utica, in the State of New York, and left behind him a wife and seven children in great distress, through the wiles of a base woman, who here he calls his Wife. The said woman has a fine curling lock in the front of her forehead, which she admired much more than she does honesty, she being a very great adept at slight of hand, as known by various articles missing from Doctor Stoyell's Tavern, where they put up until their departure; and at the close of the exhibition, stole a very favourite Dog of the name of Pero, said dog has crop tears and tail, is of a dark brown or black colour, and is remarkable for sitting up or walking on his hind legs."

At the close of the Eighteenth Century Doctor Thomas Stoyell's hostelry was the chief inn of York and a favourite place for the holding of political meetings. This, doubtless, accounts for the personal statement appended to the above advertisement by Editor Willcocks to the effect that he well knew the dog in question and, if thought proper, would take charge of it if found.

From all this we have a glimpse at the multifarious activities of a newspaper editor of one hundred years ago.

In conclusion it only remains to record that on the outbreak of the War of 1812 Willcocks gave up his paper and enlisting in the Canadian forces fought at Queenston under Brock.

Insufficient recognition for this service has been given as the excuse which he put forward for his subsequent conduct, but this is largely conjecture.

For reasons best known to himself he deserted to the Americans and died a colonel in the United States service at the attack on Fort Erie.



# THE SAPLING

BY ST. CLAIR MOORE

MICHEL'S old wife was dead. She lay over on her own side of the bed up against the wall, under the slant of the roof. In the broken-bottomed armchair whose springs hung down to the floor he the septuagenarian kept his watch throughout the night hours, so that the whole wide bed was hers. But she lay far over on to the edge, her wasted arms laid close along her sides, occupying very little space.

How long the night was, keeping watch up there, high above the narrow street! How long and how sultry, how silent now but for a crash at intervals, as the cars went by, half-a-dozen streets higher up!

Michel laid his hand down on the table where the lamp stood by the bed-head and began to count his fingers, giving each one the number of a year; then from the little finger he turned back again. This, then, was the tenth of those stifling town summers up under the roof that the sun beat upon all day, up over the stony street filled with heat and noise.

The nights had been the best part of those years; winter nights, when the windows were all silver ferns, and stars, and traceries, except where a corner of the pane remaining black gave outlook upon the open sky and the steely sparkling stars, and made it an easy thing to forget that one now dwelt so high up, and to picture to oneself as lying just without the door and stretching away to the dark edge of the woods over the billowing fields of snow. Even such nights as this

(summer nights, when sleep had been impossible in the garret sultriness) had been better than the days. When it had grown very, very late, so that not even the chanting of a reeling toper on his homeward way had sounded up from the canyon of the street, it had been possible for the exiles to beguile themselves, and in chairs drawn back from the high open window to watch the moon float like a golden bubble up the deep blue sky, and too picture to themselves her light as raining down upon wide-tilled fields and dew-soaked grass growing lush to the sleeping water's edge.

It had been quite easy for two old people, sitting there hand in hand, to evoke something of the peace of such once familiar scenes, to forget that one had but to stir to have rise before one the forest of masts in the narrowed river and the stretch of intervening house and warehouse roofs.

To-night there was no moon, and one of the couple sat alone with his back to the little square of the window, while his blurred eyes stared strainedly at the line where the slant of the roof met the whitewashed wall, up against which the other lay so rigidly. And even as he thus gazed, the blaze of the noon-day sun lay about him, irradiating a landscape all blue water and green grass. Just there at the first grass and water, which seemed to stretch away and away to the very confines of the earth, there sprang up wooden fences crossing and recrossing the grass, to whose green was added that of maples in



thin tender spring-tide leafage, of sombre hemlocks, of pines on the hillside and delicate waving beech-boughs in the fields. The blue was the mighty rolling tide of the great river, whose farther shore was as a mist; and on a slope between wood and river stood forth the farm-house with the free bright air, and the happy farmyard life all about it. And so Michel looked again upon his home. How dear that home had been, how unforgettably dear and forever to be mourned for it had remained!

The old man beheld himself as a child toddling amongst the downy yellow chicks, the tall black hen beside him, formidable and waist high. Child and man, he saw himself amidst these scenes, much alone at the first as an only child, then a girlish, a wifely, presence by his side. Again a little tumbler among the chicks and goslings; then another, but the second little one had tarried so short a time! Then again there was an only child growing up in the old homestead. "So much the better, after all, that no other little brothers or sisters had followed," had the parents often said in their deep love for this one son, as they watched him grow to manhood, the model of all a son should be, a staid man to be relied upon and trusted while yet a boy in years, and so content with his life as it was, with the parental presence and affection, that he seemed to have no thought of forming other ties, and laughed away all such suggestions, so that he came to his fortieth year unmarried.

The fortieth birthday of the younger (and sixtieth of the elder) Michel had been marked by a joyous solemnity. The friends invited for the day had with the family attended High Mass, and then all in the secret had grouped themselves about the house-door, in the strip of shade cast by the projecting roof, upon which the blue pigeons sat and cooed, and had witnessed there on the threshold the donation to

the younger Michel, by the broadly-smiling notary, of deeds to all the family acres, which made his parents thenceforward pensioners on his bounty.

What a puzzled wonder had looked from those honest blue eyes upon the congratulations of the notary, and then with what a great hearty laugh had the son, throwing an arm round each one, drawn his parents close against his sturdy sides, while there before him, its close brown coat powdery with dust, squatted the bear, whose master, witnessing the return of the festive party, had let it in from the high-way to perform its tricks. The younger Michel had thrown water on that dusty furry coat, and set water in a pail before the snout with its heavy ring and chain, and had made the bear-leader also one of the day's guests.

What a kind heart that had been, that of the dear, dear son! And how ineffaceably each incident of that double birthday morning had impressed itself upon a memory from which already many things were slipping. Perhaps it was because those birthday festivities had marked the close of the perfectly unclouded, happy days. For among the close and familiar friends then gathered together had been one guest, whom long expatriation across the border had made well-nigh a stranger, though in her childhood she had played about the house. Widowed and returned home, she had accompanied her father to the feast, and with her young son beside her she sat at the table, a flat-breasted, sallow and thin-lipped woman, wearing the garb of her widowhood. As she had once been his playmate, her years were about those of Michel, and the parents had smiled one to the other, witnessing their son's assiduous gallantry to this almost shrewish-visaged personage, and his solicitude for her heavily-breathing, pasty-complexioned boy.



There had been some young girls there, too, that night, but it had been the elder Michel who had complimented them and stepped out bravely in the dance with them, whereas, while ribbons fluttered and round cheeks flushed pinker than the ribbons and the bows slipped over the violin strings, the younger man had retained his place close by the spreading mourning skirts all through the evening and had been swept off in their wake across the moonlit fields at its close. There had been some rallying of him upon his return, but the jest of the birthday became the earnest of the following days. The parents had looked at one another in questioning dismay, and then in the early autumn, upon the name-day of father and son, on the feast-day of St. Michael the Arch-angel, had the younger man wedded the widow. And with the long-desired marriage, consummation of the wish of years, what a change of atmosphere, what a shifting of positions had taken place. The windows, open hitherto from spring to late autumn, through which light and air had streamed and into which vine-leaves from the wall had drifted, now were upon a pretext of economy and tidiness, hermetically closed and darkened. There was a new keen watchfulness over every occasion of outlay, a paring and sharp-eyed reckoning on the part of the new mistress of the household, for such from the first had been the footing taken by the daughter-in-law.

Her age apart, there could never have been any question of finding in this nature the dutiful and beloved daughter of all the parental dreams of their son's bride. Face to face with this woman, with her keys and little account books, who so firmly took over the management of affairs into her own hands, how often had the old people helplessly bewailed the perverseness of their son's late choice, as all tolerantly, but relentlessly,

they felt themselves being edged into the background, as folks whose day was done, while all the life of the old homestead began to centre in the dull-eyed, wide-eared child of the daughter-in-law's first marriage.

And Michel, in his strange infatuation, had discerned nothing of all this. He continued always the same dear, loving son, and for his sake the hurt and bewildered parents acquiesced in the new conditions. They looked forward to the coming of the grandchild to link all harmoniously together. But the grandchild had not come, and Michel had never understood. And how swiftly, too, after the long happy monotony, had change followed change, until at last the beloved son lay in state in the front chamber of his home. Then had come the reading of his will, the incredible revelation to the heart-broken parents that their only child had utterly dispossessed and disinherited them, making of them pauper dependents upon his widow's whim. The distressed notary had all but wrung his hands in his asseverations of the deceased's certitude of outliving his parents, that Madame Michel would execute the literal, not the legal will of her husband.

The woman, again in the widow's weeds in which they had first seen her, sitting stiffly, with her dry hands like two little bundles of sticks, holding a black-edged handkerchief between them, had primly and in dutiful words expressed her reluctance to accept the legacy, declaring that she accepted it only in trust and would fill a daughter's place. Doubtless, moved as she was by her loss, she had spoken sincerely; but from the hour of Michel's funeral the breach between the members of his household had irresistibly widened. No bond existed to unite them now, there was ever present on the one part a sense of authority, more and more overbearingly expressed, and on the other an



ever-increasing humiliation and discouragement, until things had come to the point of the discussion of an allowance, the allowance that had progressively dwindled to less than half of its originally determined sum; the abandonment of the homestead into the hands of the stranger and her unlovable child; the migration to the city, and the reaching out once more towards independence. But it had been too late for such an uprooting.

How he had striven, the old man, working among those stony streets, as the income grew less and less! What a fight he had made against encroaching age, and how he had stolen back at every opportunity of Sundays or holidays to the beloved country-side, tramping miles out of the town to where the air was clean again and the tall daisies growing rank in the grass seemed to welcome him as old friends; tramping back once more at nightfall bringing great sheaves of these daisies and fresh green boughs, so bringing back a little share of the open-air world to one who had loved it as passionately as he, but for whom there could never be anything but the town henceforward, nothing indeed but the room among the chimneys!

These expeditions too had ended. Age and weakness, challenged, won all along the line. An intervening day of physical respite became a necessity between the weeks of crushing labour. To both, then, the green world became but another memory. It was about Michel now, though, and the blaze of the sunlight all but blinded him; then he sat up with a jerk, blinking dazedly at the lamp against which his forehead had nearly nodded. Beyond it the rigid figure still lay in the self-same attitude, and Michel, his hands going up together over his aching heart, understood the reason for that blurred vision of grass and water, as well as if his own dozing at his watch, for a paper crackled under his touch, and drawing it forth he

smoothed it with palsied fingers, the while the tears of old age, slow and heavy as blood dropping, fell down upon it. Grass and water—while the one ran and the other grew; herewith was confirmed to him his title once more to a parcel of the blessed country-side. In the quest for it he had trudged up that afternoon a weary way for one so enfeebled by age and grief, ever ascending from his own low-lying quarter near the harbour, past the great parish church fronting the square, before whose steps the hearse would stand; out of the region of banks and offices, and through residential districts where the dwellings became ever more and more imposing as he proceeded, and still on higher, till the leafy hillside fell away sharply below the road, and looking back and downward, he could discern the blue calm river and the villages and dim mountains of the farther shore. There had been a high stone gateway crowned with a cross to pass under, a few words exchanged in a little over-heated office, and then Michel had found an escort at his elbow, who led him on his way. It had been most beautiful up there, most peaceful, most still. The sward still retained its mossy summer green, but the enclosing woodlands glowed with bronze, with scarlet, and clear pale yellow, and the breeze blowing along the converging paths was pure and keen.

Wearied to exhaustion by the long climb, the old man had yet responded to the soothing influence of the surrounding beauty and silence. Here was his natural environment. That alien city of clanging industrial works, and crowded, airless warrens lay behind and far below, and he plodded along without speaking beside his guide, his eyes resting lingeringly in passing upon the wide plots fenced in with dense, close-clipped ever-greens, against which red berries were bright or the last pale roses bloomed,



and from which granite obelisks or veiled fern-bearing columns rose upward. He understood instinctively that in this city of the dead, as in that other yonder lying city of the living, there was a distinction of quarters, and he went by without a thought of pausing here.

At that hour of the short afternoon there had been no other visitors to be seen, but as Michel and his companion went along their way, a gnome-like apparition, with a gray goat's beard and pointed straw hat, slipped forth between the monuments and leaned upon a spade to stare after them. Then there had come a space of lower, less pretentious stones, white for the most part, standing, some solitary, but others close side by side, and with little ones nestling about them, just as it had been in life. It was a wide and open space, sloping gently in the pale sunlight, and here and there a willow or a cedar flung its shadow athwart the turf. Michel looked from side to side, and here his step would have lagged, but his guide pressed on.

But the aspect of the scene was changing; field-land where rough grass sprung up from the clods took the place of the velvety clipped sward. Here the ground was marked off at intervals with short wooden pegs, and beyond this, close ranged, with the narrowest of footpaths dividing the serried rows, stood numerous black, white-lettered crosses. The heat of recurring summers had blistered the paint; winter snows had defaced the lettering of many of them; here and there an arm had broken off the cross, carrying away half the name and leaving a splintered stump; or the whole cross had rotted at its base and pitched forward on to the weed-grown mound; while those that remained intact ranged in hue from iron-gray to tar-black, according to the length of time they had stood there. On some, where the paint was still fresh-looking, hung

garlands of black-and-white glass beads, making an oval frame about a picture of a willow and mourning figure, or of a mausoleum, and at the foot of one newly set on the recently turned earth lay a flattened wreath of fading roses and pansies twisted about with dank white muslin streamers. These things spoke of regret and remembrance, but they belonged only to the newest comers to their rest here. The prevailing impression was one of abandonment and desolation, as if they had had neither the heart nor the leisure to keep on returning thither, those mourners who had once grieved there so bitterly. All the sordid ugliness, which had sets its stigma upon Life as he had known it in the city, all the relentless pressure seemed to Michel here also to confront him. He stood an instant in dismay, but his guide was still proceeding, so he followed him perforce. And, then, just a little way ahead, at the verge of that sad region of wooden crosses, whence the untouched, unshaded grass-land stretched away to the woods, radiant as a sudden smile, rose a single slender gray-stemmed sapling, spreading its little coloured crown in the sunlight. Michel's aching heart leapt up with a throb of timorous eagerness. But in a moment it was all most easily arranged, and that bit of earth above which the young tree fluttered its butterfly-tinted wings, and would grow to stately girth and branchage, was his own, made over to him as if in all indifference to the treasure which it bore, at whose foot to-morrow his faithful, overwearyed life's comrade would be laid for her eternal rest, to which he himself would come a little later.

Thereafter had Michel retraced his way without a single wistful glance towards the hedged and shaded plots, which he passed by again. But it had indeed been a long and weary way. Now waking from his sleep of utter weariness to the desolation of



the death chamber, where the lamp-light was paling, as the gray daylight waxed, with returning consciousness the sense of his irreparable loss began to mount like a tide across whose rising flood was flung like a rainbow the reflection of the sapling. As the sleep cleared from his eyes, they rested upon the bowed head of a woman kneeling by the bedside, and as Michel stared at the iron-gray twisted knot of her hair, she rose, picking up a bundle of thin yellow tapers from the floor beside her. This was the neighbour from downstairs to whom the deceased in her affection for children had rendered many a service. Now the woman stood before Michel, and, calling him father, she slipped her arm around his shoulder and led him away to her own room downstairs, where her husband, a burly labourer, was just about to start for the day's work. The old man let himself sink upon a chair, and in response to the well-meant remark of his host, "Well, we must all pass," he only stared at him vaguely, and noticed neither when he went nor when the woman with a furtive backward glance at him in turn slipped out of the room. Neither did he heed the slight commotion without on the landing, nor the shuffling sounds overhead, which followed it; and in the same state of semi-stupor he suffered himself to be led upstairs again by his neighbour when she returned.

Everything had changed in his room meanwhile. There was a twist of black cloth framing the window, the dead woman lay no longer on the bed, but in her coffin in the centre of the floor, and the thin yellow tapers burned at head and feet. There was holy water in a shell, and a plaster statue of St. Joseph on the little white-covered table beside her. At her feet there was a cushion of *immortelles*, but her wasted hands lay upon a cluster of

white roses, which the neighbour from downstairs had herself bought overnight, and she had also made her man lose time enough from his work to go out and gather the boughs and the spikes of goldenrod, which the dead woman had so strangely loved. They filled the water jug to overflowing.

The old man appeared to take note of these tokens of kindness, for he turned a wavering smile upon his conductress, but then, sitting down on the chair which she placed for him at the coffin head, the only movement he made was to lean a little forward in order that he might lay his hand about his wife's icy wrist. And so he sat. Beyond the two pale tapers was visible a streak of blue water, and the masts of the ships, like strokes, one behind the other; then the tapers were shining far more brightly against a background of darkness, and again, behold, the gleam of blue behind the strokes had reappeared, and the neighbour from downstairs stood with her husband, one on either side of him.

Michel felt the air of morning cool upon his face, and they were driving behind a flashing gold cross. They drove under the gate where he had entered alone the other day, and retraced all the way that he had gone. Down there on the ugly lower ground of the poor wooden crosses it was necessary to walk a little way, and though he went feebly, leaning on the arm of his good neighbour, he was to all outward appearances seeming composed. But it was when the little group paused by the open grave that Michel fell to a convulsive and helpless weeping, for separated by the breadth of a man's feet from the parcel of earth he had acquired, and linking it with all those other squalid mounds, yawned another newly dug trench.

And the sapling had vanished.



# BRIGADIER-GENERAL MONTGOMERY AT QUEBEC

BY W. S. WALLACE

THE American invasion of Canada in 1775 has suffered comparative neglect at the hands of historians. The war was not marked by any of those striking successes of the British arms which marked the Seven Years' War and the War of 1812, (although Sir Guy Carleton's defence of Quebec compared very favourably from a strategic point of view even with Montcalm's); and the Americans have never cherished the recollection of an expedition which ended so disastrously for the Revolution, and which was, moreover, connected with the ill-omened name of Benedict Arnold. Richard Montgomery, the commanding officer of the American forces, has shared in the general oblivion which has fallen over the incidents of the invasion. His tragic death has aroused, even in the hearts of his compatriots, none of that interest which surrounds the deaths of Wolfe and of Montcalm; and the details of his life, in so far as they are yet a matter of public record, are confined still, for the most part, to encyclopedias and biographical dictionaries.

Brigadier-General Montgomery was not a native-born American; he was an ex-officer of the British Army. Born near Dublin in 1737, the son of Thomas Montgomery, Esq., M.P., Irish gentleman of means, he had been educated at Trinity College, Dublin. On completing his course at Trinity College, he had taken out a commis-

sion in the army; and in 1758 he saw service, first as a lieutenant and then as a captain of the 17th Foot, under General Amherst before Louisbourg. His brother, who was a captain in the 43rd Foot, was with Wolfe at Quebec, and distinguished himself during the siege by a barbarous slaughter of prisoners of war; but in 1759 Richard Montgomery did not take part in the siege of Quebec.

Montgomery was in British politics a Whig. He was a friend and follower of Burke and Barré; and when friction arose between Grenville's administration and the American colonists, Montgomery's sympathies were with the Americans. We know this because, when the 17th Foot were ordered in 1765 to repair to America to aid in the enforcement of the Stamp Act, Captain Montgomery, with several others, declared publicly that if the order was persisted in he would resign his commission; and the order was consequently countermanded.

In 1771, Montgomery was disappointed in his hope of getting a majority. He had handed over the money for the purchase of the commission, when a junior officer was preferred before him. Disgusted by this treatment, he immediately sold his commission and left the army. Not finding a scope for his energies in the old world, he migrated to America, and first of all took up farming in the



neighbourhood of New York. In July, 1773, he married the daughter of one of the judges of King's Bench in the colony of New York, a lady who brought him something of a fortune. Thereupon, he removed to Rhinebeck, on the Hudson, and commenced to build himself a spacious home.

At this juncture, the Revolutionary War broke out. Montgomery's sympathies were enlisted with the revolutionists; and in view of the scarcity of professional soldiers in the revolutionary ranks, it is not surprising to find that the former captain of the 17th Foot was offered the rank of brigadier-general in the army of the Continental Congress.

Very early in the war, the American authorities turned their attention to the possibility of detaching Canada from its allegiance to Great Britain. In October, 1774, an address was sent by the Continental Congress at Philadelphia to the inhabitants of Quebec, inviting them to throw in their lot with the revolutionists. This address, with its elaborate references to Beccaria and Montesquieu, hardly seems one likely to be suited to the taste of contemporary French-Canadians; yet it is reported to have created no little impression among them. The English commercial class in Canada also sympathised with the Americans; some of the principal Montreal merchants wrote to the Congress avowing that "the bulk of the people, both English and Canadian . . . wish well to your cause," and they sent one of their number, James Price, down to represent them in an unofficial way in the meetings of the Congress. In view, therefore, of the sympathetic feeling in Canada towards them, it was decided by the Americans to send an expedition up into Canada to dislodge the British troops, and to bring Canada into the war league of colonies represented by the Congress.

The officer who was appointed at

first to command this expedition was Major-General Schuyler. But the expedition had hardly been organised when General Schuyler's health broke down, and he was compelled to resign. The vacant post was given to Montgomery, who was thus appointed to the command after the plan of campaign had already been decided on and when he could do nothing but carry out to the best of his ability the ideas of others. The plan of campaign was this: Colonel Benedict Arnold, with a force of about 1,200 men, was to march on Quebec through the wilds of Maine and New Brunswick, while Montgomery, with about 1,800 men, was to advance on Montreal by way of Chambly and St. John's; and after the reduction of Montreal, Arnold and Montgomery were to join forces before Quebec.

Both commanders carried out their share in the operations to the letter. Arnold arrived at Point Levis, opposite Quebec, on November 13th, after one of the most remarkable marches of modern times; and on November 11th Montgomery occupied Montreal, which had been abandoned by Sir Guy Carleton the previous day. The British vessels at Montreal, thirteen in number, fell into Montgomery's hand, and he was able to employ them, therefore, in transporting some of his troops, about 300 in number down the river to Quebec. On December 1st he effected a junction with Arnold at Pointe aux Trembles.

Montgomery, who assumed command of the combined forces, bore himself in public as if he were confident of success. There is a tradition, possibly apocryphal, that he swore he would eat his Christmas dinner in Quebec or in hell. And on December 5th he sent a letter to Carleton so insolent and arrogant in its tone that Carleton had the bearer, a woman who had smuggled the letter in past the guard, drummed out of the town. On the 6th, he issued a pro-



clamation to the citizens of Quebec couched in language still more overbearing. But in his heart he felt far from confident; his condition of mind may be gathered from a very interesting letter which he wrote to his father-in-law only a few weeks before his death:

"I need not tell you that till Quebec is taken Canada is unconquered; and that, to accomplish this, we must resort to siege, investment, or storm. The first of these is out of the question, from the difficulty of making trenches in a Canadian winter, and the greater difficulty of living in them, if we could make them; secondly, from the nature of the soil, which, as I am at present instructed, renders mining impracticable, and were this otherwise, from the want of an engineer having sufficient skill to direct the process; and thirdly, from the fewness and lightness of our artillery, which is quite unfit to break walls like those of Quebec. Investment has fewer objections, and might be sufficient, were we able to shut out entirely from the garrison and town, the necessary supplies of food and fuel, during the winter; but to do this well (the enemy's works being very extensive and offering many avenues to the neighbouring settlements), will require a large army, and from present appearances mine will not, when brought together, much if at all exceed eight hundred combatants. Of Canadians I might be able to get a considerable number, provided I had hard money, with which to clothe, feed, and pay their wages; but this is wanting. Unless, therefore, I am soon and amply reinforced, investment, like siege, must be given up.

"In the storming plan there are fewer objections; and to this we must come at last. If my force be small, Carleton's is not great. The extensiveness of his works, which, in case of investment, would favour him, will in the other case favour us. Masters of our secret, we may select a particular time and place for attack, and to repel this the garrison must be prepared at all times and places, a circumstance which will impose upon it incessant watching and labour by day and by night, which, in its undisciplined state, must breed discontent that may compel Carleton to capitulate, or perhaps to make an attempt to drive us off. In this last idea there is a glimmering of hope. Wolfe's success was a lucky hit, or rather a series of lucky hits. All sober

and scientific calculation was against him, until Montcalm, permitting his courage to get the better of his discretion, gave up the advantages of his fortress, and came out to try his strength on the plain. Carleton, who was Wolfe's quartermaster-general, understands this well, and, it is to be feared, will not follow the Frenchman's example. In all these views you will discover much uncertainty; but of one thing you may be sure, that, unless we do something before the middle of April, the game will be up; because by that time the river may be open and let in supplies and reinforcements to the garrison in spite of anything we can do to prevent it; and again, because my troops are not engaged beyond that term, and will not stay a day longer."

It was to the plan of storming Quebec that Montgomery did come at last. He came to the conclusion that the besiegers would have the best chance of success if simultaneous attacks were made on the town at different points. So it was agreed that, while diversions were being made against the upper town, Arnold should attack the east end of the lower town, at the Sault au Matelot, and Montgomery the west end of the lower town, at the Près de Ville. The night chosen for the attack was the night of December 30th—31st. "Hard gale and thick small snow, very dark and drifts," wrote the Artillery Officer in his journal that night when he retired to rest. "The darkness of last night, and the gloominess of the morning, seemed fit for the blackest designs," wrote another diarist on the next day. Under cover of this weather, Arnold, having passed through the suburb of St. Roch, was able to take by surprise the first barrier at the Sault au Matelot. But in the attack on the second barrier, Arnold himself was wounded in the leg, and owing to a clever flanking movement on the part of Carleton's men, the Americans were caught between two fires and forced to retire or surrender.

Meanwhile Montgomery was making his attack at the other end of the lower town. With some two hundred



men, he had crept along the shore beneath the cliff until he came to the wooden palisade at Près de Ville. Four of the great wooden pickets of which the palisade was composed were noiselessly removed by carpenters whom Montgomery had brought with him; and Montgomery, with his aides, stepped into the breach. But the guard at Près de Ville was not to be surprised like the guard at the Sault au Matelot. As Montgomery sprang forward to the second palisade shouting, "Push on, brave boys, Quebec is ours," a storm of cannister and grape from Captain Barnsfare's cannon swept the narrow pass. The British sailors who manned the guns saw the dim figures that had leapt forward disappear, and then silence reigned, save that the groans of dying men were heard outside the barricade.

At daybreak, a search party of militia was sent out by Carleton. Under the snow, which had been falling steadily for many hours, were found a dozen corpses. On the body of an officer there was found by a French-Canadian a large sum of money; and nearby was discovered a fur cap, bearing the initials R. M. The body of this officer was immediately brought within the walls, and was identified by an American officer, who had been taken prisoner at the Sault au Matelot, as that of General Montgomery. Orders

were given by Carleton that the body should be decently buried in the most private manner; and about sundown on January 4th, 1776, in the presence of eight men, including the undertaker and the chaplain, the dust of the former captain of the 17th Foot was committed to the grave. Any more elaborate obsequies were deemed inappropriate in the case of a traitor to his King.

Brigadier-General Montgomery was not a soldier of outstanding military ability. From a strategic point of view, his attack on Quebec was open to serious criticism; for even in the event of his carrying the Lower Town by storm (an unlikely contingency), Arnold and he would have been almost as far as ever from taking the citadel. But about his courage or his sense of public duty there can be no question. He was the first at Près de Ville to step into the breach in the palisade, in the face of almost certain death; nor was this the only instance in the campaign of his fearless temper. And he left, in order that he might undertake the arduous and thankless conduct of the campaign, a newly-built home and a young wife on the banks of the Hudson. "Our country is in danger," he told his wife when he left home. "As a politician I could not serve them; as a soldier, I think I can."







## At Five O'clock

FROM "TO-DAY."

Oh, life! oh, song! Oh, the long awe of  
spring!  
A little shines the light;  
Then lo, to left, to right.  
Across the garden flags some baffling  
thing!—  
See the round scarlet leap from April  
clod;  
Empty we turn away,  
Dared by that bit of clay;  
For tulips still are tulips, God still God.

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A book can hold us, or a snatch of sea,  
Or lilies by a wall;  
A comrade at dewfall  
Can from his violin such chords set free,  
To such, quick searching notes give in-  
stant tongue,  
To woods, darks, sailing ships;  
The sobs start to our lips—  
How long, how long it is since we were  
young.  
He plays. Under the clear and ruddy  
sky,  
And there in the dewfall,  
The oldest things of all,  
Go gleaming past, and as they go, they  
cry—  
Love, Longing, Tears, and gray Remem-  
bering;  
A foot, a voice, a face!—  
And there, in some dim place,  
The little honey-coloured flowers of  
spring.

—LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

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IT is ever so many Aprils ago since  
the "teacher of composition" wrote  
on the blackboard: "Write forty lines  
on your favourite season," and I bent

my pig-tailed head to inscribe pain-  
fully: "Spring is my favourite sea-  
son of the year—unless it is the month  
of October."

"You ought to see the Spring out  
here," writes an enthusiastic citizen  
of Victoria, B.C. "It is like an Eng-  
lish lane or an Italian hill-side." If  
the correspondent is within the lines  
of truth, Browning might have spared  
himself the passionate exclamation:

"O, to be in England  
Now that April's there!"

Had he only followed an all-red  
line, he might have found in that Brit-  
ish province by the Pacific both Eng-  
land and Italy. Even in Ontario, we  
occasionally have April days, which  
are a sheer delight, which have, until  
sundown, all the soft warmth of June,  
yet touched with a divine freshness  
which only April can bestow—when it  
is the real opening month of the year,  
with the daffodil-and-tulip gates flung  
wide.

April has often been accused of  
fickleness, but the charge is like that  
so often brought against delightful  
and volatile human characters. April  
is really not fickle; she is merely vari-  
ous and many-sided. She reflects all  
Nature's moods and so is charged  
cruelly with having no mind of her  
own. April is really the most  
philosophic month of the year and



answers to our scowls or smiles with the most profound gloom or the airest unconcern. Rather would we say with William Watson:

"April, April,  
Laugh thy girlish laughter;  
Then, the moment after,  
Weep thy girlish tears!  
April, that mine ears  
Like a lover greetest,  
If I tell the sweetest,  
All my hopes and fears,  
April, April,  
Laugh thy golden laughter,  
But, the moment after,  
Weep thy golden tears."

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PERHAPS you remember the old-fashioned albums in which you were expected to inscribe your personal preferences; such as, what is your favourite flower, what is your favourite poem, if not yourself, what person would you choose to be?—and a variety of other queries. Now, of all these amiable and personal questions, that which always seemed to be most interesting was the last—what person would you choose to be? I remember an album inscribed with a great variety of desires. Such names as Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir John A. Macdonald, Paderewski and Albani were to be found therein and indicated an amazing range of ambition and temperament. I think if I were to write my choice there now, it would have changed slightly from that of long ago. Then, nothing but military heroes had any fascination, and I yearned to be Roberts—the man who had marched to Kandahar and who had known forty-one years of service in India. Then the statesman out-distanced even "Bobs" himself, and I would have given much to be the Honourable Joseph Chamberlain in the year 1897. But now, I am quite sure that if I might become whatever person I chose, I should say: "Give me the baton of Dr. A. S. Vogt and you may have all the tariffs on the Continent."

When one comes to think of what

Dr. Vogt has done—brought together and harmonised what is conceded by the New York critics to be the finest chorus on the Continent, one feels that he has accomplished a work of superlative standard — and so must know the joy of the creator's heart, of which *McAndrew* writes with such fine frenzy. It is quite true, as we may be reminded, that the voices were there, the material was "only" to be organised into the choral conductor's instrument. But the *great* achievement remains, the making these hundreds of voices, these varied "sections" into one glorious harmonic aggregation, until, in some choral creations, it is as if one magnificent vocal effort were sending its message upward,—"then seemed to go right up to Heaven and die among the stars." To do this work in the very best way, until metropolitan critic, and the layman lover of "The Bold Turpin" alike break forth in applause, is to have won the gratitude of thousands and to have roused the patriotic ardour of all who care that Canada shall be known beyond the wheat exchange and the cattle market. "Dr. Augustus" is one of our best citizens. He does honour to his town and his country. He came from Waterloo—but may he never meet it!

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IN connection with this year's programme for the Mendelssohn Choir concerts, a curious controversy arose, as to whether the words of Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem" should have been sung in English. The controversy revealed a characteristic weakness in the Canadian — a weakness which ought soon to be eradicated. It is our seeming indifference or, even, contempt with regard to any language except that which we are pleased to term "ours." We are deplorably lacking in a knowledge of foreign languages or a familiarity with Latin. Among the members of the Theodore Thomas Or-



chestra which was associated with the Toronto Choir in the various concerts of the cycle, there were to be found many who spoke three languages. This fact should not be surprising to a Canadian organisation, but most members of our own choirs or orchestras would be much taken by surprise if such linguistic accomplishments were expected from them.

It is no wonder, then, that there are to be found reputable citizens who find the Latin poetry of the "Requiem" somewhat of a grievance. Why, however, should any complaint be made? The English version was printed, as well; so the listener could not have been unaware of the sentiments declaimed, even if the Latin words were unintelligible. The spirit of Verdi's great work would have been utterly incomplete set to any other language than the stately Latin. I once heard the "Stabat Mater" with the English version and it was ridiculous enough to make the ghost of all the Latins raise supplicating hands. The sentiments were so changed, in order, it was supposed, to suit the Protestant convictions or views of the majority of the audience that the incongruity between the original and the modern version was painfully amusing. It is all very well to talk of our sturdy Anglo-Saxon and declare it is artistic enough for anything. In the first place, our language is not Anglo-Saxon, but English, a very different matter. In the second place, no language can be so suitable for a musical composition as that for which it was written. Listen to *La Marseillaise* in English. Then listen while the passionate French pours from the lips of the man who "understands," *La Marseillaise* may be universal in its appeal; it should be sung in no language but French. The spirit of much at least of Verdi's religious composition may seem too ardent for the Scotchman or the Norwegian, who may think to cool its fervency by

changing the Latin words to a less ecclesiastical Northern tongue. But he sacrifices the spirit and loses an intangible delicacy of union between music and words. Let us be thankful that Dr. Vogt has too much sense of this subtle communion between speech and melody to give us Verdi's "Requiem" in anything but the language for which the ardent Italian wrote.

However, the very fact that there arose a question concerning English as the proper vehicle for these Italian works, shows that Canadians are in dire need of a broader linguistic appreciation and equipment. The women of Canada are especially lacking in this respect, as compared with their sisters in the British Isles. It may be urged that the latter require French and German much more frequently than the Canadian women who seldom travel in countries where a knowledge of French, German or Italian would be useful. This utilitarian view must be taken into consideration, but it is not the most important in the matter of acquiring another language. Everyone who has spent hours over the translation of the songs of Hugo or of Heine has become aware of a gain, far beyond that of finding out that one word in French or German may be expressed in English in another fashion. There is a new realm of fancy, as well as of expression, opened to us by the knowledge of each new tongue. Perhaps the extent of this culture, this broadening of the prospect by the knowledge of the origin or the varied history of words can be seen no more clearly than in Ruskin's treatment of the famous denunciatory passage in Milton's *Lycidas*. Not many of us can hope to reach the linguistic heights won by Cromwell's Latin Secretary. But we may avoid, on the other hand, the provincial complacency of a corpulent and opulent citizen of Detroit who snorted in disgust while an ex-



quisite lyric of Heine's was sung, and remarked audibly to his mortified friend: "Why do they use that foreign lingo? Plain United States is good enough for me." The chief use made by the Detroit Citizen of his "United States" was to distort and vulgarise the speech, until one could hardly have felt a pride in "our sturdy Anglo-Saxon." The English language is rich and strong. It has drawn from the sturdiness of the Saxon and the majesty of Latin, while many small streams have trickled into its broad sweep. But to say that compositions written for the German or the Latin should be given an English "rendering" is to ignore the subtle *convenances* of "perfect music into noble words" and to lose the added graces of another aspect of vocal expression.

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ONE feature of the unrest of modern woman is manifest in the way in which young girls are leaving the farm, to work in shops or office in the city. In a recent issue of the *Farmer's Magazine*, Ethelwyn Wetherald gives the readers an article, "The Canadian Farmer's Daughter," which shows how this discontent is sometimes quelled:

"Even the girl who has a decided bent for millinery or dressmaking, and who, with a sister or cousin, sets up a little shop or puts out a modest sign in the city, will find her time fully employed and her expenses less than half in the nearest small town where she is known, and where a drive of a few miles will take her home for week-ends. Teaching is a vocation

that nearly every country girl who is quick at her studies wishes to follow, and it is also one that every girl, whether city or country-bred, is certain to weary of. In spite of long vacations, short hours and the Saturday holiday, there is a constant strain on the brain and nerves of the mistress of a schoolhouse which is felt more and more as the years go on.

The same is true of nursing, which has claimed so large a part of the strong, serene flower of Canadian girlhood. It is, as has frequently been said, a noble profession; but whenever a specific form of labour is called noble, it is sure to involve a certain amount of hardship. There is a great deal that is disagreeable about nursing. The daughter of a prosperous Canadian farmer a few years ago wished to fit herself for nursing by taking a preparatory course in a New York hospital. Her father offered her three dollars a week to remain at home and help her mother. She smiled tolerantly and said she would be earning twenty dollars a week when she was a full-fledged nurse. Her prophecy came true. She did earn twenty dollars a week. But the peculiar point in her case was, that after a few months in the practice of her profession, she gave it up altogether, came home and worked for her parents at three dollars a week. 'Didn't you like nursing?' they asked. 'Pretty well,' she said. Then, after a minute's silence, she burst forth: 'But I can tell you one thing—when you are a nurse you can't get twenty dollars a week unless you earn twenty dollars a week.' That was all she ever said about it."

JEAN GRAHAM.







## The WAY of LETTERS

WOULD you not like to tell the man or the woman who writes the perky little advertisements on the covers of our new books just what you think of the cheap laudation? Here is one which appears on the inside of the paper wrapping of "The Broad Highway"—"Pronounced by a prominent English critic, as more fascinating and even more human than "Lorna Doone?" That is a stupidly annoying comparison, for nearly every one who has read "Lorna Doone" is a true lover of that dark-eyed lady of high degree, is a firm comrade of *John Ridd* and would go far to see the valley of the *Doones*. Consequently, one is irritated by the needless assertion that the new book by Jeffery Farnol is fit to be associated with R. D. Blackmore's masterpiece.

However, in spite of this critic's folly, you open the book, read the first paragraph of the "Ante Scriptum" and henceforth are lost to the world of slush and frosts and bargains in furniture and care not whether reciprocity is coming or going, so long as you may be left undisturbed until the chapter is reached "wherein this history is ended" and you are left to hope that the book may be a friend even unto the last, "when we shall have journeyed to the end of this Broad Highway which is Life and into the mystery of the Beyond."

Let us go back to this sentence which has such an old-time romantic

charm which makes us think of old tunes of "over the hills and far away":

"As I sat of an early summer morning in the shade of a tree, eating fried bacon with a tinker, the thought came to me that I might some day write a book of my own: a book that should treat of the roads and by-roads, of trees, and wind in lonely places, of rapid brooks and lazy streams, of the glory of dawn, the glow of evening, and the purple solitude of night; a book of wayside inns and sequestered taverns; a book of country things and ways and people. And the thought pleased me very much."

Thus does *Peter Vibart* let us know that he is going to tell us the story of his fortunes—and a right good story it is while his fortunes are of the proper, hair-breadth order, with more than one fight, while never do they lose "the scent of old-world roses." Did you revel in "Lorna Doone" and did you almost shout over the "League of the Rose" in "Westward Ho!"? Did you find brave comrades in "The Gentleman of France" and did you lose many hours' sleep over the "Kidnapper"? Did you love the old colonial dangers in "Prisoners of Hope" and did you find Ollivant's "The Gentleman" a tale to read in the stormy midnight by a roaring fire and lose not one stroke in the fight or one gleam of the moonlight on the English Channel? Then you will like



"The Broad Highway" and will wish for the author, Jeffery Farnol, a length of days that he may write other brave tales. May he not fall into the snare of the modern would-be best seller and exploit the "temperament" of the modern divorce-chaser with a guide to Reno for frontispiece.

*Peter* is really a hero worth knowing. He is somewhat like *Kenelm Chillingly*—only, not so scholarly and no less chivalrous. He actually possesses a sense of honour (which the hero of the modern novel appears to consider a lack of imagination) and has, like all true heroes, amazing luck in getting out of a tight place. He sets out with ten guineas, instead of the fortune which he had every right to expect and, of course, the villain gets the ten guineas away in no time. Then he is mistaken for his rollicking cousin, to whom he bears an awkward and extraordinary resemblance, and gets into "scrapes" without number. There is a lady, to be sure, such a charming and spirited creature, to whom he is devoted in a fashion that only a knightly-hearted hero would understand. This is truly a romance with the fragrance of true homage, as well as the ring of honest strife in its course. The author has fairly followed the opening advice of the Tinker:

"As for your book, wot you have to do is to give 'em a little blood now and then with plenty of love and you can't go far wrong."

It is to be hoped that we have not followed the bad example of the advertisers. The book is not more fascinating and even more human than "*Lorna Doone*." It is not so good as "*The Prisoner of Zenda*" nor "*Under the Red Robe*." But it is so good that we are afraid it will not be a "best seller", and it is so delightful that we should like to see the author get the desire of his heart, whatever that might well happen to be. (Boston: Little, Brown, and Company,

Toronto: William Tyrrell and Company).

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BECAUSE Mrs. Anne Warner has given use such excellent literary tonics as "*The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary*" and "*Susan Clegg*," we could



MR. JEFFERY FARNOL  
WHOSE ROMANCE, "THE BROAD HIGHWAY," IS AN  
ADMIRABLE RECORD OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

pardon in her a good deal of imposition. However, not much excuse can be found for her latest novel, "*How Leslie Loved*," cleverly written though it be, except in as much as its humour might appeal to some persons and again in as much as others might regard it as a delightful satire on the frothings of the English aristocracy. The title is a good indication of the spirit, but the spirit is not the true spirit of the subject; that is, the book does not give a good general idea of the people whom one would meet in first-class London drawing-rooms. Undoubtedly it does not pretend to give such idea, and in that very lack of pretension and realisation it becomes at once, unfortunately, a misleading essay in fiction. If a novel gives a faithful account of some sphere in life, even if it fails as a romance, it is at least a slight achievement; but when it gives no true picture, except of several light-headed characters, it is regrettable. This book sketches a young American widow in England, and shows



her flitting about aimlessly from one social set to another and from one meaningless, harmless flirtation to another, while at the same time there is the suspicion of a genuine and tender passion back of everything else. And in the end it proves so to be. *Leslie* is a likable widow, with many adorable yet feminine weaknesses, and the only wholesome part of the book is her reconciliation with the lover who at the outset had caused a needless estrangement. Nevertheless, the book is entertaining in its way, and is intended mostly for the hammock on a warm day. (New York: Little, Brown and Company. Cloth, \$1.25).

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THE name of David Graham Phillips was so well-known as that of a popular American novelist, that his death in New York at the hands of a crazed assassin, has created a profound sensation. Just about a month ago, Mr. H. L. Mencken, one of the most discerning critics in the United States, drew attention to the increasing earnestness of Mr. Phillips's work and prophesied greater literary triumphs than this author had yet known.

Fitzhugh Coyle Goldsborough was the resounding name of the young man who made the murderous attack and who afterwards took his own life. Mr. Goldsborough was well-known in Toronto's musical circles, where his violin-playing was recognised as remarkable. His talent in poetic composition was also unmistakable, and, altogether, his gifts were those of a sensitive and high-strung nature. In appearance, he was refined and pleasing, although his manner occasionally showed the excitability and eccentricity which had since developed so lamentably.

The following verses, "Life and Death" have that melancholy sense of life's mystery which is often a crushing weight to the ultra-sensitive soul:

Before a tense arras of Hopes and Fears  
To watch the coquetries of Smiles and  
Tears—

This is our lot for ten and three-score  
years!

And then, a change,—Somewhere, the fading  
spark

Of a Soul,—a Body crumbling in the  
dark—

And on a lonely tomb—a Question Mark!

This quatrain, called "The Gamut" is in the same strain:

Sorrow leavens  
All our earthly bread.—'Tis well:  
Only those who climb from deepest Hell  
Storm the highest Heavens!

The poem, "Evolution" is on a higher philosophic level:

Heedless of Sound or Sight  
A Germ through Space was borne  
For æons of dim delay,—  
Till out of Chaos came Night—  
And Night was crowned by Dawn,  
And Dawn o'erwhelm'd by Day.

Witless of Storm or Strife  
Into a bowl of Dust  
A spark fell from above,—  
And into the Day came Life—  
And Life was crowned by Lust,  
And Lust o'erwhelm'd by Love!

The unfortunate musician was devoted to his violin with the fondness of the born artist, and in these lines, "The Violinist," shows his kinship with the quivering instrument:

Softly as sighs the Lethe-laden breath  
Of summer, or as beat the white moth's  
wings,

He drew his bow across the quivering  
strings—

When lo! an echo from the hills of  
Death—

An echo of the songs of many men  
Who centuries ago  
Sang on that violin their joy and pain,  
Now magically trembled in a strain  
Unhuman, wild, and mystically low!

\*

IN "Other Main Travelled Roads,"

Mr. Hamlin Garland has gathered a sheaf of stories, some of them from other volumes, some from earlier completed but still unused manuscripts. The stories were all written about the



same time as those of the other book, and in the same spirit. Admirers of Mr. Garland's work will recognise some old friends from "Prairie Folks," the stories "William Bacon's Man," "Elder Pill, Preacher," "Lucretia Burns" and one or two others. To these are added a few yet unknown sketches, a bit of verse to begin and to end the volume, and a preface. The stories are most of them hardly more than sketches. In but one or two cases is there any semblance of plot, and even here the construction is very loose and informal. But Mr. Garland has never been distinguished by firmness of construction in his work. His good points of keen and loving observations, gentle, kindly humour, an intimate sensing of Nature's more delicate moods and the power to interpret them—these are all to be found in the majority of the sketches in this latest volume. What Mr. Garland lacks as a writer, in sense and power of construction, he makes up by the definiteness of his life-philosophy.

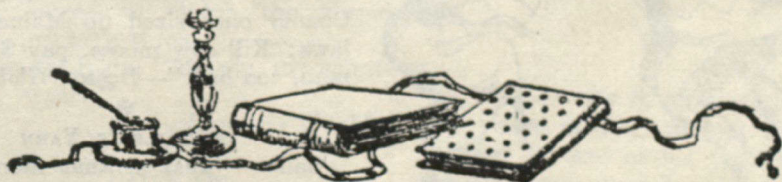
\*

THE poems of E. M. Yeoman have been published in a book intended only for private circulation. Mr. Yeoman, through his work, is fairly well known to readers of *The Canadian Magazine*. He was a young poet, and as Mr. Newton MacTavish says in his introduction to the volume, his name

"should be well placed on the list of Canadian writers, irrespective of what he might have attained had he lived longer." Mr. Yeoman died about a year ago. The work that he has left displays the temperament of the real poet.

\*

FOR most persons the facts of history are hard to remember and still harder to arrange in their proper order and relationship. With this general fact as a basis George E. Croscup conceived the idea that the easiest way to grasp the significance and relationship of historical facts is to study the subject with the eye to aid the memory, with the result that he has completed what has been named "Croscup's Synchronic Chart of United States History," and with its publication there is combined a chronological text by Earnest D. Lewis. Dates, facts, statistics, and even geographical features of history are by this method arranged before the keenest of the senses—sight. First, he has constructed a Chart which lies within the covers of an ordinary book, but which being unfolded shows at a single view the entire History of the United States, and much of its Geography as well. On this chart each century stands by itself, with its important events glaring at you in plain words. (Toronto: McClelland and Goodchild. Cloth, \$1.50).







## WHAT OTHERS ARE LAUGHING AT



### A SAD CASE

Beggar—"Pease help me to recover my child."

Lady—"Is your child lost?"

Beggar—"No, mum, but his clothes are worn out."—*Boston Transcript*.

\*

### POOR MARY

'Twas "Mary had a little lamb,"

Not many years ago.

But now she has to vegetate,

So high the prices go.

—*Princeton Tiger*.

\*

### CAUTION

"I have a remarkable history," began the lady who looked like a possible client.

"To tell or sell?" inquired the lawyer cautiously.—*Washington Herald*.



THE WIND DANCE

—*Le Rire (Paris)*

### A MODERN FAMILY

"Where is the cook?"

"She's in the kitchen preparing supper for the doctor's wife, dinner for the doctor, and breakfast for the students."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

\*

### THE SUBSTITUTE

Smith has a lovely baby girl,

The stork left her with a flutter.

Smith named her Oleomargarine,

For he hadn't any but her.

—*Judge*.

\*

### AFTER A BIG HAUL

"Binks used to be daft on the subject of buried treasure. What's he up to now?"

"He's got up an expedition to Asia Minor to try to find the place where Methuselah stored his birthday presents."—*Toledo Blade*.

\*

### COMPARATIVE PENALTIES

The recommendation of the Maine Game Commission for more severe treatment of careless hunters recalls the way an Indian in Washington County once sized up Maine's game laws: "Kill cow moose, pay \$100; kill man, too bad."—*Boston Globe*.

\*

### A SAILER'S YARN

Sailor—"Just at that moment my father received a bullet that cut off both his arms and legs and threw him into the sea. Fortunately, he knew how to swim."—*Le Rire*.



## GENEROUS

"He was always thought," said Uncle Ethan, reflectively, "to be one of the charitablest men in the whole town, and I guess he was. He always owned a plug hat, for one thing, and I never knew him to refuse to lend it to anybody.—*Youth's Companion*.

\*

## AND IN THE MEANTIME

Lady—"Can't you find work?"

Tramp—"Yeessum; but every one wants a reference from my last employer."

Lady—"And can't you get one?"

Tramp—"No, mum. Yer see, he's been dead twenty-eight years."—*London Punch*.

\*

## THE REAL REASON

"Can you tell me, my boy," said the prim teacher, "why the race is not always to the swift?"

"Yes'm," said the little boy, promptly. "It's because sometimes their tires bust."—*Baltimore American*.

\*

## THE DECLINED DRAMA

Blobbs—"Scribbler has had no less than nine plays rejected."

Slobbs—"What is he doing now?"

Blobbs—"Writing essays on the decline of the drama." — *Philadelphia Record*.

\*

## MAYBE THE PRINTER KNEW

"My pygmy counterpart," the poet wrote

Of this dear child, the darling of his heart;

Then longed to clutch the stupid printer's throat

That set it up, "My pig, my counterpart."

—*Harper's Weekly*.

\*

## LATER ON

"Isn't Miss Jones a pretty girl?"

"Not yet. She will be later on. She's her aunt's heiress."—*Lippincott's*.



"I SHAY—THAT FELLOW MUST A BEEN PARALYSED"

—*Life*

## GERMAN COURTESY

Cannibal Chief (to traveller before the cook stove)—"Have you no last wish to express?"

Traveller—"May good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

\*

## NOT EASY

"What is the hardest work you do?"

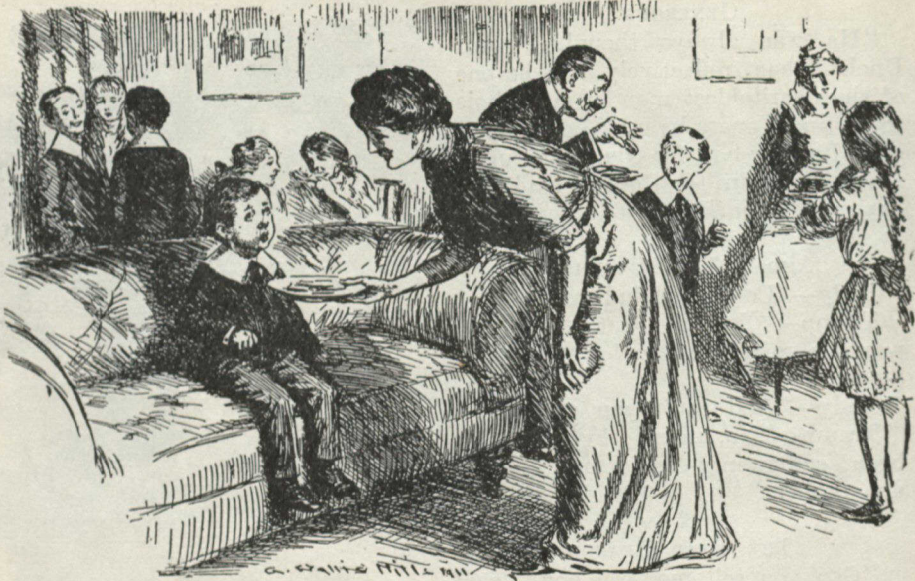
"My hardest work," replied Senator Sorghum, "is trying to look like my photograph and talk like my speeches when I get back to my home town."—*Washington Star*.

\*

## MINIATURE SPECIALISATION

A young medical student was being quizzed by one of his teachers: "In what will you specialise?" he was asked. "Diseases of the nostril," replied the student. "Good," said the professor, enthusiastically. "Which nostril?"—*Success*





HOSTESS—"Will you have some bread and butter, Darling?"  
 SMALL BOY—Bread and Butter! I thought this was a party!"

—Punch

#### REASONS

Professor—"Why did you come to college, anyway? You are not studying."

Willie Rahrah—"Well, mother says it is to fit me for the Presidency; Uncle Bill, to sow my wild oats; Sis, to get a chum for her to marry; and Pa, to bankrupt the family."—Puck.

\*

#### HOW THE FIGHT BEGAN

Violette—"I wish you would tell me how to get this pitch off my dress. I have tried everything I can think of."

Reginald—"You might try a song. You always get off the pitch when you sing."—Judge.

\*

#### NOTHING MUCH

"I don't know whether I ought to recognise him here in the city or not. Our acquaintance at the seashore was very slight."

"You promised to marry him, didn't you?"

"Yes, but that was all."—Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

#### MODERN METHOD

"I am a candidate for your hand."

"But my parents have endorsed another young man."

"All right; I'll run as an insurgent."—Houston *Chronicle*.

\*

#### BURNING UP THE ROAD

Elijah's chariot of fire was vanishing in the distance when the constable arrived.

"That old chap's a-hittin' her up at a high old rate of speed," he said, gazing at the distant vehicle. "Any of you fellers happen to ketch his number?"

"Nothin' doin'," murmured the crowd.

"Have ye got any idee who it wuz?" asked the constable.

"Yes," replied a bystander, "it was old man Elijah."

"Wa-al, I wanter know," ejaculated the constable, "what's this country comin' to when our very best folks'll go an' vi'lute the speed laws like that!"—Harper's *Weekly*.



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IS UNAPPROACHABLE IN QUALITY

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Bottled automatically—Never touched by hand.

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BEVERAGES

LABATT'S  
ALE, STOUT  
LAGER

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Gold, Silver, Bronze Medals

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LONDON  
CAN.

*Saylor's*

THE MASTERPIECE OF THE  
CONFECTIONER'S ART

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When you were engaged  
Why not now?

Our Candies made on the premises.  
130-132 YONGE ST. *Saylor's* TORONTO, ONT.



WOULD any SANE PERSON PAY 5c. a POUND  
—10c. a QUART—40c. a GALLON for WATER for  
WASHING AND CLEANING—IF ONE KNEW?



LET US QUOTE AN ADVERTISE-  
MENT FROM THE SOAP GAZETTE  
AND PERFUMER:

"SOAP POWDER MADE BY THE NEW  
PROCESS LOSES WEIGHT RAPIDLY  
BY EVAPORATION UNLESS IT IS  
SEALED IN AIR-TIGHT, MOISTURE-  
PROOF PACKAGES. SUCH PACK-  
AGES CANNOT BE MADE BY THE OLD  
METHODS SAVE AT PROHIBITIVE  
EXPENSE."

—just what happens when you buy a pack-  
age of Soap Powder because it looks big.

Some packages look big because they are  
Fluffed with Air and when fresh weigh as  
much as they look because they are Full of  
Water. Open one of them and see it lose  
weight day by day as the Water Evaporates.  
PEARLINE is Concentrated Soap Powder  
—to prove it—test PEARLINE as you do  
the Fluffy—Look-Big Packages.

One Tablespoonful of PEARLINE will  
do the work of two or three of these  
POPPED Powders. Popping is all right  
for CORN and WEASELS but not for  
Soap Powder.

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Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would re-  
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Never becomes Hard. Every particle can be consumed.

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**THE INGERSOLL  
PACKING CO., Limited**  
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## The Whole Family

May safely drink and enjoy

# POSTUM

BECAUSE, when properly brewed (according to directions) it is pleasing to the taste.

BECAUSE, it contains no coffee or other harmful substance.

BECAUSE, it is made of clean, hard wheat, including the phosphate of potash (grown in the grain) for supplying the growing brain and nerve cells in the child, and replacing the waste of cells from the activities of adult life.

The whole family can make a distinct gain if they care to.

## “There’s a Reason”

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Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,  
Windsor, Ontario.





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or send for a free trial package which makes 25 cups of delicious tea. We will mail it to you without charge. Say whether you use Black, Mixed or Green Tea and the price you pay per pound.



"Salada" sales are over 23,000,000 packages yearly—the largest in America.

# "SALADA"

## Ceylon Tea

### The Best Breakfast Beverage

Many people cannot drink coffee because it injures them. Others drink it in spite of the ill effects. "Salada" Ceylon Tea can be used by almost everyone with positive benefit. It is healthful as well as enjoyable; is gently stimulating without reaction.

"Salada" owes its acknowledged superiority to cultivation under the best conditions and to the scrupulous care used in selecting only the tender leaves and buds of the tea plant.

From picking to packing, machinery takes the place of human hands. Packed in sealed lead packages, "Salada" comes from tea plant to tea pot with its delicate fragrance and delicious flavor unimpaired.

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wonderfully simplified & lightened,  
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Do it ALL with  
Old Dutch Cleanser  
clean water and  
a cloth or brush



Its Many Uses  
& Full Directions  
on Large Sifter-Can 10¢



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# CORN SYRUP

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"CROWN BRAND SYRUP" is a food not only for children but for everyone—and it is used by everyone.

It is a table delicacy which should be in every home. It is the one thing that satisfies that longing for sweets which all healthy children and most adults have.

Used in the home, it saves trouble in the making up of delicious desserts and other good things to eat.

"CROWN BRAND SYRUP" stands for the highest possible purity in table syrup. It is prepared in a clean, wholesome manner from the very finest ingredients, which develop a delicious flavor as of honey and rich cream.

These are strong reasons why you should insist on having "CROWN BRAND SYRUP."

Your dealer has it for you in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. air-tight tins with lift-off lids.

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hard to satisfy**

**"More bread  
and better  
bread"**



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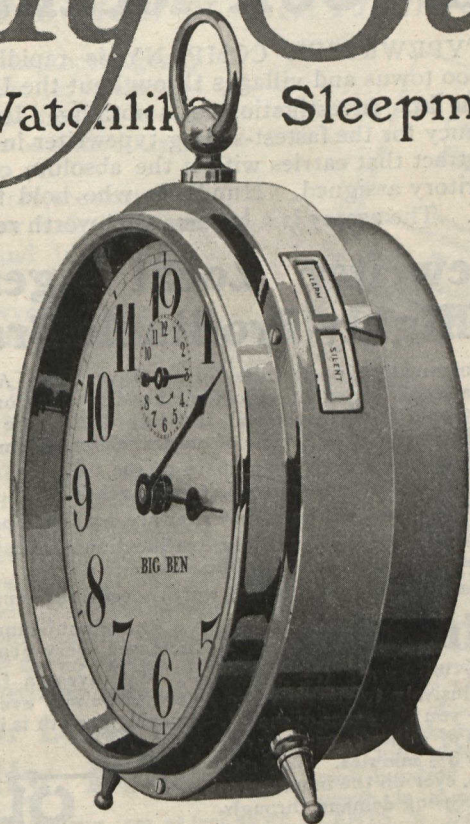
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# Big Ben

A Watchlike Sleepmeter



**T**HE traditional picture of an alarm clock is that of a flimsy looking affair that either rings like a fire gong or tinkles while you sleep on.

And the modern conception is that of BIG BEN—a watchlike, sturdy and long-lived sleepmeter that calls you gradually but promptly and calls until you catch on. — Big Ben stands

7 inches tall, massive, well poised, triple plated. His face is frank, open, easy to read—his keys large, strong, easy to wind—his voice clear, sunny, pleasant to hear.

It wakes you with one long steady call or stops your turn-over naps with successive gentle rings.

A community of clockmakers stands back of him, the Western Clock Company of La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A. — They will gladly tell you where you can see him.

**\$3.00**

(Canadian Price.)



# Get Exclusive Control of Oliver Typewriter Sales in YOUR locality!

**T**HE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY is rapidly extending its Agency System to 100,000 towns and villages throughout the United States and Canada. **Your town is on the list.** Investigation costs nothing. It may result in securing for yourself the Local Agency for the fastest-selling typewriter in the world. We make an Exclusive Agency Contract that carries with it the absolute control of all sales of Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned. Hundreds who hold these contracts make thousands of dollars a year. The agency is a **business asset worth real money.**

## Oliver Typewriter Local Agency Contract Is a Highly Profitable Franchise

To understand the money-making possibilities of an Oliver Local Agency, just bear in mind that it is an **exclusive franchise**—a legal document, officially signed by this Company—that allows you a profit on every Oliver Typewriter sold in the specified territory during the entire life of the arrangement, **whether the sale is closed by yourself or by one of our travelling salesmen.**

If you were offered a franchise giving you a share of the tolls on every Telegram or Telephone Message sent or received in your territory—wouldn't you cinch it?

**The Telegraph, the Telephone and the Typewriter are equally important agencies of public service.**

If your application is received in time and your qualifications are satisfactory, you get the profit on all local sales of the greatest typewriter in the public service to-day.

—A typewriter on which the patents alone are worth several millions of dollars.

## A Giant Industry

The Oliver Typewriter Works are the largest in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of typewriters. Here you see acres of machinery, manned by hundreds of experts, turning out a **finished typewriter every 3½ minutes.** This stupendous rate of production, ever on the increase, is necessitated by the never-ceasing demand throughout the entire world.

Our manufacturing facilities have been heavily increased every year since our incorporation.

We invest a **fortune** in new machinery and new buildings every year. The secret of this amazing growth is in the machine itself.

## The **OLIVER** Typewriter

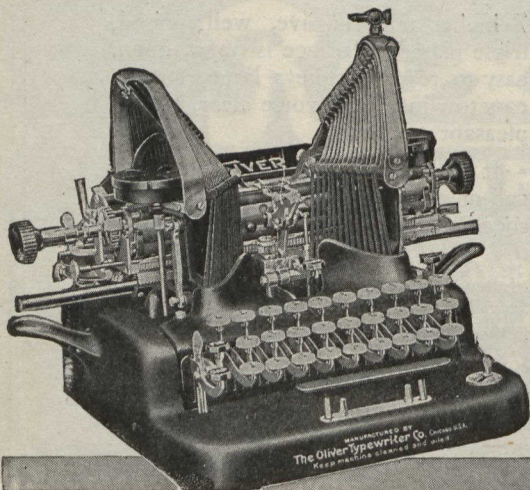
*The Standard Visible Writer*

The Oliver Typewriter has no counterpart. It is absolutely unique. It came in a blaze of glory, bearing aloft a **torch**,—the torch of "**VISIBLE WRITING.**"

To-day because of the Oliver, all standard typewriters are "**visibles!**"

The Oliver Typewriter delivers 100 per cent. of **efficiency.** It has a wider range of **practical uses,** a more extensive battery of **special conveniences,** than any other typewriter.

**Primary Simplicity** is the key-note of this "**Symphony in Steel.**" It has **hundreds of less parts** than its rivals. This **freedom** from complication is the secret of its greater **speed** and **endurance.** It works with the smooth precision of an **automatic machine.**





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**I**N larger towns and cities the Local Agency for the Oliver Typewriter demands one's **exclusive time**. In smaller towns and villages, the work can be done in **spare time**.

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We don't want anyone to apply for the agency solely to secure a \$125 typewriter at our wholesale price, but only where, if the agency is given him, the applicant intends not only to use and endorse the Oliver Typewriter **but to co-operate with us in placing other machines in the territory assigned him.**

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We have printed the "Opportunity Book" in order to give each enquirer the most **accurate** and **adequate** information. The book will tell you just what **we know** about the opportunity that awaits your grasp.

It paints no alluring pictures of success to be won without **effort**. It will not appeal to **idlers**. It's meant for those who **mean business**.

Its message is to virile, aggressive men, who fully understand that splendid rewards in **money** and **glory** must all be honestly **earned**.

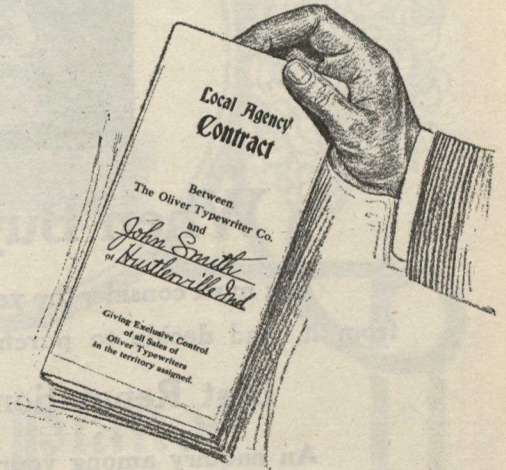
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**Best Reputation for Serviceability.**

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is recommended on all sides for its lasting sweetness of tone and for the long service it gives. Our new sales-rooms contain a complete stock of Grand, Self-Player and Upright Pianos.

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ARE AN INSPIRATION TO  
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Their intimate, sympathetic singing-tone quality of even purity from lowest to topmost note, combined with a richness and volume heretofore found only in Grand pianos of best foreign make, stimulate every effort of both pupil and teacher, and furnish an inspiration to higher musical achievement that is continued and abiding.

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BUILT TO LAST  
A LIFETIME.

THE

**Bell**

ARTISTIC  
**Pianos.**

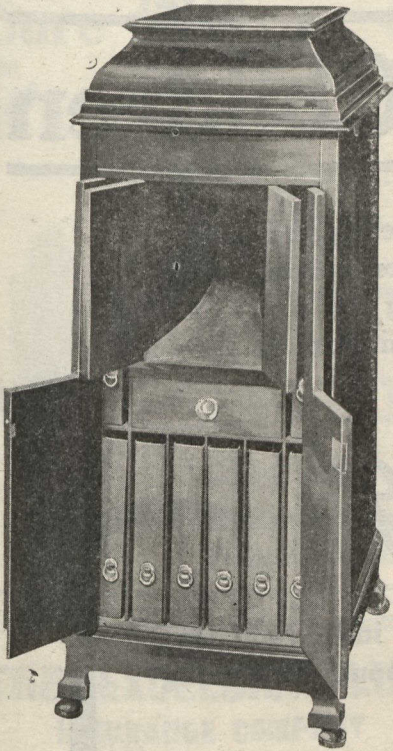
*A "Bell" Fantasia.*

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# Is Your Talking Machine In Style?



Talking machines with the **unsightly horn** in plain view are now considered out-of-date. The **Cabinet** machine has supplanted them in the most fashionable homes in America and Europe.

Some critical people have been kind enough to say that the Phonola is the handsomest cabinet talking machine they have ever seen. It is designed on plain, simple lines. The oak and mahogany is especially selected for the beauty of its grain, and polished by hand. In your drawing room or music room the Phonola will be an object of admiration. And it will be a source of much pleasure to you and to your whole family.

Ask the nearest Phonola agent to send the Phonola up to your home. Then listen to it play your favorite selections. You won't let the agent take the Phonola away after you've had it a few days.

**Save \$60  
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Because the Phonola is the only cabinet talking machine made in Canada, and because our profits are reasonable, our agents are enabled to sell you the Phonola for \$60 to \$90 less than other cabinet machines. You can have the Phonola in Oak or Mahogany, or finished to match any style of furnishings.

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# The Phonola

has a superb tone, due to the perfection of its construction. It has a Sound Box of exceptional merit, a Universal Tone Arm Joint, a Pressed Steel Turntable that will not warp, and the strongest motor built for talking machines. It has a clever device to prevent getting used and unused needles mixed. Many other desirable features too. Write for descriptive catalogue No. 65.

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**BERLIN,**

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# A Wholesome Food for Growing Children

A regular, plentiful diet of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes makes children strong and healthy—capable and willing for study and play. Serve it to your children at meal time and after school—

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Toasted Corn Flakes is an ideal food that builds up the body without burdening the digestive organs.

Look for the name  
on the package.

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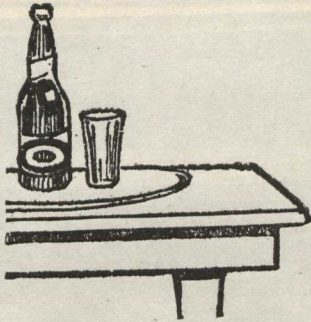


*Kellogg's* 10¢  
per pkg.  
**TOASTED  
CORN  
FLAKES**

Made in Canada, at London, Ontario.



Be  
Sure  
It's



**COSGRAVES'**  
**PALE ALE**

The ale with the flavor. It has all the rich nourishing elements of barley, malt and hops, and guaranteed absolutely pure.

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**D. FASKEN,**  
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After its purity and wholesomeness, the most distinguishing feature of

**KNOX**  
PURE & PLAIN  
SPARKLING  
**GELATINE**

is the hundreds of ways in which it can be used. It improves the soups, sauces and gravies—garnishes the meats—makes delicious jellies, salads and candies—gives fineness to the ices and ice creams.

**EASTER EGG DESSERT**

$\frac{1}{2}$  box Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water

1 teaspoonful vanilla  
2 cups milk or cream, scalded  
Soften gelatine in cold water 5 minutes; dissolve in hot milk; add sugar and flavoring; wash 12 large eggs; make pin hole in one end of each shell, larger opening in other end, shaking out contents from shell; rinse shells clean and drain; pour chilled but liquid pudding through funnel into shells; set them upright in broken ice. When ready to serve, remove shells and arrange contents in nest of orange, lemon or wine jelly; or spua sugar may be used for nest. The pink color may be dissolved in the hot mixture, imparting a tint to the eggs. Serve with whipped cream.

**Recipe Book  
FREE**

"Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," containing recipes for Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Ices, Ice Cream and Candies, illustrated in colors, sent FREE for your grocer's name.

Print sample for 2c stamp and your grocer's name.



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499 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.  
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## Don't Put Paper on Your Pantry Shelves

It's a nuisance and a bother—doesn't look tidy, and quickly tears and soils—dust and grime slip underneath it. It isn't waterproof; every time you wash the wood, you must replace the paper, and you must leave your pots and pans hanging around for half an hour until the wood dries. Coat your shelves with

# JAP-A-LAC

Made in 18 Colors  
and Natural (Clear)

Renews everything from cellar to garret

### and Make Them Sanitary, Wholesome and Attractive

Drop in at the dealer's and order a can of white Jap-a-lac. You need no experience to use it. It brushes readily and flows evenly and dries out quickly, leaving a fine, high, permanent gloss like the glaze on a china plate.

It wears for months without replacing. It won't discolor; you can wash it every day without affecting its finish. A damp cloth will remove any dust or stains.

Do the same thing with the top of your kitchen table, and tear off that strip of dingy, smelly oil-cloth. The oil-cloth costs more than Jap-a-lac, and isn't nearly as good. It won't last one-fourth as long, and can't be kept really clean from the moment that it begins to crack.

There's a Natural "Clear" Jap-a-lac with which to restore your hardwood floors. It's as elastic as a coat of rubber. Won't crack or whiten, and keeps its glistening, beautiful polish after months of scrubbing.

Don't sell your dingy furniture to the second-hand man. Buy a can of Oak or Mahogany or Black or White Jap-a-lac, and put it back in the same shape that it was the day you bought it.

Varnish your pictures with Jap-a-lac. Ask for Natural, a colorless, clear finish which will restore all the tints in the most delicate oil paintings—thin it with turpentine.



### You simply can't keep house without Jap-a-lac

If you want to know of the thousands of things for which it is used, send for a book which tells you ten times as much as this advertisement has room to discuss. When you buy Jap-a-lac, be sure that you get it. Jap-a-lac is a trade-marked name. There's only one sort, and it's made by The Glidden Varnish Company. There is no substitute. All sizes, 25c to \$3.50. There is a dealer everywhere.

Cleveland, O.

**THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY**  
Factories

Toronto, Ont.





# "Fashion-Craft"

## Clothes

### Chesterfield Utility Overcoat

No wardrobe complete without it. Made in various ways, the most stylish and becoming of which are silk lined, or silk faced, as shown here which is an exact reproduction

**Priced \$20.00 to \$30.00**

Every clothing store keeps Chesterfield overcoats

**But Not Fashion-Craft**

If interested, examine both and we are sure of the verdict. **SAME PRICE**

RAFT"  
39

**But**

**DIFFERENT IN EVERYTHING ELSE**

**TORONTO AGENCIES:**

**22 King Street West, P. Bellinger, Prop.**

**102 Yonge Street, Herb. Irving, Mgr.**



# How do You do Your Washing?



Old Fashioned Wash Tub Way.

Do you do it over the old-fashioned wash tub, with all its back-breaking, nerve-racking troubles, leaving you tired out and useless?

Do you do it with the aid of a poorly-constructed hard-on-the-clothes washing machine which is very little easier on you than the old wash tub way and even harder on the clothes?

Do you send it to a public laundry, take the chance of having your clothes come home covered with loathsome disease germs through mixing with clothes from filthy homes; with the life eaten out of the fabric by the strong acids used, and torn and worn by the careless pulling and rubbing?

Or do you do it with the aid of a NEW-CENTURY-WASHER—the Cummer-Dowswell way—which cuts out all the hard labor and washes your clothes sweet and clean without rubbing or injuring them in the slightest?

**Wash your Clothes the Cummer-Dowswell way and save yourself and your clothes.**

Our booklet, "Aunt Salina's Philosophy," tells the whole story and gives you a lot of valuable pointers on washing all kinds of fabrics and removing stains therefrom. Ask us to send you this free.

For sale at the busy store in every city and town or direct.

**CUMMER-DOWSWELL  
LIMITED  
HAMILTON - ONTARIO**



The Cummer-Dowswell Way.





**T**HIS is a message to the world's grand army of women who do the housework, and who want to do it *better*, and at a saving of time and labor. **CHEER UP—**

# Dust Every Day With LIQUID VENEER

*Not a furniture polish.* Just use it on a common cheese-cloth duster and dust the usual way—that's all. Everything on which it is used **CHEERS UP** immediately. The dust is removed and the original beautiful finish restored, *all in the one simple dusting operation.* Renews instantly the appearance of chairs, tables, pianos, bureaus, beds, metal work, enameled surfaces and chandeliers. Fine for hard-wood floors.

In fact **LIQUID-VENEER** is *good* for everything and everything is *better* for **LIQUID VENEER.**

## Trial Bottle Free

Prove for yourself the great **CHEER UP** qualities of **LIQUID VENEER** by getting a free sample, fully prepaid and duty free. Simply sign and mail the attached "CHEER UP" coupon to day. Then you will know what **LIQUID VENEER** will do, and that it will make housework a *pleasure* instead of a dread. There is nothing "just as good" as **LIQUID VENEER.**

NOW is the time to mail the coupon.

**Buffalo Specialty  
Company**

1 Liquid Veneer Bldg.  
Buffalo, N.Y.



"CHEER UP"  
BUFFALO  
SPECIALTY  
CO., 1 Liquid  
Veneer Bldg.  
Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send me fully prepaid, duty free, and without any charge or obligation to me, sample bottle of **LIQUID VENEER.**

Name.....

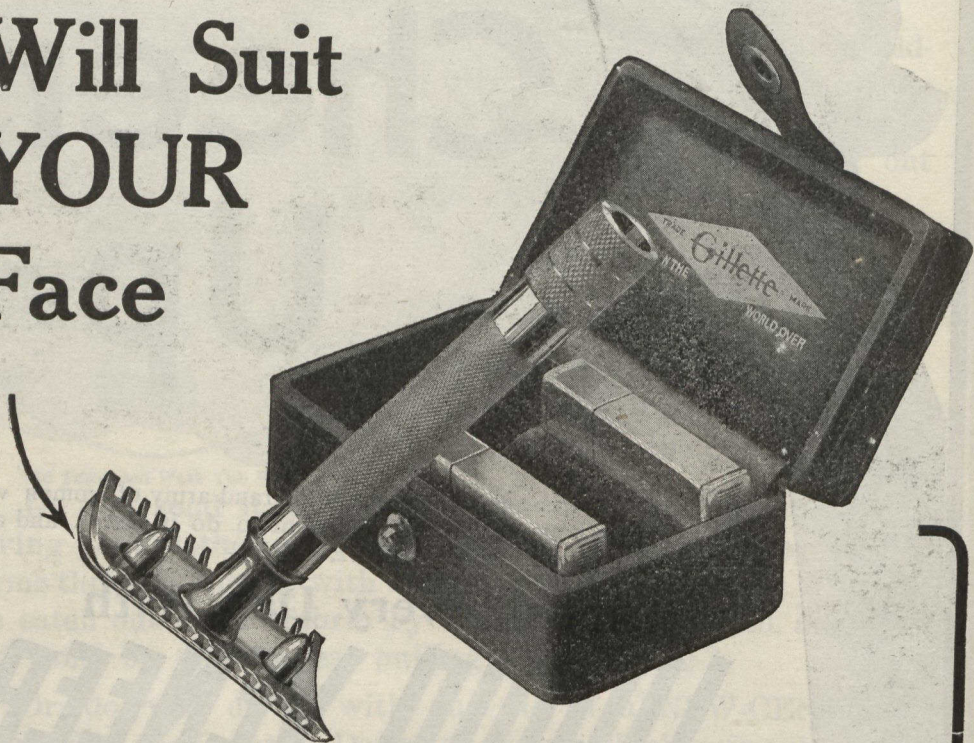
Street & No.....

City & State.....



# The Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

Will Suit  
YOUR  
Face



**The GILLETTE is the only razor that adapts itself to your individual needs.**

Whether your skin be tender or your beard tough—whether you want a light or a close shave—a slight turn of the screw handle instantly adjusts the GILLETTE blade to give you exactly what you want.

It's not a case of handling a razor so carefully and so skilfully that you make up partially for what it lacks—you simply pick up the GILLETTE and **shave**. The care, the skill and the adaptability have been put into the razor itself, so that any man can get a clean, quick, safe and comfortable shave with a GILLETTE the first time he tries.

Ask your hardware dealer, druggist or jeweler to show you the Standard Sets at \$5.00 and Pocket Editions at \$5.00 to \$6.00.

**The Gillette Safety Razor Co., of Canada, Limited**  
63 Alexander St., MONTREAL.

Offices also in NEW YORK (Times Building), CHICAGO (Stock Exchange Building), LONDON, ENGLAND and SHANGHAI, CHINA.



Factories at Montreal, Boston, Leicester, Berlin, Paris.



# von Gal made Hats



## The Standards of Style

It is widely recognized that *von Gal made Hats* set the pace in style for this Continent. Worn by men of fashion everywhere, they have an actual *look of leadership* that make them the ideal hats for the progressive business or professional man. See these hats of distinction at your local dealer's or write for our new FREE Spring and Summer Style Book B.

*E. J. von Gal Co. Ltd.*

Canadian Factory  
Niagara Falls,  
Ontario.

BRANCH OF  
**Hawes von Gal**  
INCORPORATED  
New York, U. S. A.

American Factory  
Danbury,  
Conn.

**BRIGHTEN UP** Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using WASHBURN'S PATENT PAPER FASTENERS

**75,000,000**  
SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.

Trade **O.K.** Mark

Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and "they always work." Made of brass in 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 fasteners each.

**HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG No Slipping, NEVER**

All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A. NO 1 B

**Smith, Kerry & Chace**

Consulting and Constructing Engineers

[Confederation Life Building, etc.]

**TORONTO!**

**\* ALSO**

**Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver**

C. B. Smith, J. G. G. Kerry, W. G. Chace





DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

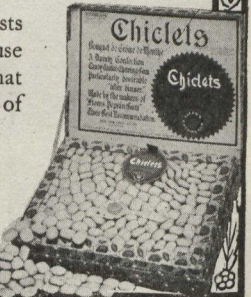
# Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

## The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Just ask your doctor what *he* thinks of Chiclets. Doctors, dentists and trained nurses use and recommend Chiclets for their patients' use and use them themselves in the sick-room, the office or home. That exquisite peppermint, the *true* mint, makes Chiclets the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores  
5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets  
CANADIAN CHEWING GUM CO., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Can.



GANONG'S  
THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND  
CHOCOLATES



FOR ALL PARTIES

Lunch, Five O'clock, Dinner,  
Bridge, Theatre, Week-end, Holiday.

THE DELICIOUS G.B. CHOCOLATES





The Original  
1857



BABY'S  
Health and  
Happiness  
are assured  
by the proper  
use of

# BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

Send for Baby's Book  
**Borden's Condensed Milk Co.**  
New York

# Your Child's EYES



Nature did not foresee the Modern Schoolroom—or she would have given to every Child's Eye a Natural Supply of Murine. It's the most Delicate and Sensitive of all the Organs, this splendid little Mechanism called the Eye—yet Modern conditions demand of it almost Impossible Things. Nothing else that's Human would stand the

Strain. The Schoolroom with its Chalk Dust, Bad Lighting, and Strenuous Demands plays havoc with the Child's unaided and unprotected Optics, leads to "Four-Eyed Inconvenience" and Real Trouble. But—Murine supplies the Need: it helps Nature out of the Dilemma. What Nourishing Food is to the Tired Body—what Good Oil is to the Dry Bearing—that Murine is to the Eye. Don't send your Child to School today—or any day—until its Eyes have been washed Clean and well "Oiled" with Murine. It can not harm. It can not help but Benefit and Strengthen. Phone your Druggist to send you a Bottle—today. Don't delay. Now is the time that the Whole Family should begin to use Murine Eye Remedy.

Write to the Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for A B C Eye Care Book Free



# Blankets Cleaned

We've a special process for cleaning blankets that raises the nap and makes them soft and downy. They are returned to you sweet, fresh, and newlike.

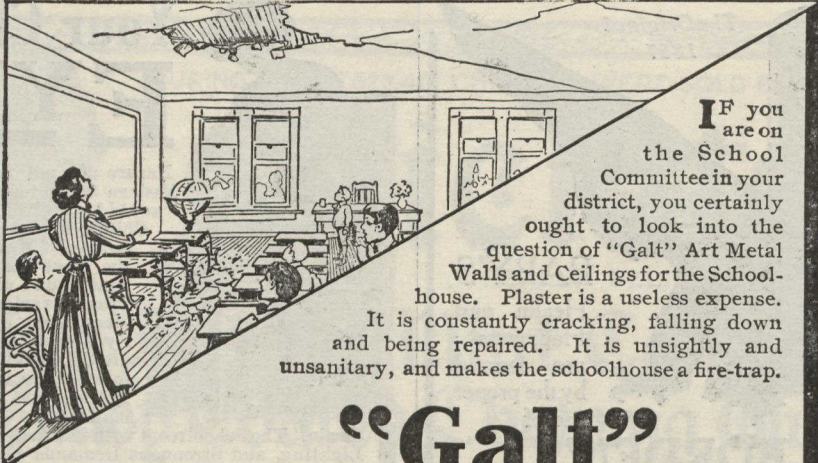
It is really unwise to trust your fine-quality blankets to ordinary cleaning methods.

*Telephone or send postal and we will call.*

## Parker's Dye Works, Toronto, Canada

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN ALL PARTS OF CANADA





**I**F you are on the School Committee in your district, you certainly ought to look into the question of "Galt" Art Metal Walls and Ceilings for the Schoolhouse. Plaster is a useless expense. It is constantly cracking, falling down and being repaired. It is unsightly and unsanitary, and makes the schoolhouse a fire-trap.

# "Galt"

## Art Metal

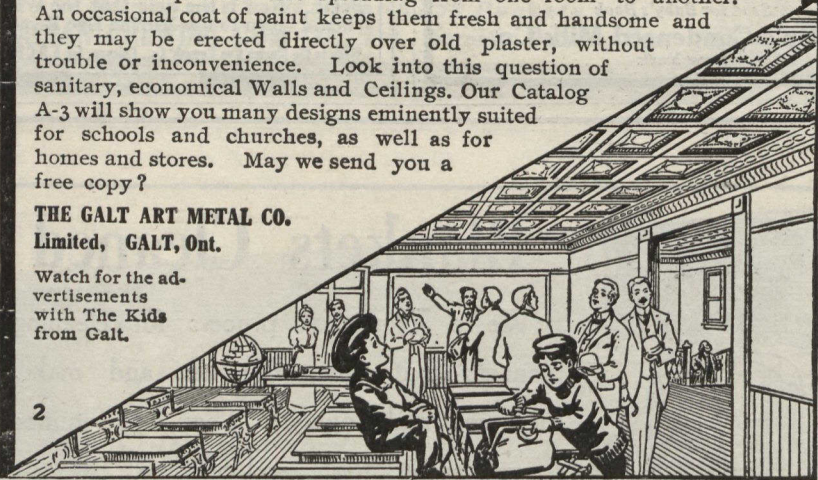
### Walls and Ceilings

are unaffected by jarring, heat, cold or moisture. They cannot crack or fall down—and will last a lifetime. They are fire-proof themselves—and thus prevent fire spreading from one room to another. An occasional coat of paint keeps them fresh and handsome and they may be erected directly over old plaster, without trouble or inconvenience. Look into this question of sanitary, economical Walls and Ceilings. Our Catalog A-3 will show you many designs eminently suited for schools and churches, as well as for homes and stores. May we send you a free copy?

**THE GALT ART METAL CO.**  
Limited, GALT, Ont.

Watch for the advertisements with The Kids from Galt.

2



For the Treatment of All  
**Alcoholic and Drug Addictions**  
**Tobacco and Neurasthenia**

750,000 Patients Treated  
30 Years Established

Correspondence Strictly Confidential  
Ladies Treated Privately

1253 Dundas St., Toronto, Ont.

Phone  
P. 747





Five-Acre Orange Orchards in the Houston-Galveston District are now paying at the rate of \$2,000 to \$5,000 annually.

## Own a Money-Making Orange Orchard In Texas

We plant the trees, cultivate and care for them for three years and turn over to you a developed orchard at bearing age.

The Texas Gulf Coast is the land of opportunity today!

It has passed the experimental stage—orange and fig growers are taking princely incomes from small orchards of five to ten acres each.

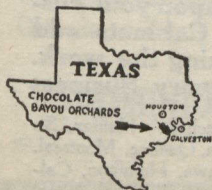
To mention only a few, Mr. Boicourt, shown in the above picture, is making \$640 per acre; Mr. Stout sold \$6,363 worth of oranges from 6½ acres, Mr. Gill's orchard is earning \$1,000 per acre.

Satsuma oranges, because of their delicious flavor and early ripening, pay bigger profits than Florida and California varieties, and begin bearing two to four years earlier. Magnolia figs, a fruit so popular that the fig-preserving plants cannot fill a third of the orders they receive, bear commercial crops the third year and yield amazing returns.

### We Grow the Orchard for You

You needn't leave your present position—you are relieved of all responsibility and anxiety—and yet we make it easy for you to share in profits like these.

Under our plan we furnish the land and trees; plow, plant and cultivate for a period of three years; caring for the orchard until it reaches a bearing age, when we deliver to you a



guaranteed scientifically developed orchard. If it is inconvenient for you to take over your orchard at the end of the contract period, we will continue to care for it. Under normal conditions the orchard should be paying its own installments after the first commercial bearing year.

### "Chocolate Bayou Orchards"

lie in the richest section of the Texas Gulf Coast country. We own 30,000 acres in Brazoria County, 29 miles south of Houston and 20 miles west of Galveston—the heart of the orange and fig growing industry. This immense tract extends for 12 miles along Chocolate Bayou, a deep-water stream, navigable to the Gulf. Both rail and water transportation.

#### Send for FREE Booklet

Our illustrated 32-page booklet gives full information—shows our advantages—2,000 miles nearer markets than California, 45 inches rainfall, mild winters, pleasant summers, what owners are making, and explains our plan in detail.

Send the coupon today for the Free Booklet. (17)

Texas Orchard Development Company  
Capital \$1,500,000, Fully Paid  
134 Stewart Bldg., Houston, Texas  
Please send me copy of your booklet,  
"Chocolate Bayou Orchards."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

P. O. \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



CONVENIENCE  
COMFORT  
DIGNITY  
ELEGANCE  
IN OFFICE  
FURNITURE



The appearance of your Office has a great influence upon your customers. "Office Specialty" Office Furniture and Filing Cabinets add greatly to the appearance of any office, besides systematizing the work.

Our Catalogues are printed in colors—very useful to every Business Man. Mailed gladly upon request.

HEAD OFFICE ;  
TORONTO

**OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.**  
LIMITED

Branches :—Halifax, St.  
John, Quebec, Montreal.  
Ottawa, Hamilton, Cal-  
gary, Regina, Vancouver.



# NON RUSTABLE D & A CORSET

## The Corset Makes The Gown



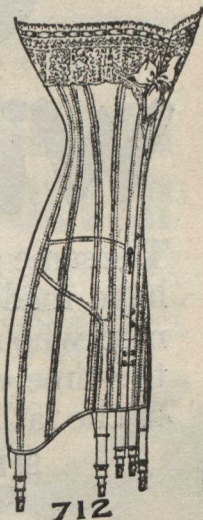
When you see a woman with that indefinable air of being absolutely well-dressed, you may be sure she is wearing a good corset.

The D & A and the La Diva Corsets are steadily displacing all competitors in the favor of Canadian women.

Our designers get their ideas fresh from Paris and these ideas are faithfully carried out by our large organization of the most skilful work-people on the continent.

There is about the D & A and the La Diva Corsets the unmistakable touch of style. They give to the figure long sweeping lines of grace and beauty.

All good stores carry the D & A and the La Diva Corsets, in models suited to every figure and at prices ranging from \$1.00 up to \$5.00. The illustration shows D & A No. 712, which sells at \$2.75. This is a model well suited to many figures, and has very graceful lines. Any imported corset of equal merit sells in Canada at about \$4.00.



**DOMINION CORSET CO., QUEBEC, Que.**



# Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

A little difference in quality often makes a big difference in results. The soothing, refreshing, antiseptic lather of Williams' Shaving Soap distinguishes it from other kinds. This difference may not be apparent the first time you use it, but in the course of a few days it is unmistakable. The better condition of your face shows it.



Note the convenient sanitary hinged-covered boxes

# Williams' *Quick & Easy* Shaving Powder

The same good shaving soap, having the qualities that have made the Williams name a household word to men who shave, is sold in powdered form. It shortens the time of shaving without impairing the efficiency of the lather.

**SPECIAL OFFER**

A miniature sample package of either Williams' Tale Powder, Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap or Dentalactic Tooth Powder, mailed for 4 cents in stamps. All five articles in neat combination package for 16 cents in stamps. Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.



**Oakey's**

**SILVERSMITHS' SOAP**

For Cleaning Plate

**Oakey's**

**EMERY CLOTH**

Glass Paper, Flint Paper

**Oakey's**

**"WELLINGTON" KNIFE POLISH**

Best for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery

**Oakey's**

**"WELLINGTON" BLACK LEAD**

Best for Stoves, etc.

OAKEY'S GOODS SOLD EVERYWHERE

JOHN OAKEY & SONS, LTD.

Wellington Mills, London, Eng., S.E.

EE

**SPEAKING**

FROM

**EXPERIENCE**

EE



**THE DOCTOR: "Ah! yes, restless and feverish. Give him a Steedman's Powder and he will soon be all right."**

**Steedman's Soothing Powders**

EE

**CONTAIN**

**NO**

**POISON**

EE

**IVER JOHNSON**



NIGHT-WATCHMAN

**I**s your revolver accurate?

In ordinary revolvers the barrel and cylinder chambers are not always in true alignment—the bullet is clipped, fails to take the rifling properly and tumbles over and over—erratic and dangerous.

A wonderful, new, automatic cylinder-making machine (of our own invention), which is incapable of inaccuracies, insures in every

**IVER JOHNSON**  
**Safety Automatic REVOLVER**

an absolutely perfect alignment of barrel and chamber. The new Iver Johnson is acknowledged by famous experts to be the most accurate sidearm in the world.

It is also the most dependable; for all springs are of unbreakable, permanent-tension piano wire. Finally, it is the only revolver that is made absolutely safe from accidental discharge by the famous

**"Hammer the Hammer"**

safety device, our exclusive patent.

To prevent substitution of obsolete models and limit sale to proper persons, distribution is confined to resident dealers, licensed under our patents. Mail-order houses are not licensed.

**IVER JOHNSON'S**  
**ARMS AND**  
**CYCLE WORKS**

145 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.







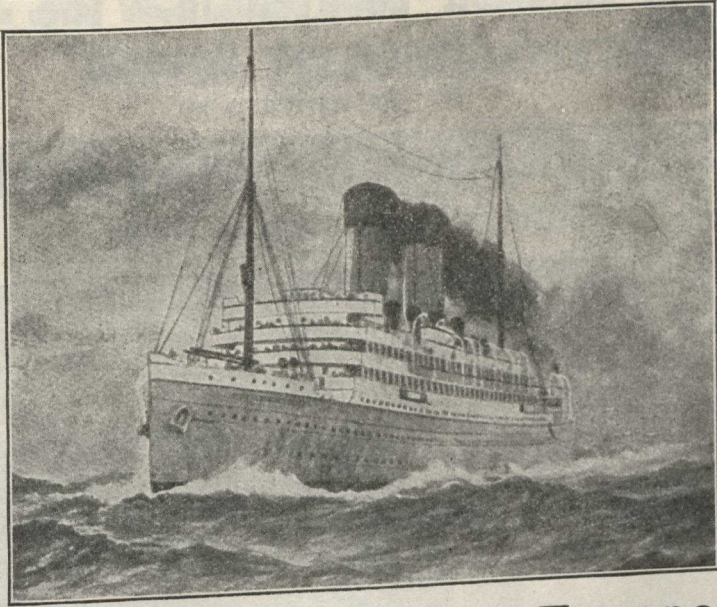
# TRAVEL

According to population, more people in Canada travel extensively than in any other country in the world. That is one reason why **The Canadian Magazine** has been regarded as the medium that gives the best results from advertisements of transportation companies, hotels and tourist resorts at home and abroad. Suggestions for travel can be found in the following pages, and should further information be desired, it can be obtained without charge by addressing,

*The Canadian Magazine*  
Travel Bureau

15 Wellington Street East  
TORONTO CANADA





## The "Royal" Line to Europe

(St. Lawrence River Route)

Sailing fortnightly from Montreal and Quebec to Bristol—  
the Triple Turbine Express Steamers

**ROYAL GEORGE**

**ROYAL EDWARD**

Triple screws, Marconi Wireless, Deep Sea Tele-  
phones, passenger elevators, broad promenade decks,  
Thermo Tank system of ventilation, Bilge keels, 12,000  
tons displacement.

The delightful trip down the St. Lawrence shortens  
the actual sea voyage by nearly two days. The landing  
at Bristol, the most interesting port in England, cuts  
the railroad journey to London in half. The "ROYAL"  
Line offers the shortest sea route, covered by the swiftest  
steamers, the shortest rail route, covered by the fastest  
trains, and the utmost limit of luxury throughout the  
voyage.

For full particulars see:—

P. MOONEY, General Agent, Canadian Northern Steamships,	HALIFAX, N.S.
GUY TOMBS, " " " "	MONTREAL, Que.
H. C. BOURLIER, " " " "	TORONTO, Ont.
Wm. STAPLETON, " " " "	WINNIPEG, Man.



**GRAND  
TRUNK  
RAILWAY  
SYSTEM**

The Finest Fishing Resorts in  
America Located in "The High-  
lands of Ontario"

REACHED BY

# The Grand Trunk Railway System

THE DOUBLE TRACK TOURIST ROUTE



RESULT OF A DAY'S FISHING IN TEMAGAMI DISTRICT

## THE KIND YOU CATCH AND WHERE THEY ARE CAUGHT

MUSKOKA LAKES—Black Bass, Pickerel, Salmon Trout.

KAWARTHA LAKES—Speckled Trout, Black Bass and Maskinonge.

LAKE OF BAYS—Speckled Trout, Salmon Trout and Black Bass.

ALGONQUIN PARK—Speckled Trout, Black Bass and Salmon Trout.

TEMAGAMI—Black Bass, Lake Trout, Speckled Trout, Wall-eyed Pike.

LAKE NIPISSING—Black Bass, Maskinonge, Pickerel, Pike.

GEORGIAN BAY—Black Bass, Salmon Trout, Lake Trout, Pickerel, Pike.

## OPEN SEASONS

Black Bass—June 16th to April 14th following year.

Speckled Trout—May 1st to September 14th.

Salmon Trout and Lake Trout—December 1st to October 31st following year.

Maskinonge—June 16th to April 14th following year.

Pickerel—May 16th to April 14th following year.

Write for copy of "HAUNTS OF FISH AND GAME" giving full particulars of game laws, license regulations, maps, etc., to any of the following agents:

**A. E. DUFF, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.**

**J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.**

**W. E. DAVIS,**  
Pass. Traffic Mgr.,  
MONTREAL.

**G. T. BELL,**  
Asst. Pass. Traffic Mgr.,  
MONTREAL.

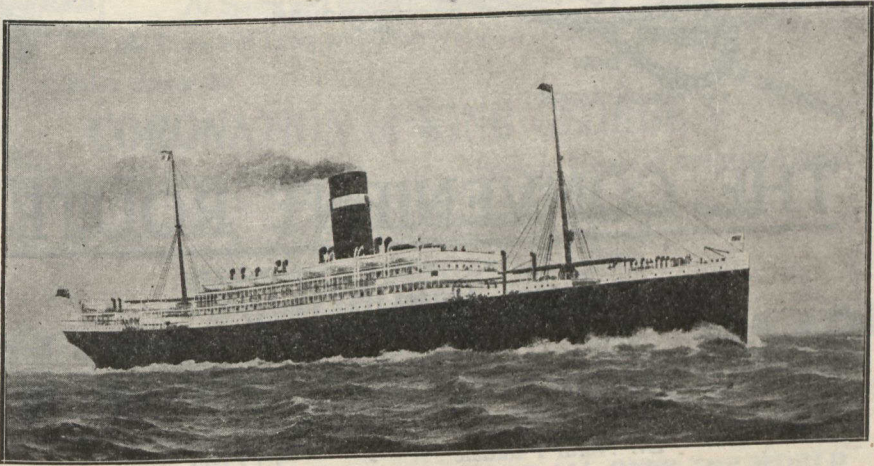
**H. C. ELLIOTT,**  
General Pass. Agent,  
MONTREAL.



# ALLAN LINE

## ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

ESTABLISHED 1854



### SUMMER SAILINGS 1911.

From Montreal to Liverpool and Glasgow.

### The Picturesque St. Lawrence Route.

In view of the great demand for accommodation on account of the Coronation, we submit the following Summer Sailings, and advise Clients and Friends to book passage as early as possible to secure good accommodation.

#### To Liverpool

STEAMER	FROM MONTREAL
CORSICAN	Fri. May 5 3.30 a.m.
*VIRGINIAN	Fri. May 12 3.00 a.m.
TUNISIAN	Fri. May 19 3.30 a.m.
*VICTORIAN	Fri. May 26 3.00 a.m.
CORSICAN	Fri. June 2 3.30 a.m.
*VIRGINIAN	Fri. June 9 3.00 a.m.
TUNISIAN	Fri. June 16 3.00 a.m.
*VICTORIAN	Fri. June 23 9.00 a.m.

#### To Glasgow

STEAMER	FROM MONTREAL
IONIAN	Sat. May 6 4.00 a.m.
GRAMPIAN	Sat. May 13 4.00 a.m.
SCOTIAN	Sat. May 20 4.00 a.m.
HESPERIAN	Sat. May 27 4.00 a.m.
IONIAN	Sat. June 3 4.00 a.m.
GRAMPIAN	Sat. June 10 4.00 a.m.
SCOTIAN	Sat. June 17 4.00 a.m.
HESPERIAN	Sat. June 24 4.00 a.m.

\*Royal Mail Steamers.

Saloon; \$77.50 and \$87.50 Upwards.

Second Saloon; \$47.50 and \$50.00, Upwards.

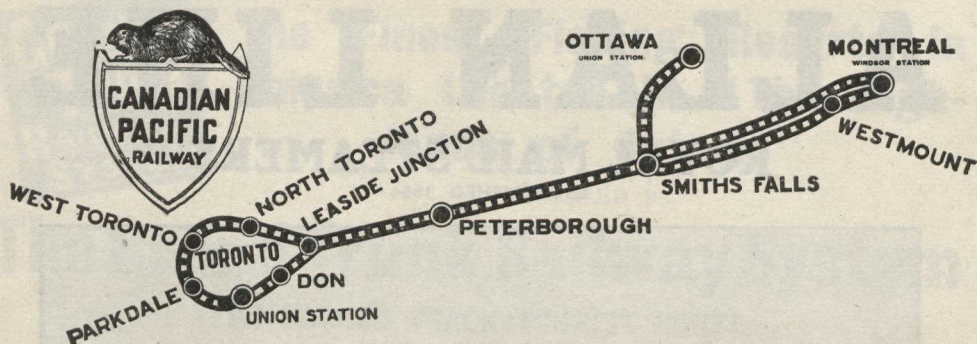
"Grampian" and "Hesperian"  
Saloon; \$67.50 and upwards.  
Second Saloon; \$47.50 and upwards.  
"Scotian" and "Ionian" one  
class steamer, \$45.00 and upwards.

THE ALLAN LINE  
TORONTO

SEND FOR  
CIRCULARS

H. & A. ALLAN  
MONTREAL





## THE CONVENIENT ROUTE

### From TORONTO to PETERBORO, OTTAWA, MONTREAL

Lv. North Parkdale	-	9.15 p.m.
Lv. West Toronto	-	9.30 p.m.
Ar. North Toronto	-	9.40 p.m.
Lv. NORTH TORONTO		10.00 p.m.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

Ar. PETERBORO 12.10 a.m.; Ar. OTTAWA 6.50 a.m.; Ar. MONTREAL 7.00 a.m.

Will Stop at Westmount

### **THROUGH SLEEPERS for OTTAWA and MONTREAL**

Passengers may remain in same until 8.00 a.m.

## Montreal, Ottawa to Toronto

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

Lv. Montreal	-	10.45 p.m.
Lv. Ottawa	-	11.20 p.m.
Lv. Peterboro	-	5.50 a.m.
Ar. NORTH TORONTO		7.50 a.m.
Ar. West Toronto		8.05 a.m.

**THROUGH SLEEPERS from MONTREAL and OTTAWA**





# EUROPE



70 Spring and Summer Tours to all parts of Europe, comprising Tours *de Luxe* and Long and Short Vacation Tours. Several itineraries include

London during the

## CORONATION of KING GEORGE V.

Tours to North Cape, Russia, etc.

Summer Tours to Oriental Lands

Inclusive Fares \$150 to \$1,270

Spring Tours to Japan, China, Manchuria, Round the World

Tours to Bermuda, Jamaica, Cuba, California, etc.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS BY ALL LINES

Illustrated Descriptive Programmes from

## THOS. COOK & SON

65 Yonge St., Traders Bank Bldg., Toronto  
NEW YORK

Montreal, 530 St. Catharine St. West

PHILADELPHIA, 137 So. Broad St.

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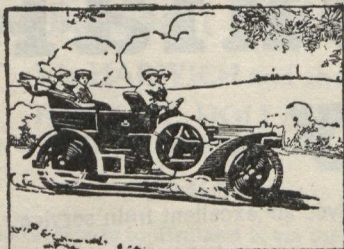
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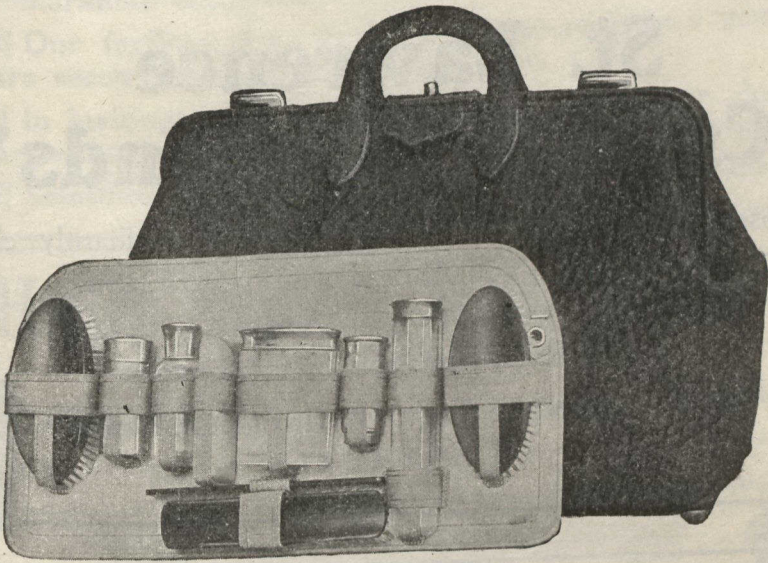
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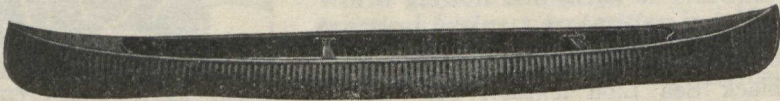
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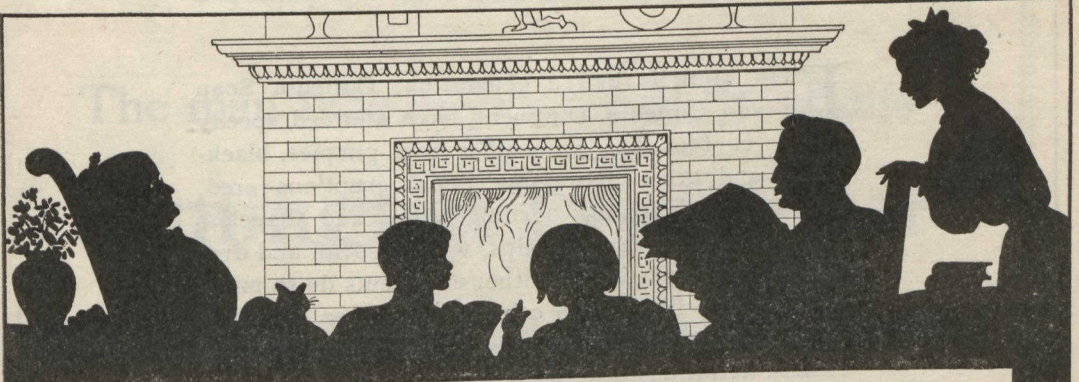


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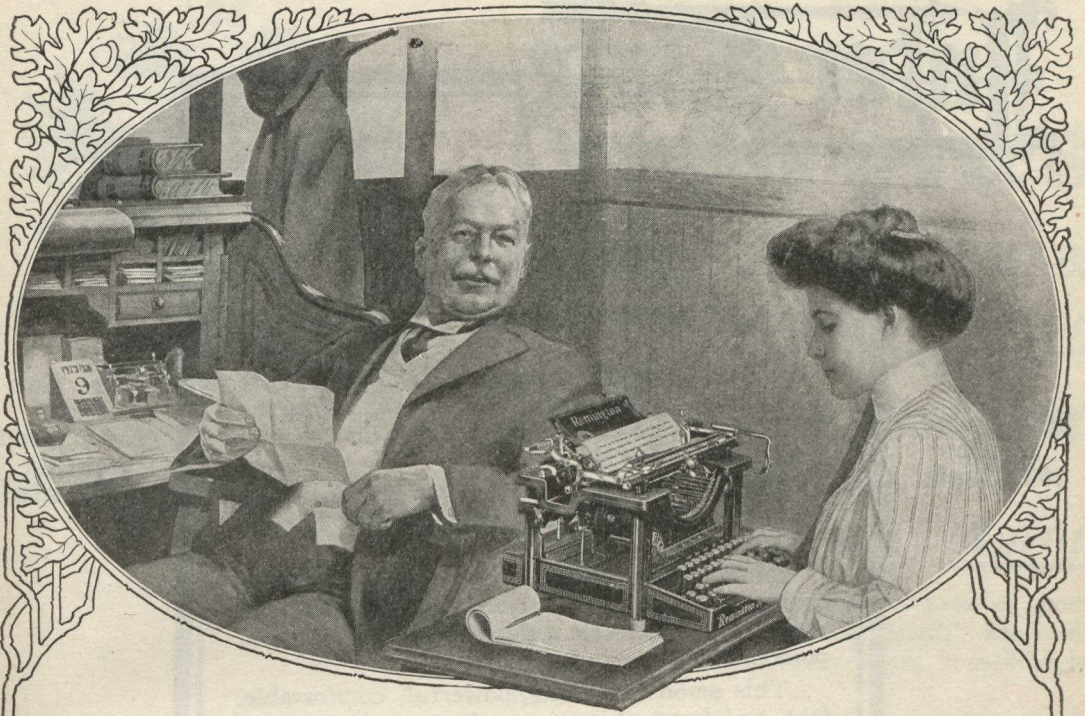
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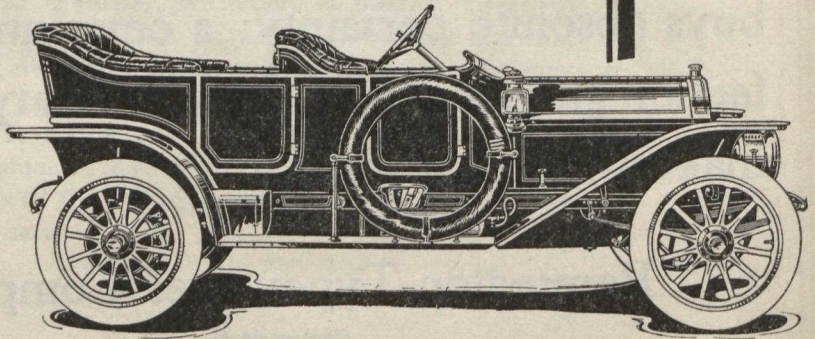
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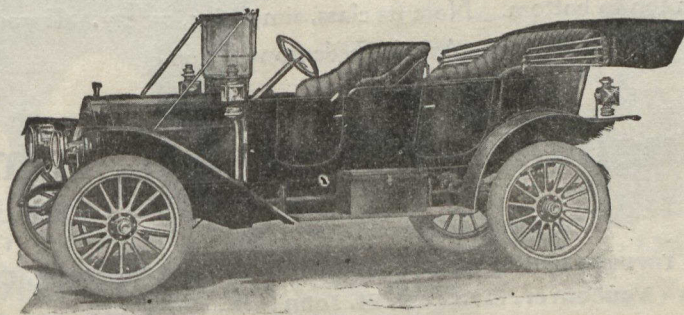
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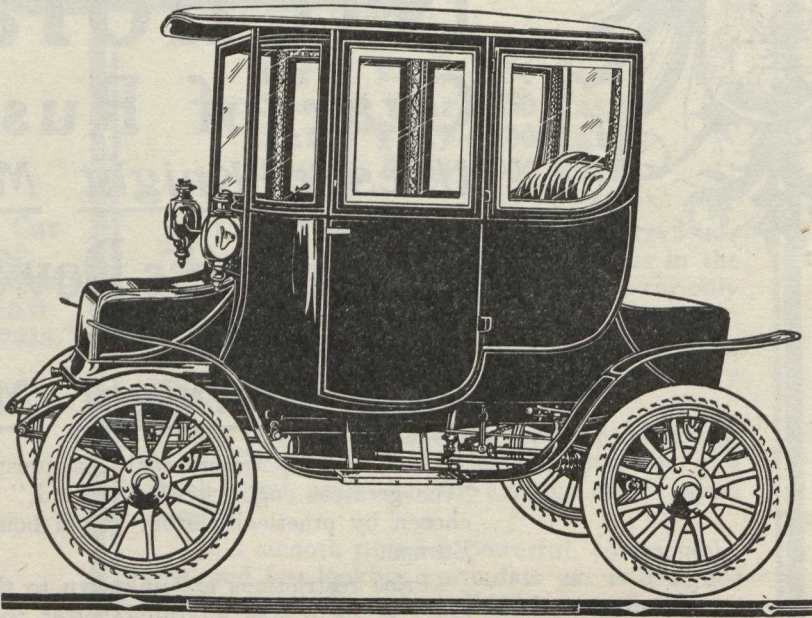
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Our New Catalogue for 1911 No. 4 V is now in press. Its issue was delayed in order that we might include in its pages authoritative illustrations of the latest Parisian and New York fashions for Spring and Summer 1911.

While largely concerned with fashions for Women and Children in Millinery, Suits, Dresses, Corsets and Lingerie, many pages are devoted to illustrations and descriptive price lists of Silks and Dress Goods, Embroideries, Laces and Veilings, China, Leather Goods, Trunks, etc. Adequate space is also given to our Men's Custom Tailoring Department, to Ready-to-Wear Clothing for Men and Boys, and to Men's Furnishings.

We wish to mail a copy of this sumptuous Book No. 4 V to every reader of The Canadian Magazine. Write for it now, it will be forwarded postage paid as soon as issued.

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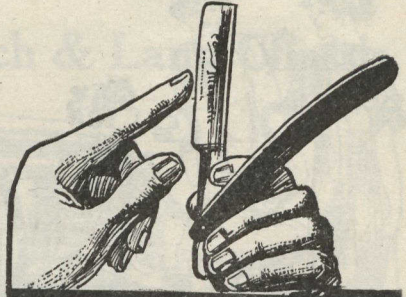
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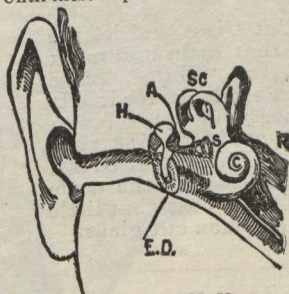
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Trade Mark



Trade Mark



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HERE IS THE NEW WAY

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Lingerwett has wonderful solvent power—it eats all the paint off without injuring the wood. It leaves the wood clean and smooth. You don't have to sand-paper.

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When you are ready to varnish—get the right thing: Dougall's Marine Varnish.

Dougall is the only one which will stand the marine test—it is proof against water—spray—sun—heat and cold. It's made that way.

Your boat will look fine, with a smooth lustre, and the varnish will not blister, crack, nor spot.

THIS IS THE NEW WAY—TRY IT.

THE DOUGALL VARNISH CO., Limited

J. S. N. Dougall, President.

MONTREAL

CANADA.

Associated with Murphy Varnish Co., U.S.A.

"THE VARNISH THAT LASTS LONGEST."

## You Parents

may make "MATCHES" for your children

But

You haven't found the Way to make a  
MATCH like

## "EDDY'S SILENTS"

**NO** NOISE  
SMOKE  
ODOR  
SPLUTTER

THE ACME  
OF PERFECTION



## A RECORD OF OVER SIXTY-FIVE YEARS

For over sixty-five years MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

# THE WILLIAMS' ADJUSTABLE SHAVING DEVICE



Sold in Nearly 30,000 Stores

When you make the "hoe" like motion that is natural with a safety razor, THIS razor gives the slanting cut that coaxes the beard off easiest. The blades are real razor blades of the finest steel.

### Try It Without Expense

Nearly 30,000 drug stores keep this razor, in nearly every town. Write to us. We will direct you to the nearest store and arrange a trial.

Complete outfit, Quadruple Silver plate, blades and stropper, in Morocco case, \$2.50, \$4.00, \$7.00 and \$10.00. by mail, money back if you want it. The first cost is the ONLY cost—no added blade expense.

The Williams Shaving Club saves all sharpening.

*We would like to send you our complete description of this successful razor.*

Turns here, to any angle instantly. Stays where you leave it until changed. Spring pressure joint never wears out.

THE WILLIAMS COMPANY  
68 Hudson Street Hoboken, N.J.

## Cut Down Your Dress Bills.



**THIS IS THE WAY--**Take your old Dresses and Dye them yourself right at Home. Then with up-to-date patterns make them into new dresses that will be the envy of your lady friends. It's as simple as A.B.C.

**IMPORTANT.** Now, as it is impossible to tell what kind of Cloth ones goods are made of, ask for the Dye that is Guaranteed to color cloth of Any Kind Perfectly, with the Same Dye, it is

Send for Color Card and Story Booklet 88

The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal, Can.



**CAUTION.** Don't forget the name them sell you some other kind and then be disappointed because your Dyeing isn't a Grand Success.



## Connor Ball Bearing Washer

A washer guaranteed to take out all the dirt and leave the clothes snowy white.

Runs on ball bearings and driven by steel springs, with a little assistance from the operator. Perfected to the minutest detail. Can be supplied through our agents or direct to any address.

Write for booklet.

J. H. CONNOR & SONS Limited,  
OTTAWA, CANADA.





Examine  
the  
Quality

carefully before buying  
SILVERWARE

If you find our Trade  
Mark as below, it's a  
guarantee of both qual-  
ity and correctness of  
design.

Every well-equipped  
Jewellery store in Can-  
ada carries our goods.

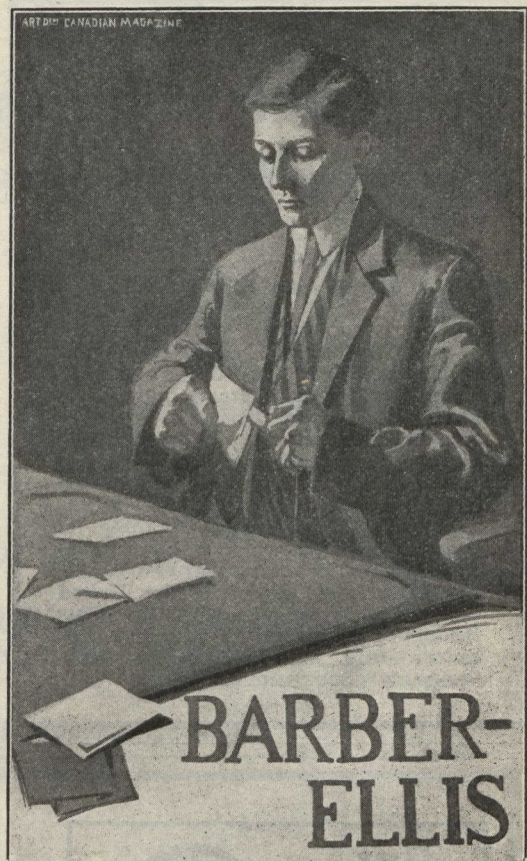
Ask to See Them.

The Standard  
Silver Company  
Limited  
Toronto



ART DEPT.  
CANADIAN  
MAGAZINE

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BARBER-  
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*For business correspondence.*

*Ask your printer to show  
you these four grades of  
paper :*

*Danish bond, English  
bond, Hercules bond, Regal  
bond, white and colors.*

*Envelopes to match.*





## Now Get DOUBLE-Value Hosiery

Surely there is double the value in hosiery you can be absolutely sure will wear and fit better than any other kind costing the same price. You ARE sure of exactly that when your feet are clad in PEN-ANGLE Hosiery. For this is the kind sold under that notable guarantee printed below. Read the guarantee printed here. You will then be sure that the largest hosiery mill in Canada would not risk its capital on such a Guarantee unless it had the goods to make good. Reasons for this Guarantee are few and simple: Chosen excellence in the cotton and cashmere yarns for the first reason. For the others, being knit on machines we alone may use in Canada—machines that knit the hosiery to fit truly, with reinforced strength-for-wear at the places the wear comes. And seamless! Think what foot-ease that assures! Seamless! Remember the name and the trade mark next time you go shopping. You might as well get this double-value as only half as much.

### FOR LADIES

No 1760—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns, 2-ply leg, 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where needed. Box of 3 pairs \$1.50; 6 pairs \$3.00.  
No. 1020—Same quality as 1760, but heavier. Black only. Box of 3 pairs \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.  
No. 1150—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight, 2 ply leg. 4 ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, ox-blood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs \$1.50; 6 pairs \$3.00.  
No. 1720—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl grey, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.  
No. 1175—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

### FOR MEN

No. 2404—Medium weight Cashmere, 2-ply Botany yarn with special "Everlast" heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, 1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.  
No. 500—"Black Knight" winter weight black Cashmere half-hose 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool, 9-ply silk splice heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.  
No. 1090—Cashmere half-hose Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.  
No. 330—"Everlast" Cotton socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

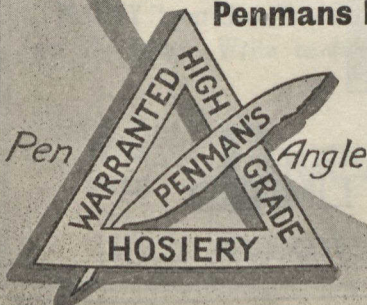
### READ THIS REMARKABLE GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge,

### ORDER THIS WAY.

Ask at the store first. If they cannot supply you, state number, size of shoe or stocking and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. Remember we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box. BE SURE TO MENTION SIZE.

Penmans Limited, Dept. 68, Paris, Canada



# PEN-ANGLE Hosiery





*Take a  
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FROM NO. 4A FOLDING KODAK NEGATIVE.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED

*Catalogue free at the  
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THE RESULTS OF THIRTY YEARS EXPERIENCE

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(MADE IN CANADA)

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Have long since passed the experimental stage, and now show even the most prejudiced and skeptical critics, their superiority over all others. The many exclusive features, of the "MACEY" put them in a class by themselves. If you don't get "MACEY" you don't get the best. Write to-day for "Catalogue C." It will convince YOU.

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## FEARMAN'S

### "STAR BRAND" HAMS

The Standard of Epicurean Taste

cured and sold by us for over 50 years, unsurpassed for flavor and quality. Try them, boiled or fried, they will please you.

For sale by all leading grocers.

**F. W. FEARMAN CO., Limited**

**Hamilton, Ont.**



## CLARK'S CHATEAU BRAND Concentrated Soups

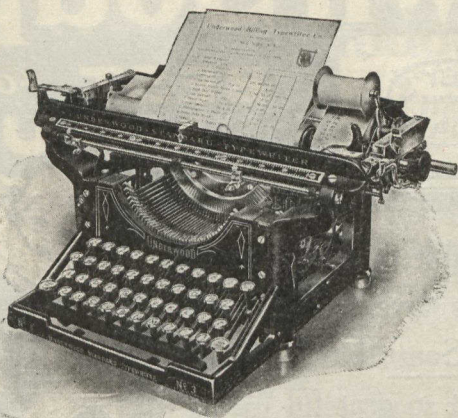
are a dinner luxury and  
a substantial part of the  
dinner as well

**WM. CLARK - Montreal**

Manufacturers of  
High Grade Food Specialties



This machine will do  
your bookkeeping bet-  
ter than a bookkeeper



Retail Bill & Charge Machine

**C**AN you give  
your customer  
a detailed type-  
written, complete,  
up-to-the-minute  
statement—and can  
you do it any day of  
the month?

**W**HY not do your  
bookkeeping by  
machinery?

**T**HE Underwood Retail Bill & Charge System consists of a typewriter, a vertical filing cabinet and duplicate fold-over statement forms.

Entries on statement and office record are made at one writing—there is no transcription—there can be no discrepancy. The entries are legible and compact. Daily, weekly or monthly totals are posted to the ledger.

Operation is simple—easy—rapid.

**D**URING the current month the statements, with carbon sheet inserted, are filed alphabetically in folders. The charges are entered daily from the counter checks. This work is not piled up at the end of the month. The forms are inserted in the machine and brought to the writing point with the greatest ease and rapidity.

The tally roll gives the total of the day's charges, and provides an automatic check on the work. This feature, not found in any other retail system, greatly lessens the labor of the bookkeeper.

**W**ITH the Underwood System any typist capable of writing a good letter can do all the work of keeping an accurate record of all charge transactions for a retail store.

**S**UPPOSE we send you samples  
of the work  
and more parti-  
culars of the ma-  
chine and system.



**United Typewriter Company, Limited**

Adelaide Street East, in Toronto.

The Machine You  
Will Eventually Buy



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**BEST for  
BABY**



**BEST for  
YOU**



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Pure Vegetable oils and Natural flower perfumes give to the lather of Baby's Own Soap that softening, soothing effect so grateful to sensitive skins.



Baby's Own has been for almost half a century the standard toilet and nursery Soap of Canada,

Common sense argues against the purchase of imitations which all seek cheapness and not excellence.

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PURE

## Orange Marmalade

All the concentrated goodness of the choicest, selected Seville Oranges, Delicious for breakfast—good at any meal.

Made and guaranteed absolutely pure by  
**THE T. UPTON CO. LIMITED, HAMILTON, CAN.**



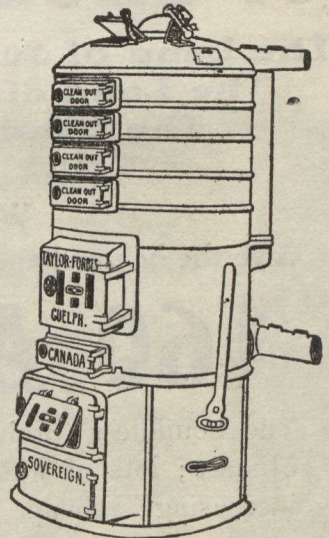
# Have You been Comfortable Indoors This Winter?



The coming spring is the proper time to make up your mind to improve the heating of your house. A "Sovereign" will meet every requirement under the most severe stress of weather.

The "Sovereign" is known as the boiler that has never failed to realize its stated heating capacity. Every house heated by a "Sovereign" is uniformly and thoroughly heated at the minimum expense of coal.

*The booklet "A Dictionary of Heating" will interest you.*



"Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler

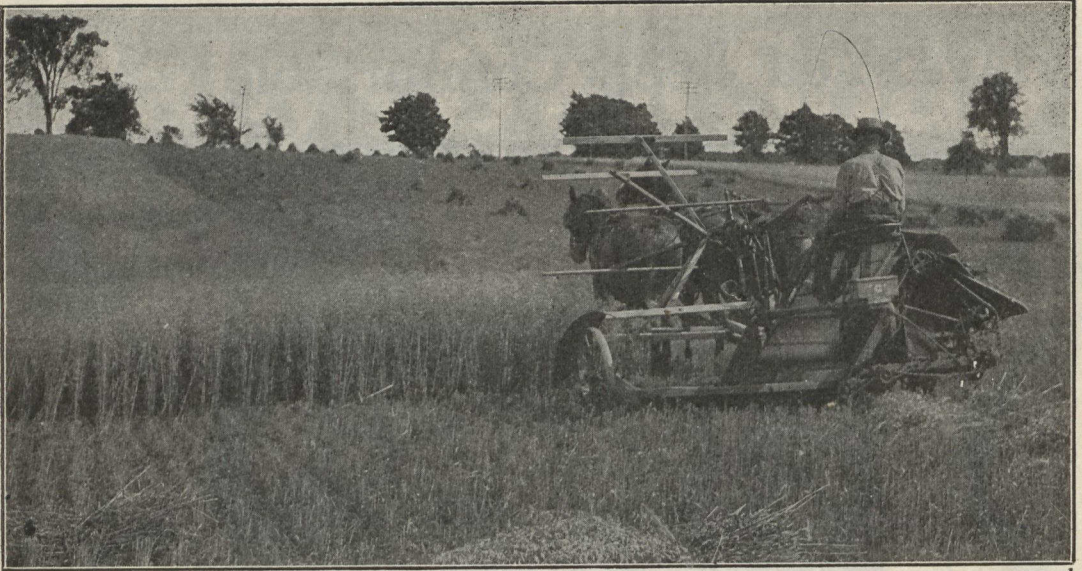
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**The Land of Sunshine.**

**The Land of Big Crops.**

**The Land of Peace and Prosperity.**

**THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY.**

Why not own a farm?

Give the boy a chance.

Get in on the "ground floor"

## 160 Acres Free

The boundless prairie land is the finest on earth. Bracing climate; lots of water; excellent railway facilities—steadily increasing; cheap fuel; good schools; equitable laws.

**THIS is the place for you.**

**NOW is your chance.**

Room for 50,000,000 more.

**For further Information Apply to**

**W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration,**  
**OTTAWA - - CANADA.**



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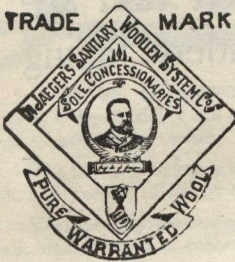
JAEGER UNDERWEAR is pure wool underwear, provided by nature for nature's needs. The finest pure wool fabric is fitted and fashioned to add comfort to health and warmth.

JAEGER UNDERWEAR provides against chills no matter how variable the temperature may be, or how sudden the change.

Cautious buyers, in good health or poor health, prefer JAEGER'S.

TRADE MARK

GUARANTEED AGAINST SHRINKAGE.



Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen System Co., Ltd.

231 Yonge Street, - TORONTO.

Steele Block, Portage Ave., WINNIPEG.

316 St. Catharine Street, MONTREAL.



# KELSEY

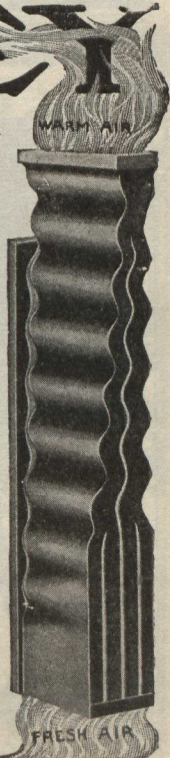
ZIG-ZAG HEAT TUBES  
HEAT EVERY ROOM ALIKE

That's the point—they heat ALL the rooms ALL the time!

The KELSEY is the heater that gives large volumes of warm, pure, fresh air, rather than a small quantity of dry, superheated air. It is easily managed, and is gas, smoke and dust proof. The KELSEY will reduce your fuel bill 30%. Our catalog "S" tells you all about the "KELSEY." There are many points of interest in it for you!

*Why not send for it to-day?*

THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.  
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# RODGERS' CUTLERY

**W**HEREVER good steel is known and appreciated, you find Rodgers' Cutlery taking the lead over all others.

Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Limited

Cutlers to His Majesty

SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

# CARLING'S GOLD MEDAL ALE & PORTER

## From Canada's GREATEST Brewery

For sixty years we have brewed by the old English method as adopted by BASS AND CO. and GUINNESS AND CO.

WE DO NOT CARBONIZE, and by so doing destroy Nature's best and finest health-giving properties of barley, malt and Bohemian hops.

No fad, no new methods, as used by some brewers who can't compete with genuine methods.

**Demand Carlings's and get the Finest Made in the World  
Every Dealer Everywhere**





**H & R Revolvers** have proved their accuracy, dependability and superiority in all walks of life—in all parts of the world.

The line is complete in many styles and sizes for both men and women. Sold by all first class dealers.

We especially recommend this H & R "Premier" automatic, double action 22-calibre, 7-shot or 32-calibre, 5-shot

3 inch barrel, finest nickel finish, target grip, \$7—4 inch barrel as illustrated, 50c extra.

Rather than accept a substitute, order from us direct. Look for our name on the barrel and the little target trade-mark on the handle.

We want you to have our beautifully illustrated catalog: Write for it to-day

**HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO., 620 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.**



**K** Kalamazoo Point Number One **K**

**The Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder**  
is flat opening



See flat writing surface

**EIGHT SALIENT KALAMAZOO POINTS**

1. Flat Opening.
2. Simple Construction.
3. Vice-like-grip.
4. Great Expansion.
5. Ease of Operation.
6. No Exposed Metal.
7. Accessibility.
8. Durability.

Note how it hugs the desk

The **KALAMAZOO** is the only loose leaf binder that combines all the good points of both loose leaf and rigid bound books.

It has the same flexible rigidity and easy opening features, and the round leather back of the permanently bound book.

The **KALAMAZOO** has all of the adjustable features of all the other loose leaf binders.

It has many new special features peculiarly its own.

**KALAMAZOO** binders and sheets are made in any size required.

N.B.—Send for Free Descriptive Booklet A1.

**Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Limited**  
Loose Leaf & Account-Book Makers  
**Toronto**  
King & Spadina





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## BORAX WASHING POWDER

(PULVERIZED SOAP)

A  
Handy  
Sifting Can  
of  
Dry Soap  
Powder  
for  
5 cents



Use it for  
WASHING DISHES,  
Glassware, Pots, Pans,  
Kettles, Scrubbing Floors,  
Milk Cans and Bottles,  
Paints and Oil Cloth.  
Good for all general uses  
about the house.

"SURPRISE" Washing Powder is dry Soap in fine powder, with Borax added, possessing wonderful lathering and cleansing properties. Can be used for all washing, cleansing and purifying purposes, in hard or soft, hot or cold water, without the use of Soap, Soda, or any other preparation.

ASK YOUR GROCER





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is unknown to the woman using BISSELL'S "Cyco" BALL-BEARING Sweeper, world renowned for its light running and thoroughness. In every country on the globe where carpets and rugs are used, the Bissell Sweeper is sold, and everywhere recognized as the best and most efficient carpet sweeper made.

The **BISSELL** is the original, genuine machine that has been thirty-four years on the market, and while imitated, has always maintained the foremost position, constantly growing in favor until today it is recognized throughout the world as the best. Sweeps easily, silently and thoroughly, raises no dust, brightens and preserves your carpets and rugs, and will outlast fifty corn brooms. Price \$3.00 to \$4.50. For sale by all first-class dealers. Booklet on request.

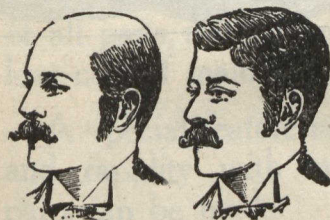
Buy now of your dealer, send us the purchase slip *within one week from date of purchase* and we will send you **GRATIS**, a fine quality black leather card case with no printing on it.

**BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.** Dept. 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.  
**CANADIAN FACTORY: NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.**  
 (Largest and Only Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World.)



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**SWITCHES, DOUBLE BRAIDS  
CLUSTER PUFFS  
TRANSFORMATIONS, WIGS  
MEN'S TOUPEES and WIGS**



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A revelation to those who try them for the first time.

---the finest liquors, mixed to exact proportions and aged to a wonderful mellowness.

Always ready. Simply strain through cracked ice---and serve.

*Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular.*

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"Ross" Sporting Rifles are meeting with ready sale to hunters of big Game throughout the British Empire because of their accuracy, power and "handiness."

Even a \$25.00 "Ross" Sporting Model can be matched for accuracy against any imported arm—no matter how costly, while there is no action more reliable nor quicker.

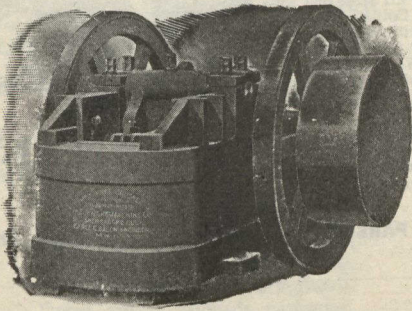
Dealers throughout the British Empire sell "Ross" Rifles.

**\$25.00 and upwards.**

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For crushing all kinds of Rock and Ore the Farrel-Bacon crusher is unequalled

It has many advantages over other types, such as a larger receiving opening, accessibility of all parts, rugged construction, low cost of maintenance, etc.

A special feature is the ease and rapidity with which repairs can be made.

Built in all sizes having capacities up to 150 tons per hour and for any service.

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Works:

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New Pattern—  
the "SHARON"

The charm of silver-ware is beautifully brought out in this new design. It has all the richness and character of solid silver.

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Made of STEEL

Compartments separated by steel self-ventilating partitions. Sightly; Sanitary; fire-proof. Priced low—consult Catalog B. Where shall we send it?



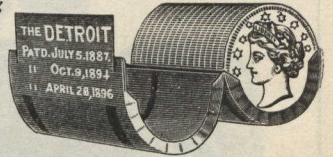
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We are now making the Detroit Coin Wrapper for all sizes of Canadian Coins. It holds every coin securely, and cannot unroll accidentally. Why use tin wrappers which lacerate fingers and disfigure furniture.



The Detroit is made of heavy paper with self-sealing flaps in nine different sizes. Price \$3.00 per 1000 boxed. \$2.25 a thousand, when bought in 10,000 lots, with name printed free if desired.

Send for Sample and Particulars.

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"I thank you for the boxes of Pastilles sent me, which I find excellent and efficacious".

Similar testimonials have been received from all classes of professional men and women, and from nearly every civilized land.

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Inventor's signature on every roller.

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Look for it. Take none without it.



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"The Great Britain of the Pacific."

### ASPECT.

Southern part of Island resembles Kent and Devonshire. Fruit and flowers.

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Sunshiny, equable—no extremes.

### OPPORTUNITIES.

Good health, good living, and good profits for ambitious men with small capital ("A fine chance for the boys") in business, professions, fruit growing, poultry, farming, manufacturing, lands, timber, mining, railroads, navigation, fisheries, new towns.

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Murray & Lanman's

## FLORIDA WATER

Without exception the best and most popular Toilet Perfume made

**I**N the Bath it is cooling and reviving; on the Handkerchief and for general Toilet use it is delightful: after Shaving it is simply the very best thing to use.

Ask your Druggist for it  
Accept no Substitute!

# Perhaps

you have determined to try Red Rose Tea sometime; but have not remembered it when ordering because from force of habit you have thought of the old brand. Next time, just remember - -

# Red Rose Tea

Your Grocer will recommend it

"Is Good Tea"



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# Seal Brand Coffee

Packed in  
cans



1 and 2 pound  
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# O'Keefe's

## PILSENER LAGER

*"The Beer With a Reputation."*

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# ROBINSON'S 'PATENT' BARLEY

For the Weak and  
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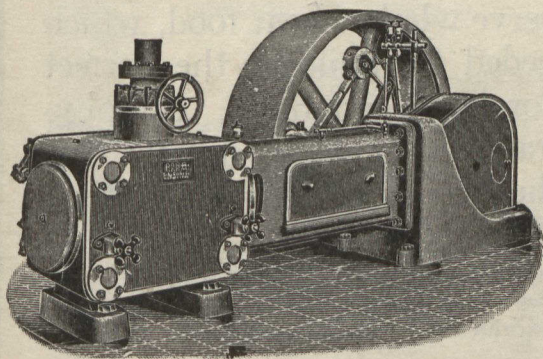
## Robinson's Patent Barley

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# Don't Eat Your Salary



The "high cost of living" generally means the cost of high living. The high-protein foods cost the most, are the hardest to digest and hence the least nutritious. Eat the simple, nourishing, inexpensive foods and you will be the gainer in health and pocket. Cut out heavy meats and soggy pastries for awhile and eat

## Shredded Wheat

the ready-cooked, ready-to-serve whole wheat food, which supplies all the material needed for building the perfect human body—phosphates for bone and brain, carbohydrates for heat and fat, nitrates for building muscle, and the bran coat for keeping the bowels healthy and active.

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits for breakfast with milk or cream and sliced bananas make a complete, nourishing meal, supplying all the strength needed for a half day's work at a cost of a few cents. Equally delicious and wholesome with stewed or preserved fruits.

TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat wafer—a crisp, tasty, nourishing, whole wheat Toast, delicious for any meal with butter, cheese or marmalades. Always toast it in the oven before serving.

**THE ONLY CEREAL BREAKFAST FOOD MADE IN BISCUIT FORM**

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.  
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# Libby's

## Evaporated Milk

Superior to fresh milk  
and keeps pure longer

Libby's Evaporated Milk is simply pure fresh country milk from which the water has been evaporated. Add enough water to thin it to the consistency of milk and it is then ready for cooking or table use.

It is cheaper, purer and better than fresh milk for all household uses.

*Ask your grocer  
for Libby's  
Evaporated  
Milk*



Libby, McNeill & Libby - Chicago



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supplies material for brain-building—  
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**“There’s a Reason.”**

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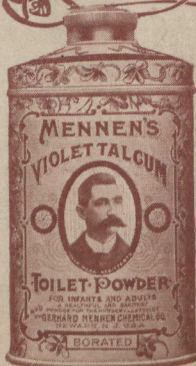
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